Laura A. Ga

Methuen Feb. 154.

To Lessie R. Gage.

Aug. 25th 154

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# RECOMMENDATIONS

OF

# THOMPSON IN AFRICA.

The following letters will show the estimation in which this work is held by the friends from whom they have been received:

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.,
May 10, 1852.

I think that the work of Mr. Thompson on Africa, written, as it is, by an eye-witness, who affirms only what he has seen, is calculated to do much good. It develops in a new direction and by means of new and undoubted facts, the wonderful resources of Africa; it gives some new and interesting views of African character; and goes to confirm the opinion of many, that the providence of God is opening there a field of Christian beneficence and labor, unexampled in extent and in the encouragement it holds out. I hope that the work will be widely circulated, and that it will have the effect to increase the interest and efforts of Christians for the good of their fellow-men.

Thomas C. Upham.

I have read George Thompson's book on Africa. It is the simple, unambitious narrative of a truthful, pious man. I hope it may have

an extensive circulation; for I believe it will do good, wherever it is read. GERRIT SMITH.

*Peterboro, April* 28, 1852.

REV. GEO. THOMPSON:

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—We have read your book, "Thompson in Africa," with deep interest, and it is our deliberate and solemn conviction that no work of the kind which has been printed in modern times is better fitted to do good, by arousing Christians to redoubled efforts for the salvation of benighted Africa, and by impressing them with a sense of the efficacy, as well as the loveliness of faith in God. and unwavering fidelity in his service. Aside from the moral influence of the work, we regard the information that it gives in regard to the face of the country its natural productions, the characteristics of its inhabitants, &c., as highly valuable. We desire to see it extensively circulated and read by all classes.

Fraternally yours,

M. B. WILLIAMS, } Cong. Ministers.
EDWIN E. WELLS, }

*Chicago, July* 15, 1852.

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ORDERS for any number of this book may be sent to WM. HARNED, 48 Beekman street, New-York City. Price for a single copy, 75 cents; $6 per dozen, or $45 per hundred. The postage on a single copy, sent to any part of the United States is *fourteen cents, prepaid.* On receipt of a letter inclosing one dollar, the book will be sent, free of expense, together with the last Annual Report of the American Missionary Association.

Please be *particular* in giving directions.

Geo. Thompson
Missionary.

# THOMPSON IN AFRICA:

OR,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MISSIONARY LABORS, SUFFERINGS, TRAVELS, AND OBSERVATIONS,

OF

# GEORGE THOMPSON.

IN

WESTERN AFRICA, AT THE MENDI MISSION.

SIXTH THOUSAND.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1852.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

BY GEORGE THOMPSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Ohio.

# PREFACE.

The following pages are, for the most part, compilations from my *Journal*. I have endeavored to give a faithful and correct view of the state and circumstances of the Mission and people among whom I have labored. As respects all the course I have pursued, I make no pretension that it was all just right, according to my present light and experience; but I can say, that I have endeavored to do, in all cases, *the very best I knew*, and what I thought would be *most for the glory of GOD*, and the *best good* of those around me. I was alone, and had no one to consult; and I was *inexperienced*, and *young*. In some instances I have *erred*, and with the knowledge I have gained from *experience*, would not, in many cases, do again as I did. I shall rejoice if others may be benefited and learn wisdom from my imprudence and errors, as I hope I have myself.

It is thought that this book will give more of an *inside view* of the particular, every day duties and trials of the missionary life, especially in Africa, than anything that has yet been published.

Much of the African style of using the English language has been used, because (1,) it came natural to me, having been accustomed to it so long; (2,) it will give a much better idea to the reader of the *reality* of things, on Mission ground, than would good, grammatical English. (3,) a circumstance is always more interesting when given *in the language* of the parties—it makes it seem more like "real life." In reporting speeches of natives, I have given them in style and language as given me by my interpreter.

I think all, or most, of the peculiar terms which are strictly African, will be understood, either by accompanying explanations, or the connection.

It is believed that considerable, which is new and of value to the Christian church and the world, may be found in this book, respecting the country of Africa—its inhabitants, their manners and customs, &c.

Such were my circumstances, cares and sicknesses, as delineated in

the following pages, I could not apply my mind to the Mendi language, though it is spoken extensively, and it is important the Bible should be translated into it speedily. Some are of opinion that a person may travel fifty days and not go through the Mendi country.

It is hoped that the following narrative may, in the hands of God, awaken a desire in many hearts to *go* to Africa, for the purpose of preaching, teaching, farming, building houses, mills, manufactories, &c.; and thus assist in making long despised and neglected AFRICA, what it is capable of becoming, *the garden of the world*.

Should such be the effect, God shall have all praise, and I shall have additional cause to rejoice in all that I have suffered for that interesting and hopeful people. GEO. THOMPSON.

*Jersey, Licking Co., Ohio, September* 24, 1851.

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## NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition meeting with such a speedy sale, and general acceptance, other editions, stereotyped, corrected, and much improved, are sent forth to plead with the churches and friends of humanity, for "BLEEDING AFRICA;" while I again return to that benighted and neglected land to point its millions to "the Lamb of God."

Reader, may the Lord open your heart to pity, pray and labor for the perishing. G. T

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# THOMPSON IN AFRICA.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

#### PREPARATION FOR SAILING AND VOYAGE.

It was while suffering and toiling in the slaveholder's prison, in Missouri, on account of my pity toward the suffering slave—and while confined in the gloomy cell of the oppressor, that my mind was directed to *Africa* as a field of missionary labor. It was there that I resolved to live and die in the cause of the *oppressed*, the *despised*, the *outcast*.

Being deprived of the privilege of pursuing various studies, by my imprisonment of five years, I was desirous to prosecute them still further, preparatory to the missionary work; but when the death of Thomas Garnick, my schoolmate, and the associate of William Raymond, at the Mendi Mission, was announced, I was immediately selected to go and fill his place. All urged this point as if directed by an influence from above.

At the same time, the Secretary of the American Missionary Association wrote, inviting me to go and join William Raymond. After some hesitation, myself and wife agreed to go, expecting to sail in the fall of 1848. While making arrangements for our departure, the news was received of brother *Raymond's death!* I was immediately telegraphed, to know if I would go to Africa at once, without my family. Not stopping to "confer with flesh and blood," my dear wife was ready for the sacrifice, acknowledged the hand of God, and I answered—"I will go." I left my business in other hands, brought my wife and child to my father's house, and prepared for leaving. At the farewell meeting, my father arose and said—"*I say to you, my son,* Go," and, overcome by his feelings, he could say no more.

My wife and others accompanied me to where I took

stage, wishing to be with me as long as they could. To part with my family was trying, and brought tears to my eyes; but the sacrifice was made cheerfully and heartily, as the following record in my journal will show.

"REYNOLDSBURG, *March* 28, 1848.

'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'

'I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go, I will guide thee with mine eye.'

'GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE, *and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end.*'

'*Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.*' '*I will be with thee.*'

'*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*'

'*My grace is sufficient for thee.*'

'*As thy days so shall thy strength be.*'

'*I am thy shield, and exceeding great reward.*'

'*They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*'

'*I will surely do thee* GOOD.'

"Lord! it is enough, my soul is satisfied. On these promises will I rest. With such assurances I cheerfully leave my father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife and child, house, land, home and country, to go where Thou shalt lead. Except Thy presence go with me, carry me not up hence. Thy presence going with me, send me *any where*—'Here am I, send me!' Only Thy will I wish to know. Lead me and guide me to that portion of the field where Thou seest I can do most for Thee.

'Only Thou my Leader be,
And I still will follow Thee.'

"Any where, any thing, any how, dear Savior, only glorify Thy blessed and lovely name."

I took stage, March 28th, and arrived at New York on the 3d of April. On the way I spent the Sabbath in Baltimore —attended a very good temperance meeting in the Bethel ship—and in the evening met with the *colored* people—had a thrilling, memorable meeting—received hearty sympathy, and many blessings, from these despised people.

I did not see the brethren of the Committee till the next day. They were glad to see me, said a vessel would sail in two or three days, and they wished me to be ready. I said "I cannot go alone." Soon an old friend, my former teacher in Illinois, ANSON J. CARTER, came into the office to see me. I asked him—"Will you go to Africa with me?" He answered "Yes,"—offered himself to the Committee, and after consultation, was accepted. I visited his wife and daughter, who gave their willing consent for him to go, and the same day, he began to settle up his business, and to make preparations to accompany me.

From conversation, it appeared that the Lord had been leading his mind to this state of willingness to go to Africa. He had been desirous for many years to go as a missionary, but had been prevented, having his mind, however, turned principally to China.

The 5th, 6th and 7th, we were occupied in preparing an outfit. On Wednesday evening, we met the Committee at the office, and after consultation, they formally voted "GEORGE THOMPSON and ANSON J. CARTER their missionaries to Kaw Mendi, West Africa, as successors of WM. RAYMOND."

On the next evening the Committee and others in council, examined and ordained me to the work of the gospel ministry. Bro. Carter being a close communion Baptist, it was feared we could not work together in union; but we told them they need fear nothing on that point—we should have no difficulty, and they dismissed their fears, willing that we should try the *experiment.*

On the 8th April, 1848, we were accompanied to the ship by a number of the Committee and other friends. As we were taken in tow by a steamer, they went out with us. Thus we spent two or three hours in pleasant interview—had a season of prayer together, and brother Lewis Tappan made remarks. He spoke of accompanying the *Amistad captives*, in the same way, about seven years before, and referred to the great and arduous labors of brother Raymond, &c. The time came for us to separate, and we were compelled to bid farewell to those whom a short acquaint-

ance had rendered dear to our souls—and to our native land.

We had not sailed two hours before we were both taken "*sea-sick.*" Those who have experienced the affection need no explanation of it—and those who never felt it, could not understand one: I will therefore not attempt a description of so exceedingly unpleasant, troublesome, laughable, harmless a disease. Suffice it to say, I had more or less of it for nearly a week. Brother Carter was more severely affected, and suffered occasionally from it all the passage, and was obliged to keep on *deck* as much as possible, to save himself from it. On this account he could not give much time to study.

We sailed on Saturday. On the Sabbath I preached from a portion of the 107th Psalm. Of this Psalm my journal says, "I never before saw so much *expressiveness* in it—but I expect I shall see *more.*"

Our Captain, Joseph Brown, was very kind and obliging, ready to do anything in his power for our comfort. He treated us with great respect, called upon us to ask a blessing at the table, granted the privilege of worship on the Sabbath, and attended preaching himself. He is the same Captain with whom Brother Raymond and wife sailed to Africa. Of Brother Raymond, the Captain and supercargo (Mr. Ware) both remarked—"He is the only real *teetotaller* we ever saw, on a vessel, or in Africa." I trust we showed them *two more*, at least.

Besides ourselves, there was a Spanish passenger on board. Our voyage was quick—only 30 days to Sierra Leone, and in general it was pleasant, though we had some rough weather. My time was occupied in reading, writing, and exercising.

On the 10th we saw a number of *whales*, which we supposed to be 70 or 80 feet long—a grand sight. Truly, they are among the "wonderful works of God." On the 11th a fine "school" of *porpoises* were sporting and playing around the ship. This was a very common occurrence. They go in vast numbers, and swim very swiftly.

14th and 15th. Sea rough, rolling her mountain waves most majestically. The grandeur and sublimity were be-

yond anything I ever saw. I enjoyed the scene. Though dashing, angry billows would break over us, and the vessel lie nearly on her side, while we had to hold tight, to keep from being pitched hither and thither, yet I could not fear, but gazed delighted upon the mighty power of God.

16th. Preached from Mark 8 : 36. Could only stand by holding on to the table, and leaning against the door.

19th. Sea rougher than before. I recorded—"At times, it seems as if the vessel would go over on her side, but she rights up again. O! the grandeur!

> 'Bear me on thou restless ocean,
> Let the winds my canvas swell:
> Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
> While I go far hence to dwell.'"

21st. A stormy and squally day; the sea rolling uncommonly high. At dinner, it was very difficult to keep anything on the table,—bread, duck, beef, pork, potatoes, gravy, wine, &c., went helter-skelter to the floor: and the waiter pitched and tumbled like a drunken man.

"He commandeth, and raiseth up the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof, so that they (the sailors) mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths, they reel to and fro, they stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Now we "see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." And when "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," we shall "be glad because we be quiet."

22nd. A *flying fish* came aboard. It was about 10 inches long. Its forward wings were seven inches in length, and the hinder ones, 2½. These fish frequently made nightly visits on board, attracted by the light, remained till morning, and made us a fine dish at breakfast.

30th. Crossed the "Tropic of Cancer," into the torrid zone, but found it quite cool, even chilling.

May 2nd, 1848. Just after breakfast, was heard the cry of "Land, ho!" We passed within about 20 miles of the island "*Sal*," one of the Cape de Verds—15 miles by 5—noted for its salt; inhabitants, Portuguese; religion, Catholic; mostly slaves; mountainous—one peak 8,000 feet

high. After dinner saw "*Bonavista*," another of the Cape de Verds—18 miles by 15.

This morning a very large flying fish came aboard, 16 inches long. It is a beautiful sight, when thousands of them suddenly dart up from the water near the vessel, and fly from 10 to 20 and sometimes 40 rods. They not only fly on deck, but often quite *over* the ship.

4th. A large *shark* was seen, supposed to be 12 feet long. The shark is said to be the only fish in the sea that will attack a man, unprovoked.

7th. In the morning all thought they saw land—and indeed, the sight was similar to a distant *grove*, on a large prairie—but it proved to be only *clouds*, which soon vanished away. About 1, P. M., the mountains of *Africa* appeared in view. My heart beat with joy at the sight, and I felt encouraged and strengthened for my work. We could not have preaching, but prayed and sung together in the cabin. Brother Carter wept, as he plead for Africa.

8th. Anchored at the "*De Los*" Islands, on some business, about five miles from the main land. "Tamara" Island, 5 miles by 1. "Factory," $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$. "Crawford," 1 by $\frac{1}{2}$. Long ranges of mountains, in the interior, which appear very rugged and grand.

Just before supper a porpoise was harpooned, and drawn on deck. It was about 6 feet long, with a blubber skin (similar to a whale) about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick, and flesh very much like *beef*—it would probably have weighed nearly 200 lbs., and made us a good supper. A little past midnight, we dropped anchor, in the harbor of Sierra Leone—and in the morning, after breakfast, went ashore, rejoicing, with strange emotions of unutterable pleasure, in the *privilege* of standing and walking on the "*land of Ham*"—the despised, and injured, and oppressed, and robbed, and murdered of all lands. We praised the Lord, and rendered thanksgivings, for all his tender care over us, while we had been wafted to our long-desired field of labor, in good health, and cheerful spirits. "O! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

## CHAPTER II.

### STAY AND LABORS IN SIERRA LEONE

We landed on the morning of May 9th, and having letters to James Will, a native merchant at Freetown, we went to his store, but to our great disappointment found him absent, on a voyage to England. Mrs. Will, however, received us very kindly. Learning that a vessel was to sail for England, we briefly wrote home by her. Having a letter of introduction to Thomas Peyton, Church missionary, we called at his house, but found him also absent. His wife received us kindly, and provided some refreshments. Next, we called on Thomas Raston, the superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission. Here we found a number of preachers assembled, who gave us a cordial reception and a hearty welcome. After planning and consulting, as to the measures we should adopt, we took dinner at 4 o'clock, which is their usual hour. It was agreed that we should stop with *T. Purslow,* the teacher and theological professor, in their institution on King Tom's Point, till we could find a conveyance to the Mission. With him we stayed most of the time for six weeks. Brother Purslow is unmarried, kind, sociable, and obliging.

At 5 o'clock, he had an appointment to preach, in Grassfield chapel, whither we attended him, and I preached my first sermon in Africa, from John 14 : 1–3. He told them what we came to Africa for, and they pressed forward to give us a hearty welcome, promising to pray for us. After various calls, we came to our new residence, a very spacious building, containing the missionary, students, and school rooms, with other apartments, many of which were unoccupied.

We tried to find some one to send to the Mission for the schooner ; but all were afraid to go, on account of the war in the country. After four or five days we engaged a man who had been formerly connected with the Mission. He was

absent two weeks, and returned with a letter from Bunyan, the native teacher. Both going and coming, as he informed us, he and his men were attacked by robbers, who took everything from them, even to their clothes—for which, and for their services, we remunerated them.

Next we went to see the Governor, and inquired of him whether the *duties* on our goods could not be remitted. He was very friendly and sociable—granted a permit to land our goods free, provided they were not disposed of in the Colony—(I will here add, that the Mission has, ever since, received its goods free of duty, by giving bond that they shall not be disposed of in Sierra Leone). He gave us an invitation to dine with him on an appointed day—spoke well of Missions—and wished us to try to disseminate *teetotal* principles in the Colony.

### SIERRA LEONE.

The Colony was formed to constitute a home for the liberated Africans who are taken from the slave ships. It is about 30 miles wide and 50 long—a mountainous district, containing some 50,000 inhabitants, chiefly of this class. The government is English—also the customs, the currency, and the prevailing language. It is said, however, that there are forty different languages spoken in the Colony, by the various tribes, brought from different portions of Africa—though here they all learn English. Freetown, the capital and port, contains some 15,000 inhabitants—has about 20 chapels of different denominations, in which schools and preaching are sustained. Many of the liberated slaves have become independently rich, possessors of large stores and splendid houses, filled and furnished in the most expensive English style. Others are in the way of rising rapidly. Many are educated, and are teachers, exhorters, ministers and missionaries to their native countrymen. It is to be hoped that great good will yet result to Africa from Sierra Leone. O! the infinite importance of sustaining a healthy, sanctified influence there, rightly to mould the thousands of opening, expanding, vigorous minds, who may be brought there, and go forth to curse or bless the whole land. In Freetown, a large, daily *market* is held, to which multitudes

come every morning, from the country around, returning at night. Many Mahomedans are constantly in the town, engaged in trade.

In Freetown may be seen men of all classes, from those who are nearly naked, to the fop dressed in the highest London fashion. Many may be found by the way sides, and at the corners of the streets, selling a few oranges or pine-apples, plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, cassada, yams, corn, beans, pan-cakes, bread, fish-hooks, needles, thimbles, awls, thread, twine, palm-leaf fibres, mats, baskets, snake skins, leopard and monkey skins, calabashes, native crockery, iron pots, plates, bowls, cups, old iron, old rope, old boards, old clothes, tackle blocks, anchors, cables, mariner's compasses, chickens, goats, sheep, bullocks, beads, coral, ivory, hats, knives, razors, cutlasses, native axes, hoes, pea-nuts, paw-paws, plumbs, eggs, tomatoes, peppers, ginger, grass, reeds and rushes, brooms, palm oil, palm nuts, soap, dried rats, leopard's teeth, cowries, palm wine, cocoa nuts, rice, dried fish, smoked fish, fresh fish, souse, palaver sauce, bedsteads, lounges, iron hoops, old casks, tar, sea-biscuit, old sails, varieties of native food, various kinds of English cloth, looking glasses, wire, spy-glasses, combs, scissors, pen-knives, mattresses, parrots, monkeys, doves, pigeons, cheese, pumpkins, mangoes, limes, guavas, onions, cucumbers, cotton, country cloths, palm-leaf house covering, bamboo poles, oars, rudders, canoes, boats, tobacco, pipes, tarpaulin, &c.—all these by the "*way side*"—then come the shanties, small wooden shops, larger wooden stores, splendid stone buildings covered with slate, and filled with nearly every variety of trinkets and goods which London affords; the finest clothing, silk umbrellas, most showy and extravagant cloths, ornaments, gloves, bonnets, parasols, mechanics tools, crockery, hard ware, muskets, powder, shot, caps, laces, lamps, chandeliers, and almost every article that can be called for by a proud, worldly and fashionable people. Some articles are very dear, and others can be bought at *retail*, cheaper than in New York by *wholesale*. There are in Freetown, blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, masons, shoemakers, tanners and curriers, boat-builders, watch-

menders, tailors, confectioners, bakers, seine makers, calkers and *grog shops* in great numbers.

Such is *Freetown*. In many of the villages similar things are seen *in miniature*.

We were a number of days getting our things safely ashore.

On the 13th brother Peyton and wife called to see us. His heart seemed to overflow with kindness, and a desire to entertain and aid us in every possible way. A colored class leader also called "to see the missionaries."

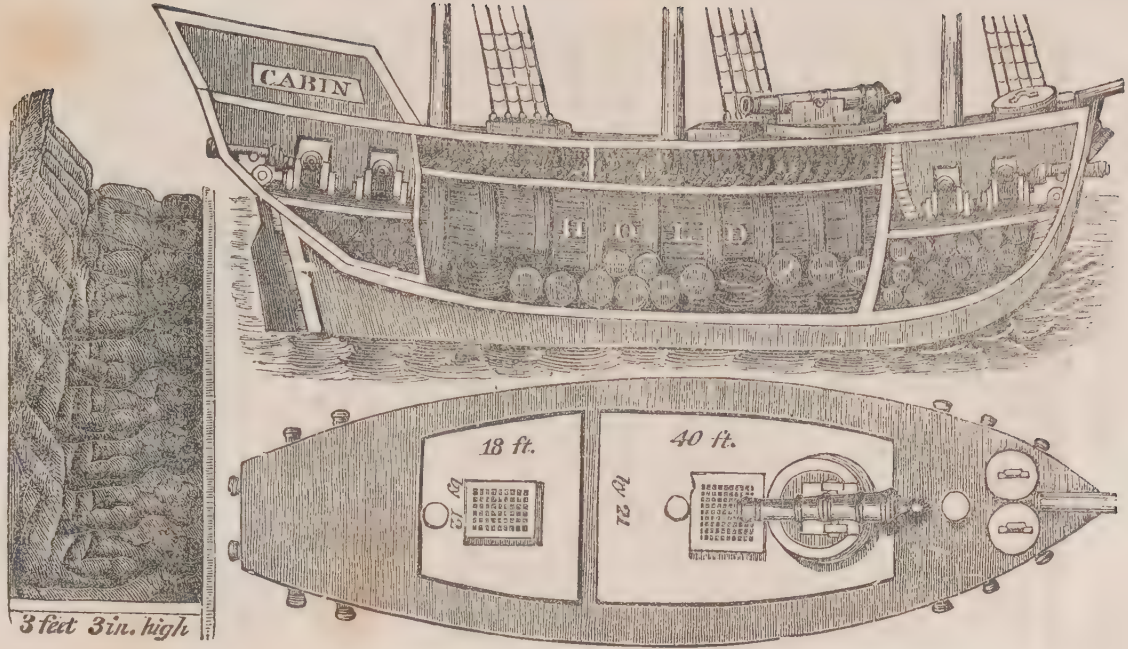
### THE SLAVER.

On the morning of the 13th a Brazilian slaver was brought into Freetown. With a spy-glass we saw the deck crowded with wretched human beings, and soon heard a mighty *shout* from them, in prospect of freedom. We hired a boat, and went on board, and oh! what a sight! The vessel was small, and had, when taken, 500 slaves—10 of whom had died on the passage to Freetown.

The deck was literally covered with men, women and children *in a state of nudity*—many young girls and boys, and many *mothers* also! In the hold were 200 or 300, stowed as thick as possible—sitting on the floor, and *crowded between each other's legs*. The space between decks was about two and a half or three feet high—not sufficient for a person to sit up straight! As I walked along on deck, and looked through the hatchways, a *dense mass* of human beings at each place were staring in my face. They could not speak to me, nor I to them, but their *looks* spoke volumes. It was a soul-sickening sight, and required strong nerves to look upon it. Will not the Lord awake?

### THE SLAVE SHIP.

In this cut are seen the form, divisions, arrangement and cargo of a *slave ship*. The right hand part, gives a view of the *deck*, its hatch-ways, 13 guns, &c. (They often fight desperately, before they will be taken.) The left hand part of the cut shows the *inside* of the *ship!* In the lower hold is seen the water casks, provisions, and other cargo. In the


CABIN
HOLD
18 ft.
40 ft.
by 21
by 21
3 feet 3 in. high

upper hold, immediately below the deck, the *slaves* are seen, crowded very thickly together. The lower part of the cut is given on a larger scale, to show more distinctly the *situation* of the suffering victims! In this condition, naked, they are stowed in, close against one another. Frequently they are also shackled and handcuffed together, two and two (the right leg of one to the left leg of the next, and also the arms) to prevent their rising on the captors. In this stifled condition they remain from four to eight weeks, while crossing to Brazil, Cuba, or some other slave market. Of course, deadly fevers are generated, and multitudes die on the passage and are thrown overboard, to feed the monsters of the deep. Many also die *after* they are brought ashore, of fevers contracted in the hold. Many of the slavers are quite small-sized vessels, and yet they crowd in, (as seen in the engraving,) from 400 to 600, of all classes, ages and sexes!!!

But no one can get a realizing sense of the horrors of a slave ship from any oral or written description—it must be *seen*, or *felt*. It certainly was the most awful and shocking sight that I ever beheld.

Dear reader, this fiendish system is *going on* while you sleep, and while you wake! What will *you* do to break it up, by sounding the gospel in Africa?

### FIRST SABBATH IN AFRICA.

After breakfast I rode on horseback, with Brother Purslow to Gloucester, a mountain village, expecting to hear him preach; but just as we came in to the pulpit, he said—"You must preach," and would take no denial. I spoke from Isa. 53: 5, 6, in as *broken* English as I could, of man's disobedience, his deserved punishment, and the death of Christ as our substitute, and think I was understood—for in the class meeting, many referred to the sufferings of Christ, with much feeling. They talked sensibly, and said they felt the love of God in their hearts, had the witness of the Spirit, and felt happy: one poor cripple spoke with much propriety, and many wept much.

It was affecting to hear them speak of the Savior's doing

for them what father, mother, no one could do—supporting and comforting them amid all their troubles and distresses. After meeting, all crowded forward with great eagerness to shake hands with "the new missionary."

The Wesleyan chapel in Gloucester is small, as is the case in most of the villages, except York. The Church Missionary chapel, church and congregation here are large, and of long standing. In Freetown and York the Wesleyans predominate, but in the other villages the Church Missionary congregations are the most numerous.*

The scenery and view of Freetown, up and down the mountain, is truly enchanting. Nature has provided for man's sustenance with great profusion. Where one would

* NOTE.—The occasion of this difference is this. At the commencement of missionary operations in Sierra Leone, the Church Missionary Society felt that the Government would supply Freetown with the gospel through her Chaplains, and consequently directed their energies to the *villages*, in many of which they have very capacious and splendid chapels, large schools, good teachers, catechists, and mission houses, &c.—So in Kissy, Wellington, Regent, Hastings, Leicester, &c. In the mean time, the Wesleyans directed their strong forces to *Freetown*, where they have numerous large chapels, schools, churches and many teachers, exhorters, ministers and missionaries, while in the *villages* they are generally weak, but increasing.

However, the Church Missionary influence in Freetown is *now* strong, and rapidly strengthening. They have Kissy Road chapel, which is large and well finished, with a gallery, and a splendid Mission house adjoining.

Pademba Road chapel is a spacious stone edifice, with a gallery and basement, built while I was in Africa, the funds being mainly supplied by the natives and people of Freetown. Then they have a large "grammar school," the influence of which is extensive. At Foorah Bay is their theological institution, a *superb* and *grand* establishment. Their general mission-house, in Freetown, is also a spacious, costly building.

There are many other denominations in Freetown. Sectarianism is rampant and full grown there. There are two or three kinds of Baptists—three or four kinds of Methodists; Wesleyans, West African Methodists, Lady Huntingtons, &c. One man becomes disaffected, and begins for himself, gathering a company around him who are called *after his name;* then another, and another, and so on. Thus there is *Elliot's* chapel, *Jewett's* chapel, *this* one's chapel, and *that* one's chapel! And some of the leaders are not very exemplary, as Christian teachers. But much of this state of things arises from their *ignorance*.

think mountain goats could scarcely subsist, rich crops of cassada* and corn were flourishing. Fruits in abundance—oranges, mangoes, bananas, plantains, paw-paws, &c. In the evening we met in Krootown chapel. After the meeting was opened, and two children sprinkled, I preached from John 1 : 29 ; after which Brother Purslow administered the sacrament to 60 members. I could not commune with them, on account of the *alcoholic wine*.

### DINNER AT THE GOVERNOR'S.

The company consisted of the Governor, Capt. ———, three ministers, Brother Carter and myself. We were received very courteously, and treated with the most generous hospitality—such as could be expected only at a *governor's* table.

The governor, captain and Wesleyan missionaries freely drank health and toasts to each other. (I suppose it was only English politeness!) We drank only cold water, and stood firm for teetotalism, against them all. I expressed a wish to speak publicly on the subject. The Governor at once said—"I will furnish you a large hall, if you will—I will open the *Custom house* to you." But as the Custom house was not seated, "Zion's chapel" was mentioned, and Brother —— was to see if we could have it. I proposed Sabbath evening, but the ministers at once objected—"That will not do, as it is *not connected with religion!* It would be a *profanation* of the Sabbath." And one declared—"There is nothing in the *Bible* to favor the doctrine of teetotalism." The governor at once answered—"*Yes*, Mr. ——, *there* is, much." I said—"I shall take my text from the Bible." "O we can make the Bible speak *anything*." Thus they opposed, while the Governor sided with me, in *words*, and emptied his glasses. "O! that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears." The chapel, however, could not be obtained. The trustees refused to hear anything on the subject.

* NOTE.—Cassada is a vegetable *root*—much used for food—is boiled, roasted, and prepared in various ways. It is very easily cultivated, and grows on, year after year, till pulled for use.

After dinner the governor took us to see his garden, fortifications, cannon, &c., and said—"You must not leave for Sherbro till you see me again"—he was preparing to send some troops down to try to stop the war.

We called on JOSEPH MAY, a colored brother and one of Brother Raymond's teetotal converts, to engage his cooperation, who, with his wife and brother, rejoiced much at the prospect of having help again, on the subject of temperance.

16th. We walked about much. At 5 o'clock we came to Grassfield chapel, where Brother Hart had an appointment, but as he did not come, Brother Carter preached to those assembled.

17th. Visited Brother May's school of about 400. Their order, easy government and singing, were very interesting. We took dinner with him, and sung temperance songs.

Called on an old Mendian preacher, who spoke very much of Brother Raymond—of his patience, faith and faithfulness. The old man could not find words to express his joy at the prospect of his nation's having the Gospel—"I am permitted to see what prophets and wise men were not." We had a season of prayer, and separated.

*Cinque*, the Amistad leader, was married in his house, but conducted badly, and went to Jamaica. I have heard nothing from him since.

### TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Next day I met Brother May's school again, and taught the children temperance songs, "Away, away the bowl," &c. Then I gave them a lecture on teetotalism. A very interesting audience, about 200 of whom afterwards signed the *pledge*.

At 5 o'clock a dozen or more of Brother Raymond's *teetotalers* met with us, in Brother May's basement, and we conversed together. They were spirited, and spoke well. As we could get no chapel, I made an appointment for the street, before the chapel door, for our next meeting. A fine company of men, women and children came, who listened

to my lecture very attentively, for more than an hour. Upwards of thirty signed the pledge, and more would have done it, but evening came on, and we had to separate. I made another appointment at the same place. At the time of meeting it rained, and we ventured, without permission, to go into the chapel, where I gave my lecture. On account of the rain, only about sixty were present—nine new signers.

I afterwards lectured in the Baptist chapel, but had an unpleasant evening, and obtained but few signatures. Their ministers and leaders stand in their way. The Baptist minister (a colored man) drinks freely, and, although he would not sign his own name, he went round with the paper to get others! No wonder they would not run over their minister: by signing they would condemn him.

One evening I went to Krootown chapel to attend meeting, but as no preacher came, I took the pulpit myself, and improved the occasion to give them a good temperance lecture, from Paul, reasoning on "temperance, righteousness, and the judgment." The people seemed interested, but I had no pledge with me. The students of the institution were pleased, and the next morning all willingly signed the pledge.

After this, Brother James Beale, a Church Missionary, opened his school-room, and requested a temperance lecture. I went, and the room was soon crowded; he opened his chapel, and we had a blessed meeting. I talked 1¼ hours on the great principle, and Brother Carter followed—good attention—and while I sung temperance songs, 23 names were obtained. The grog sellers writhed, and left the house, but they were marked.

Brother Beale and wife have adopted temperance principles, and are firm teetotalers, and acknowledge that they enjoy better health than before. Henry Badger and wife have also written to me, stating the same thing respecting themselves. With the prominent missionary of each denomination—Church Missionary and Wesleyan—engaged on the side of temperance, it is to be hoped their influence will be greatly felt for good. Brother Beale has boldly preached

on the subject in his chapel, and assists at any time with cheerfulness.

Brother Peyton also invited me to address the students of his "grammar school" on the subject: many others came in, and I lectured, but he objected to the boys signing the *pledge*, without the knowledge and consent of their parents.

The governor invited me to lecture in the Custom House, before leaving town, and I gave out the appointment. He provided seats, and we had a large number of colored people, with the governor, naval officers and others. The Lord gave me liberty, and I declared the truth for one hour. Grog sellers and lovers of "strong drink" were present and were very uneasy. They spake aloud, "We cannot live without selling it." I answered—"Woe *to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth.*" I tried to point out the wickedness and danger of the people of Freetown faithfully, and gave plain warning. I turned to the governor, and said—"If his excellency, the governor, will only take the *lead* in this matter—and the missionaries and merchants will take hold, the enemy may be routed, and the people saved."

Much sensation was felt, and those who feared that their "craft was in danger," went out and had "strong reasoning among themselves." Grog sellers looked vengeance. On account of the lateness of the hour, and the confusion, we obtained only a few signatures, but we felt that great good would result from our feeble efforts.

As I have not the pledge to refer to, I cannot state definitely the number of signatures obtained during our stay in town, but it must have been 300 or more—which number might have been increased to thousands, if the work could have been followed up by faithful laborers.

The common people only need the light, and they will follow it. The opposing influence is foreign.

*Rum* and *tobacco* are the great articles of commerce between America and Africa. The following extract of a letter, written at this time, describes facts as they exist:—

"This town and country are very much cursed by America. An untold amount of *tobacco* is brought here, and sold very high. But the ARDENT SPIRITS! Oh! the *seas* of

it that are imported from my native land!! I blush and hang my head for shame—my soul is agonized when I think of it.

"☞ The other day, I counted 50 barrels together, just landed from the *same state* that sent me here to preach the Gospel. Since then I counted 75 barrels in another lot, lying together. In unblushing characters they proclaimed themselves 'OLD RECTIFIED WHISKEY, *from C. & J. SMITH, No.* 54 *Sycamore st.*, CINCINNATI, OHIO!'

"Well may the missionary weep and groan, when he knows that the same country which sends him to *heal* the wounds, and dry up the streams of death here in Africa, pours upon the country rivers of desolation, blasting and mildew—when he sees the *same vessel* which wafts him across the mighty deep, to preach 'Temperance, righteousness and judgment to come,' bearing in her hold floods of damnation and death!

"What could we do, were it not for the promises of God! 'When the enemy comes in like a *flood*, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' 'A *flood!*' Truly. More than one man has told us—'I have sold whiskey enough in Africa to float this vessel.' Grog shops are very abundant, and all classes drink either wine, ale, gin, brandy or whiskey. A few of the colored brethren are teetotalers, having stood firm ever since Brother Raymond preached the doctrine here."

20th. Witnessed the first *tornado*—grand—during the storm, the lightning struck a house, and killed a man living in adultery, wounded the woman and a child, and produced great alarm and confusion. Also this morning a man cut his wife dreadfully. We saw also a man who had been drowned. These things taken together, made a notable day in Freetown.

21st. Sabbath. P. M. Attended Brother Peyton's large Sabbath School. He holds it at 9 A. M., and at 2 P. M. 320 on his list; mostly professors, men and women. It is a peculiarly interesting school.

Brother P.'s students teach numerous classes—the more advanced instruct the Bible classes, and the younger boys teach in reading and spelling. I was surprised to see

the knowledge of the Bible exhibited by the students. And it was a singular sight to behold children of six, eight and ten years old teaching classes of men and women! And their ease and aptness were surprising—showing that they are trained under a superior instructor.

After they have gone through the lessons, Brother P. gives a catechetical lecture on the chapter, while all is attention. It is truly a wonderful school. I have frequently addressed them with great satisfaction to myself and to the school.

22d. Called on Mrs. Davis, with whom Brother Raymond died. Saw the sofa where he laid—he had his reason to the last, and departed in peace. Here he frequently stopped when in town.

Called on Capt. Lawrence, who has lived here twelve years—been on the coast twenty-six years. He said—"There is nothing hurtful in the climate, if a man will only take care of himself." Other old settlers have made similar remarks to me.

23d. A *collision*. At Brother ———'s, Brother Carter was speaking of the bad example of missionaries in town. It was repeated to Mrs. ——, who was excited, and said—"If I had been here, and heard you make that remark, I should have politely requested you to *leave the house*." They talked on again, and to justify moderate drinking, she said—"You would make out, then, that the *church* is wrong!" "Yes, that is the very thing." "Well, that implicates all the *missionaries*, and my husband among the rest—and I must insist upon it that you *never*, NEVER mention that subject again in MY *house!!*"

24th. The Queen's birth-day—29 years old. All the shops shut up—business and market suspended. We tried to do business, but could not. In the afternoon we held a street temperance meeting.

## PHONOTOPY.

Brother Carter, being much interested in Phonography and Phonotopy, was peculiarly anxious to introduce the latter, and to apply it to African languages. He collected a

class of *Akoos*, and met them frequently for this purpose. They were much interested, and gave such attention that in a few evenings they could apply it to their own language, and write to each other understandingly. Brother C. deeply felt that it was *the* thing for Africa. And I am fully persuaded that this or something similar must be introduced, and applied to the numerous languages of Africa, before any great movement can be made towards the translation of the Bible, or the general diffusion of knowledge. There are many sounds which *cannot* be expressed by any single letter, or any combination of letters, in the common alphabet. And then, after you have applied letters to the language, they can be sounded in so many different ways, that scarcely two persons will pronounce the same word alike, until they have been thoroughly *drilled!* And how exceedingly difficult it is for *natives* to comprehend all the various sounds, and changes, and exceptions in such a system, none but those who have witnessed it, and have tried to teach them, can tell or conceive. Who does not know what a Herculean task it is for any foreigner to learn our language?

But by applying the *Phonotypic* character and principles to the Mendi, or Sherbro, or Akoo, or any other African language, it would be readily comprehended, not only by children brought up and drilled in schools, but by adults; and thus the means of knowledge would be placed fairly within the reach of the people generally. They could learn to read the Bible in Phonotopy, by going through a small primer, containing the first principles, sounds and exercises. With the common alphabet, it will often take *years* for an adult to learn to read, and then be always stumbling and puzzled in reading, on account of the different ways in which the letters are sounded; but in Phonotopy, where every character has but one and always the same sound, in every connection, as soon as the alphabet is thoroughly learned, the pupil is prepared to go ahead, and read understandingly whatever is correctly translated into his own language.

But should the common alphabet be used in translations, it is my firm conviction that the art of reading will not be introduced into Africa, except as *children* are taken and

drilled in schools—adults will never have courage and perseverance sufficient to master the difficulties, so that "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." And thus we shall have to wait till all the old stock die off in darkness, and a race of *schooled* children are brought upon the stage, before we can have a reading population. Oh! there is no need of this delay. Let primers and the Bible be put before them in *Phonotopy*, and we may see multitudes of the old and the young eagerly grasping the inestimable treasure.

I would therefore advise and request any who are expecting to go to the Mendi Mission, to teach or preach, to print or translate, to make themselves masters of the principles of Phonotopy, before leaving America. Or if time will not allow of this, to provide themselves with books, and to study it thoroughly on the passage.

I have tried the application of our common alphabet in the translation of *Mendi;* and have found it impossible to perform the work with any completeness or satisfaction. *We must have something else*—and I think that Phonotopy is the thing desired.

27th. Our messenger returned from the Mission, bringing a letter from the teacher, Thomas Bunyan. The war is still raging—a famine prevails, and it is very difficult to get food.

This evening met *Packard Wilson*—nine years at Cape Palmas at the Mission, and three years at Gaboon with Brother Wilson—ten years at school, and two in a printing office—now drinking, and returned to *heathenism!!* How ineffectual is education alone to raise the heathen! How vain are all the labors of missionaries unless GOD bless, and *change the heart!* "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." O! to be "filled with the *Spirit.*" Lord, pour out thy SPIRIT upon the heathen, who know Thee not.

28th. Attended love-feast in Grassfield chapel. House crowded: many spoke with much feeling—about fifty "mourners" came forward, who acted (many of them) more like persons in *convulsion fits* than seekers after God—pounding the benches, screaming, jerking and twitching,

enough almost to snap their heads off. But I considered that they were *heathen*, very much under the influence of old superstitions, and encouraged in their extravagance, by the example of their teachers—and I tried to make allowance for them, hoping some might be truly converted to God, even in such a Bedlam.

### A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE.

31st. After breakfast we took our compass, spy-glass and umbrellas, and started for a walk. Near the foot of the mountain we came to a splendid palace and its gardens—viewed the many kinds of trees, shrubbery and fruits, with much pleasure. We walked beneath the orange trees, and found the fruit upon the ground, as we had been accustomed to find apples in our own country.

We pursued our journey up the ravine, over rocks, and through grass and bushes, with much difficulty, to *Leicester*, a pleasant village in the mountains, with a small church and a missionary chapel. Found a very interesting company of little girls assembled to *sew*. We obtained refreshment, and with two guides made our way up the steep and rugged ascent, to the summit of "Leicester Mountain." The peak is small, and affords a splendid view of large mountains, far in the interior; rivers, winding their way far into the country; forests, across the vale, where monkeys, baboons, leopards and panthers play, and *ten* villages, with their chapels, mission houses, huts and fields. Aberdeen, Murray Town, Wilberforce, Lumley, Regent, Bassa Town, Hastings, Gloucester, Leicester, and *Freetown*, all brought into one view, constitute a charming sight, well worth the toil and fatigue of such a difficult journey. While there, we were twice enveloped in the clouds, which for the time cut off our view. At other times the clouds were far beneath us, as if playing at our feet. The peak of "*Sugar-loaf*" is in the clouds much of the time. In our tiresome descent we were overtaken by a heavy shower, and returned to our lodgings very much fatigued.

## CHAPTER III.

### INCIDENTS AND LABORS IN SIERRA LEONE—CONTINUED.

JUNE 1, 1848. Witnessed a wedding party. The bride and her attendants were adorned with excessive richness and extravagance, while others around were half naked. The party sat down to a table in the open air, loaded with a great variety of delicate and costly viands.

In Sierra Leone custom has the force of law, and any person who gets married, must go to all this expense and parade—the most extravagant and costly dress, the richest articles of food and luxury, intoxicating drinks, and a company of attendants. So that it often takes the savings of *years* to be able to get married—and sometimes runs the party in *debt*, into *prison* and *ruin:* and but few can be found who *go against* this ridiculous, slavish custom!

2nd. Rode to Foorah Bay, where the Church Missionary Society has a very fine, spacious and costly building, for a theological institution, to train up native ministers. We found the Kissy road very pleasant. In returning we passed five chapels in which meetings were held. It was cheering to hear from so many places, the voice of prayer and praise.

#### ANOTHER SLAVER.

4th This evening another Brazilian slaver was brought in with *five hundred* human beings aboard. They were taken ashore in canoes, and made the air ring with songs and shouts, as they again trod the soil of Africa.

Within two months, six prizes have been taken, having on board 1,600 slaves! O! how frightfully is this fiendish slave trade carried on! When will the oppressor be "*broken in pieces?*" Lord, speed the day.

5th. This evening we walked to JAMES BEALE'S, Church Missionary at Kissy road—found both him and Mrs. B. very

kind and obliging, and we received many proofs of Christian affection from them. In the evening we both addressed a large congregation, on the subject of Missions. This congregation occupy a fine chapel, with a gallery.

"EXCUSE ME."

6th. While eating dinner, the Governor and others came suddenly in, to escape a shower. They were scarcely seated before Brother P. called to his boy to bring the *bottles* and *glasses*. As he was pouring out, the Governor looked across the table at me, and said, "I *will* take a little, if Mr. Thompson will *excuse me*. I agree with him in the *main*." I answered—"You must take it on your own responsibility; I have no excuse for you." Considerable discussion took place. One said—"Look at me, I have drank wine for many years, and it never hurt me any." The Governor retorted—"Yes, and you may die ten years sooner for it." The Governor exhorts to teetotalism, and swallows the poison!

8th. On this day three of the mission men came to town in a small paddle canoe, bringing a letter from Bunyan, and the news that "the war" had taken the schooner on her passage to the town from the Mission. The letter gave a long account of the war, and his troubles therefrom. Many presents were demanded by the war people, and many of our things had been stolen—some had threatened to come and destroy the Mission, and other chiefs had threatened to kill *them* if they attempted to injure the Mission. He finds it very hard to get food; many of the goods have been demanded as *presents*, and many children taken away by their parents. In the school, 47 boys, and 20 girls. Employed about the Mission, 14 men, and 7 women.

The schooner had started with five men. While passing Sherbro Island they were boarded by a large number of war canoes. Many of the men came aboard, and ordered the schooner back to their town (perhaps ten or fifteen miles.) There they took the small box which contained our letters, and other things, and went ashore, leaving the schooner, after they could find no goods in her. Three of

our men followed the war people, to get the letters from them, and were detained on shore eight hours, before they could prevail on them to give up the box. There happened to be an influential man there who knew Mr. Raymond, and he prevailed upon the war people to let the men go, with their papers.

The three men returned to the shore, where they had left the schooner in the morning, but she was *gone*—the two men left on her had weighed anchor and put out to sea, to escape from the war. They could just observe it in the distance, and followed on in their little canoe; but night coming on, they lost sight of it altogether, and pulled on to town, day and night, without food or sleep, expecting to find the schooner there—but we had heard nothing of it, and feared she was lost, there being only one man and a boy on board to manage her.

After consultation, it was judged best to hire a boat, and that I should go in search of the schooner. A boat was accordingly procured, and goods and provisions put on board, so that if I missed the schooner, I might go on to the Mission, with help for the suffering ones there.

At 1½ P. M. I embarked, rowed by four men—head winds and rough sea, so that we had "hard toiling in rowing," and progressed but slowly. About 9 o'clock we came in to *Fungia*. The Amistad, Kale, was the first man who met me, and provided me a place to sleep. Early next morning, I assembled a company, talked and prayed with them, took breakfast, and started out again, against head winds and tide. We struggled hard to get round False Cape, but the wind was too strong for us, and after trying long to no purpose, we turned about, put up sail, and came back to *Goodrich*, to spend the Sabbath, and then try it again. Here I heard, by a man from *York*, that the schooner had put in there and anchored. I immediately despatched two of my men to go through along the beach that night, to assist in bringing her up on Monday.

I found Goodrich a very pleasant town; and though there were no white faces, I found *Christians*, and felt that they were my brethren.

On Sabbath morning I preached in the Lady Huntingdon

Chapel, to an interesting audience, who drank in the truth with eagerness. After meeting I went to the minister's house, where numbers assembled, and told them something about *slavery*. Their manifestations of amazement at the wickedness of man were very strong; and their expressions of thankfulness that they were *free*—that they were rescued from the slavers, before experiencing the *horrors of slavery*, and that they lived in SIERRA LEONE, under the QUEEN—were numerous, earnest and emphatic. God save the Queen! "God bless the Queen!" were their united exclamations. At 5, P. M., I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel—full house. After meeting the *children* came around me so thick to shake my hand, that I took two hands in one of mine, and frequently had to shake with both hands. They were very warm hearted. On Monday afternoon the schooner came in sight, and I quickly went aboard, with my goods. The two men were out of provisions, and as hungry as wolves. We gave them what we had, came back to town in my boat, leaving the schooner to take up anchor and follow on. I was five hours exposed to a hard rain. We felt thankful to God for the preservation of the men and the schooner, which brightened the prospect of getting to our long desired field of labor. The schooner showed plainly her need of an owner to take care of her.

### LOADING, &c.

For three days we were occupied in buying needed articles, and in loading the schooner, which was in a very bad condition, but we were so anxious to get to the Mission, that we could not wait for repairs.

We found many trials when first employing Africans to work for us—they were so slow. I recorded, "O, I begin to feel a little of the weight which crushed brother Raymond to death! There are so many cares—so many things wanted here and there; so many demands upon us; so many looking to us for bread, clothes and money—and withal, the natural slowness and indolence of the natives generally."

When I first arrived in Africa, I could do as much work

as three natives, and worked, at times, until my strength seemed quite exhausted.

On the 15th we finished our letters, and put them on board the *Adario* for New York. In the evening brother Purslow went on board the schooner with us, and we had a season of prayer and singing, renewedly consecrating to the service of God, the vessel which had been built with so many prayers and tears. It had occupied all brother Raymond's spare time and care and toil for years—his heart was much set upon her; he was spared to make but one trip to town in her—before she was finished—and *died*. He felt the pressing need of such a craft for the conveyance of missionaries and mission goods.

### DRIVEN BACK.

On the 16th, about noon, we set sail with high hopes, and went on well for a time; but head winds prevented our doubling the Cape, and we were driven up Sierra Leone river, nearly to Foorah bay—unable to get in again to town. We anchored about three miles out, and took canoe to come ashore. Brother Carter had been sea-sick most of the time. A violent *tornado* came upon us about mid-way—the rain fell in torrents, and we had a *thorough* shower-bath, of nature's own providing.

Brother and sister Beale received us, dripping as we were, with great kindness, and provided us with dry clothes, shelter and comfort.

Next morning the schooner came to land, and that day I fixed the pump, while brother Carter attended to other repairs.

18th. Met with brother Beale in his large and interesting Sabbath school, heard him preach, and in the afternoon Sabbath school again, which I addressed on the chapter of the lesson. In the evening, attended preaching again. Being thus detained, brother B. was anxious for a *temperance* meeting, and gave notice of it *four times*, for Monday evening.

An account of this meeting is given in chapter II. It was a glorious meeting, and I blessed the Lord for detaining us.

### TROUBLE IN GETTING OUT OF HARBOR.

On the evening of 20th we went aboard to go out with the tide in the night. About 8 o'clock we found ourselves "*all afloat*," our anchor torn loose and dragging. We floated directly under the jib-boom of one vessel, just missed another, and anchored again. About midnight we tried to start with the tide, which carried us against an old steamer, and caught us in our rigging. We got loose only by excessive labor, and cutting ropes. Brother Carter was hurt by a stick striking him in the face. We then floated directly towards a French man-of-war steamer, the tide drifting us along, and we saved ourselves from running against it only by dropping *anchor*, within three rods of it, till morning. Then we were so near, that when the tide turned, it brought the steamer upon us, and we were saved only by letting out cable, and pushing off with poles, when we came together. We narrowly escaped much injury, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting out of our perilous situation. The tide now being against us, we again came to anchor at King Toms, and went ashore to brother Purslow's. About noon we started again in a rain storm; towards night we anchored near the Cape, at midnight went on with the tide, and at daylight anchored for tide; but soon our chain cable broke, and we lost our anchor—threw out the other anchor with rope cable—at 10 o'clock started, but could not round the Cape—anchored inside, in a small bay. In the afternoon we went ashore, and had a pleasant walk through Aberdeen, followed by many children, running, shouting, and clapping their hands.

Next morning brother C. took a canoe and three men to go to town for another anchor and cable—our rope being unsafe alone. Soon an American vessel passed near us, from Philadelphia. We hailed her, and received answer that she had letters for me. We pulled up anchor, I took the helm, and we went back. I saw captain Taylor, and received letters from the committee and my friends.

It will be thought we had a great time of it, sure—but it is proper the reader should know, that we had *no seamen* to navigate our frail bark, that *we* did not understand the

business, and that our vessel was in miserable trim. At that season of the year, also, there is a *strong current* setting *north*, and nearly all the winds are from the *south;* so that it is very difficult for *good vessels*, well manned, and a good captain, to get down the coast. And even canoes, with oars, are often "wind-bound," for weeks. So that the reader must not be hard with censures or jokes, on our awkwardness. Did *you* ever try such business? We did the best we knew, and worked hard for it, too.

### JOURNEY TO REGENT.

24th. In the morning taught brother Peyton's class singing—ran about and did some business, and wrote letters to friends. Brother Carter was pretty much sick; some fever through anxiety of mind and many labors. Towards night I obtained a horse and rode to *Regent*, over the mountain. It is a fine, pleasant, quiet village, of about 2,000 inhabitants. The scenery is very picturesque—mountains and valleys on every side—meandering streams of water from the hills—Sugar loaf, near by, rearing its lofty head into the clouds, covered with primitive forests, filled with elephants, leopards, baboons, monkeys, &c., and almost perpendicular, like a haystack—the numerous huts, thickly surrounded with their plantain, banana, and pawpaw trees, yams, &c.,—the jail, the mission house, the spacious chapel and two *grave yards*—one for the burial of *baptized* persons, and another for *unbaptized!!* (another relic of popery and heathenism.) The road to Regent is very rugged, a part of the way. Regent is one of the oldest mission stations in the colony. The church contained 400 communicants (and 200 candidates at that time.) The attendance at church was nearly 1000. The day schools and Sabbath schools were flourishing, and most of the people were able to read. On the Sabbath heard Mr. Davis preach twice, after the long, formal, stereotyped services had been read. And this is the custom in all the churches in Sierra Leone. In the morning I returned, by Wilberforce, a beautiful road, on a long mountain ridge, overlooking sea and land for a long distance. At times, rode in (not on) the clouds, as they circled me

round with their vapory mists—an enchanting ride of two hours, which gave me a hearty appetite for breakfast.

### SHIP GLASGOW—CAPTAIN HAMLIN.

The ship Glasgow came to take "emigrants" to Jamaica. A noble ship, but a more noble *captain*. He was a strong *teetotaller*, and a devoted, working, living, CHRISTIAN. He supplied us with temperance tracts, which we distributed far and near. He had our schooner pulled alongside his ship, and his own men stripped and rigged her anew, furnishing sail and rope as was needed. He prepared for us two "lee-boards," gave ship bread, herring, tar, &c., &c., "without money, and without price," and thanked the Lord for the "*privilege* of helping his servants a little, and would have been glad to do any thing else in his power."

We met together in his cabin, and enjoyed a heavenly feast, in spiritual communion, and social prayer.

I wrote letters to my associates in Jamaica, which captain H. kindly had forwarded to them.

He was a great friend of missions, and always carried missionaries free, to or from any place in his voyage. He was truly to us a friend indeed; and in the resurrection of the just, he will be recompensed. He collected cards and primers, to teach the poor liberated Africans to *read*, while sailing to Jamaica.

O! that all our vessels were commanded by *such* captains—the gospel would soon be preached around the world, and "the abundance of the sea" would be converted unto God.

27th. We saw the governor. He had been down the coast, demolished several of their war strong-holds, and intended further action. He said to us, "I wish you would not go yet, it would embarrass me in my operations, if *you* should be taken prisoners by them. I think it will be safe to go in a few days." Wrote more letters to America.

### ANOTHER SLAVER!!

28th. In the afternoon another Brazilian was brought in,

with more than 500 slaves on board. We went on board the vessel, and such a sight may I never again behold. They were all crowded into the hold, *very thick* and *close*, men, women and children!! The vessel was larger than the others, and the space between decks about three feet. It was a perfect *jam*, from one end to the other!

As they landed they clapped their hands, and shouted, and jumped and laughed, to tread once more on *free soil*. They came ashore destitute of clothes, but at the landing each one received a cloth.

This made upwards of 1500 landed during the seven weeks of our sojourn in Freetown! How long shall Africa be thus robbed and spoiled? On this evening I wrote the following appeal:

"A VOICE FROM AFRICA!"

*Freetown, Sierra Leone, June* 28, 1848.

Lovers of humanity, suffer a word from a distant shore. To *do good* is GOD-*like*. To labor unweariedly for the present and eternal interests of men, is *Christian*. To use every endeavor to abolish *oppression* from the world, by promulgating a pure gospel, is *anti-slavery Christianity*. Of such labors there is great need. While you sleep, the enemy is awake and active. While you may be dreaming that the abominations of the SLAVE TRADE are no more, they are desolating Africa, and pouring floods of wretchedness upon the nations. During my seven weeks' residence in Sierra Leone, more than 1500 slaves have been landed here from captured slavers. O, could you have *seen* the wretched objects, you would have been stimulated to new energy in the anti-slavery cause. Many are *taken*, it is true, by the British "men-of-war," but it is probable that where one is taken, five or ten escape. And does *this* look as if the slave trade were broken up?

How many ten thousands are thus yearly dragged into hopeless bondage!

But the *remedy*—what is to be done?

The evil is great, beyond the tongue of men or angels to portray, but how can it be *cured?* is the important question.

England has multiplied her "*watchers*," and many have been captured, but the desolating flood rolls on. Thousands of captives have been rescued, but tens of thousands have gone to Cuba and South America. The enemy has increased in wisdom, cunning, and strength, as the difficulties in the way have increased.

What shall be done? Shall the fiend destroy forever? What *can* be done? Who can devise a plan?

Suffer me to suggest a word.

An arm of flesh is too short—earthly powers and fleets have failed to accomplish the work; and should such means be multiplied a hundred fold, they could not stop the tide of desolation. A *little* would be effected, but at how enormous an expense!! There is a cheaper and more effectual way. Will you adopt it?

☞*The influence of a* PURE GOSPEL *alone* can bring to an end this most accursed system. Wherever this is faithfully preached, the infamous slave-dealer flees, as a thief from the light of day. He cannot stand before it, nor can he secure *victims*, where this light shines. He quails before the faithful missionary, and seeks for other places of darkness.

What, then, is manifestly needed? Why, just multiply humble, devoted, faithful *missionaries*, who shall preach and exemplify the gospel *all along the coast of Africa*, and the work is done. This will do it. Nothing else can. Money will not; cannons will not; laws will not. Armies cannot. United nations are not able. No, no. "It is not by might, nor by power, *but by* MY SPIRIT, saith the Lord."

Send forth, then, men with whom the *Spirit of the Lord will work*, in sufficient numbers, and no more slaves will be taken from Africa. Do you believe it? Will you try it?

"Men, brethren, and fathers,"—Christians, will you not thus speedily send the gospel, and drive the demon far hence? What will *you* do for *Africa?*

GEO. THOMPSON.

### ANOTHER START.

29th. We tried again to get out; our new rigging helped us much, and we went out far beyond, and around the cape, but a strong head wind and tide setting against us, we were

driven so near the rocks, that we had to come *within* and anchor, just where we anchored one week before.

Next morning we started again, and rounded the cape, till noon, when the tide began to take us back; and we anchored. Bro. C. being sick much of the time, from the rolling of the vessel, went ashore, to go *on foot* to York. I was also somewhat sea-sick, but stuck to it another day. We advanced only a few miles, and had to anchor, on Saturday P. M. Not liking to roll there all day Sunday (we did not sail Sundays,) I went ashore, through heavy breakers and surf—ran considerable risk, but escaped unhurt, losing some articles and tracts. Walked to Goodrich, pulling off boots to wade creeks—there found brother Carter. I tried to pass on to Hamilton that evening, but high waters drove me back. In A. M. Brother C. preached in the Wesleyan chapel, and I heard the Lady Huntingdon preacher. In the afternoon I preached in the Wesleyan chapel again to an interesting audience.

Between meetings the two ministers and others assembled, and we talked and sung temperance hymns to them. Told them of our *manner of living*, and our reasons. They could not find words to express their amazement. "I have been with white men much, English and American, on 'men-of-war,' with missionaries, merchants, &c., but I *never* saw such a man before! *No strong drink! No coffee! No tea! No tobacco!* oh! only WATER!!"

When I told him how many in America denied themselves in this way, to do more for the heathen, he looked up, clasped his hands together, and exclaimed "O! my Father!"

O! the blessedness of *example* preaching. Monday morning Bro. C. went aboard, and I started, by land, on the beach, for York. The schooner went slowly till two o'clock, and anchored for tide, and Bro. C. came ashore to join me.

At the first river I waited one hour for the water to go down, and forded it—swift—middle deep. Went on barefoot, to Hamilton, and took dinner with WILLIAM HENRY GRAHAM, native teacher, one of Bro. Raymond's *teetotal* converts, whose name, with those of MAY, DECKER, and BUNYAN, will be recollected by anti-slavery men, as being in

the Anti-Slavery Reporter, in which was published an account of Bro. Raymond's labors, and letters from each of these dear devoted brethren.

He was very glad to see me, and any new missionaries—we had very pleasant converse at the house, and as he accompanied me on the beach. We had a wide road, the beach, cool and nice for bare feet, where the waves were continually laving it—a pleasant walk.

We crossed the next river in a small canoe, to Sussex, where we spent the night with *D. Fearon*, the native teacher. Mountains all along the coast, about one mile, or half a mile from shore.

Next day (4th of July) we came to York, through heavy rain, and over a very rough road, rocks, ravines, bush, and beach.

Passed a number of villages, at one of which we halted, ate roasted corn, biscuit and oysters. Talked and prayed with the people.

Crossed two bad rivers in canoes, one of them *quicksands*.

At York we met with a hearty reception from Bros. Decker and Lewis. I wrapped up in a blanket, while my clothes dried—Bro. C. had a change with him. In the afternoon a leaders' meeting was held—16 present. Bro. Decker said "most of the leaders are *teetotalers*." Good.

And here is where Bro. Raymond lived, and walked, and preached, and labored, with the Amistads, for a long time; and many were much blessed under his labors—but he has gone to his reward—Oh! for laborers to follow up the work.

Next day, no schooner was to be seen! We met with a trader who said of the Mission, "The children suffer much from hunger, living on palm cabbage, and can't get that some of the time. They have long looked and waited for you, and if you do not come soon, they will have to leave." My record at that time was, "Lord, remember thy name, 'JEHOVAH-JIREH.' Dost thou not delight to show thyself in man's extremity as able and willing to 'save to the *uttermost?*' O Lord appear, to defend and water this vine.

which has been planted and nurtured amid so many *special providences.* Let not the wicked triumph."

6th. We sent a man to look for the schooner—he reported that they had lost another anchor, and came nigh being wrecked. We are at our wits' end, but will wait on the Lord.

Next day we engaged a large canoe, and hands, and went to look for the schooner—we went till almost discouraged, and espied a small sail far out—pursued on a long time, and found it the schooner. They had had much trouble. When they lost the anchor, and were drifting ashore, all but one were so frightened they could do nothing. That one, George Norcott, said to me, "The thought of your coming so far, the goods in the vessel, and the starving children, nerved me forward, so that I got up the heavy anchor alone, and cast it, just in time to save ourselves from dashing on the beach. Ah! we country boys knew that day who is *God.*"

We took the schooner in tow, and came on till one o'clock, when head winds compelled us to anchor. In the morning we tried again, but had to leave it out from York. On Monday morning Bro. C. tried again, but could not bring it into harbor, and left it at anchor.

### PLEASING ACQUAINTANCE.

In York we found the church missionary, EHEMAN, and his wife, very kind, sociable and obliging—nothing was too much for them to do for us. They gave us a hearty welcome. They have a very pretty, ruddy, hearty child, fourteen months old.

At any time when I called at Bro. Eheman's, I always found them with open heart and hands. The Lord bless them.

9th. Sabbath. In the forenoon I heard Bro. Lewis preach from Psalm 46: 1.—His language was above the comprehension of the people. In the afternoon Bro. George H. Decker preached. He spoke with simplicity, energy, and power. I was much pleased with him. In the evening I preached from Luke 9: 23. Their chapel is large and commodious.

10th. At the breakfast table I had a warm discussion with a brother (missionary) on temperance. He *loved* and *would have* his wine, brandy, cigars, &c., and became quite indignant, saying, "*It has nothing to do with the gospel.*" Other missionaries have declared the same, in substance. O! that the Lord may have mercy on them, and open their eyes.

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## MEDITATIONS, ON THE SAND BEACH, FROM GOODRICH TO YORK.

### THE SAFETY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

With loud impetuous roar,
The billows on the shore,
Now dash and foam.
Though from the mighty deep
They roll with awful sweep,
Yet e'en to kiss my feet,
Powerless they come.

With frightful boisterous rage,
They all their force engage,
And dash again:—
Their utmost powers exert,
"Casting up mire and dirt,"—
But fail to do me hurt,
And leave with shame.

Thus saith the ETERNAL ONE,
"Hither your waves may come,
But further, *not*.
Your swelling pride is bound—
My powerful arms surround,
And shall your rage confound,
Your fury stop."

Thus when the *wicked* rise,
With madness in their eyes,
Against the just—
And think, with fiendish joy,
The righteous to destroy,
Or sorely to annoy
Their holy trust—

Tho' they may fiercely rave,
And dash like ocean's wave,
Thirsting for blood—
And nought appears, to stay
Their fury, in its way,
While boastingly they say,
"Where is your God?"

The righteous need not fear:
Their GOD is ever near,
To save the meek.
He will their cause maintain;
Their enemies restrain,
And cov'ring them with shame,
Their aims defeat.

## CHAPTER IV.

### VOYAGE FROM YORK TO THE MISSION.

Having the prospect of a tedious voyage before us, and Bro. Carter being so much affected with sea sickness on the schooner, we decided that I should go aboard, and stay there to improve every breeze, and tide, and get her along as fast as I could, while he would remain a little, and take a trading canoe to follow on to the Mission.

#### DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

On the evening of the 10th, I went aboard, and early next morning started with the land breeze. At two o'clock, P. M., being driven near shore, we anchored. About four, by the help of a light breeze and our canoe, we pulled out more from shore and anchored. Being out of wood, we took canoe and went ashore for a supply—also bought another anchor, which we found there, and came aboard about dark. We thought we had a fair breeze, and started; but were soon being driven on the rocks, where the waves dashed furiously. We dropped anchor in one fathom water; our anchor dragged; the schooner struck on rocks beneath! so that we were in imminent danger of being *dashed to pieces!* But just as all hope seemed to be departing, I lifted up my heart to *Jesus* for help, and speedy succor was granted.

> "The mount of danger is the place,
> Where we shall see surprising grace;
> Just at the *last distressing* hour,
> The Lord displays delivering power."

Just at the *critical* moment, when no time was to be lost, we thought of our new anchor, just brought aboard—tied a rope to it, manned the canoe, took it out from shore, and dropped it, by which we pulled ourselves out of the jaws of destruction—dropped the other anchor, and carried the now

one ahead again, drew up to it, and in this way saved ourselves. Behold the goodness of God! But for *this anchor* we must have been wrecked. When we were out of wood, we went ashore, and were detained for hours. I thought nothing of an *anchor*, till in the mountain one of my men dropped the remark that a man at the village had *found* an anchor—but then I had no money to buy it with; and we were prohibited from selling any goods in the *colony*—but the man wanted *cloth*, and Bro. Carter had paid the duty on one bale, and that we could sell—a part of that bale was left in town, so that I gave the man an *order* for three pieces of cloth, and took the anchor, by which our lives and vessel were saved. Jesus, *foreseeing* all our straits, had made provision for every exigency and want. "Bless the Lord, O! my soul! Trust in him at *all times*." Lord, help me to "*observe*" these things, and understand thy loving kindness. How true and faithful that name, "JEHOVAH-JIREH!"

That night we went on a little further and anchored near an island. In the morning we pulled out again with our anchor, and about noon anchored close to Cape Shilling. In the afternoon it rained hard; but, having a breeze, I put on my oiled cloth coat and started, and we were soon past the cape in Yawry Bay. I was wet day and night, and could not get dry—our things were wet, much injured, and some spoiled—but go we must, with every breeze, day or night, rain or shine, or not get along.

It was cast anchor and take up anchor—stop, and try again—stop awhile, and go awhile, from morning to night, and from night to morning, day after day and week after week, for about *one month*, before we could get to the Mission, about 130, or 150 miles! O! that voyage! how many wonders that it did not kill us long before reaching the Mission.

A minute detail of all our anchorings and sailings, our rain and our sun, all our dangers and hindrances, &c., as recorded in my Journal, would be *tedious*, even to myself, to read over, and I cannot particularize them, but will only note the more important and interesting incidents.

### THE LOST CANOE.

On the morning of the 13th, early, it was discovered that our *canoe* had cut rope and was gone. We knew not which way to steer in search, and after asking the Savior to return it to us, set sail for Plantain Islands, on our course—but the Lord did not command the breeze for that direction—and we rolled till nearly 9 A. M., when a man from mast top espied a speck in the distance—we anchored, and waited till the tide brought it plain in sight, then a favorable wind sprang up, and we sailed towards, and secured it, filled with water. When we took it, my heart blessed the Lord, while the hands exclaimed, "Thank God! O! how *good* He is!" —And as soon as the canoe was secured we had a fair breeze!

### MEETING AND PARTING.

After stopping, and starting, and drying wet clothes, goods and books, all day—while lying at anchor, Bro. Carter came up, just at night, in a trading canoe, having engaged his passage to the Mission.

Again we had a season of prayer together, and early in the morning he left me, in his canoe, and was soon out of sight,—having *oars* to pull when they could not sail.

July 16th. Sabbath, at anchor. The men wished to go on, as a breeze was favorable. I said, "No, let her lie till Monday." We had fair breeze and tide, but I felt nothing would be gained by it. "Them that honor Me, I will honor"—"and in keeping them (his commandments) there is great reward."

The men took it quietly, and I spent the day talking to them, teaching them to read, singing and praying.

Next day we did nothing but catch fish.

Tuesday A. M. we passed Plantains, having been 5½ days in Yawry Bay, which, with a good breeze, can be crossed in 12 hours. It was an exercise of *patience*.

18th. We had a squally day and a hard rain, in which I had to look after things, as the men had very little care except for *themselves*, and that only for the *present*. The sea was very rough.

19th. Last night the men, too lazy to cut wood, let all the fire go out, in a heavy rain. Their conduct tries me very much, but that I may be patient with them, let me consider what *I* should have been with *their training*. We were all day going back and forth, trying to get out from land—in shallow water, sometimes not more than half a fathom. In the afternoon, the men *gave up*, and said we could not try again. I said, "We can go." The captain said, "No, we shall only go right back again where we have been." I asked them to try, to please me. We had prayers, started, and went out finely, but very *narrowly* in water of one fathom, half fathom, one and a half, and so on. In the evening we neared rocks and breakers—anchored for the moon, and then with fine breeze came into deep water.

I left one man to watch for the moon and wind, to call us when favorable, but he soon went to sleep, and thus they would have continued till morning, had not my anxiety awakened me betimes, and finding wind and moon favorable, roused them and started. Thus I was *often* tried by them, when leaving some to watch. I threw the lead line day and night, till my fingers were nearly raw.

### AGROUND!

On the 20th we went on very well, till near noon, and anchored in the mouth of Yaltuckta River, up which the tide was carrying us. We passed a number of towns, destroyed by the governor, desolate and forsaken. My soul mourned over the horrors and curse of war, and I prayed to be made a *peace-maker*.

Leaving our moorings, we went on an hour and a half, mostly in half fathom water, our keel scraping in the *mud* till we *stuck* fast—the men jumped into the water, and tried to start it, but the tide was leaving us, and we only became more firm. Soon the water receded from us nearly a mile around, leaving us "*high* and *dry!*"

Not being accustomed to such a condition, I knew not what was before us, whether we could get clear again or not, but I reminded the Lord of his promises, committed myself, vessel, goods, and men to Him, feeling, "The Judge

of all the earth would do *right*:" and that Jesus would "do *all things well*."

While thus lying, we ran about, picking shells, fish-bait, &c. The men saw a trading canoe, and ran towards it in hope of getting fire, but I suppose they were mistaken for war men, for the canoe men hasted with all power to get away from them, and we remained without fire. In the distance I saw many large white birds, which appeared as large as a man.

In the evening at half past nine o'clock, with our spare anchor, we drew ourselves past a ledge of rocks, and got into the channel, but soon the tide was done, and we anchored. Early next morning we started, and passed the place where the war took the schooner: the governor had destroyed the town, as also many others.

Passed Yenkins, of which Bro. Raymond spoke in his first trip to Sherbro. The place had all been destroyed. We passed three other desolated towns, and anchored within five or six miles of York Island, where we went in our canoe for fire, having been without three days. The town was low and muddy, and contained many houses. We could buy no rice, yams, cassada, banana, plantain, cocoa, or anything to eat, except a few pine-apples, which the people gathered in the bush. I do not know what they lived on.

Bro. Carter left four days before. Finding a small canoe going past the Mission that night, I sent a man, to have the school-boys come with all speed, with the large canoe, to tow us up the next day, hoping to get through before the Sabbath.

We returned to the schooner to cook supper, &c. That night I charged the watch to keep awake, and be sure to wake us as soon as the tide turned for us, desiring to get up the river as far as possible, so as to go through the next day. I awoke at midnight, and found we had already lost nearly half the tide, the watch having gone to sleep. I aroused them and started as soon as possible, feeling very much grieved at their heedlessness, but also felt that all was for the best. We only sailed three hours, when the tide again stopped us, whereas we might have sailed seven, with the tide, up the river, which would have enabled us to reach the

Mission before night next day. As it was, we were obliged to anchor on Saturday night, about three miles from the mission, and wait till Monday.

### AFFECTING SIGHT.

About nine o'clock Saturday morning, the Mission canoe, filled with boys, hove in sight—full of cheer, life, and joy. As they drew nearer, my heart swelled, and I had to weep. As I gazed upon them in their approach, and saw their cheerful countenances, beaming unutterable raptures of joy, at the sight of another missionary, my bowels yearned over them, and I cried "Lord, help me to lead them to *Thee*."

They came on board, and hasted to grasp my hand, but I could only stand still, and silently take them by the hand. My heart was full, and I could not utter a word without weeping aloud. I shook their hands, gave the hungry company some biscuit, and retired to my cabin to *weep*, and unburden my soul in *tears of joy*, and thanksgiving, and supplication, before the Lord. The journal record is. "Bless God I did not and *do not* weep from grief, or fear, or a shrinking from *responsibility*. *No, no.*—But the sight of my eyes, so long sought, fills my heart to overflowing with joy and gladness, for all that the Lord has done. Did I look within myself, I should shrink back, and fear, in view of the care and responsibility that begins to roll upon me. I should cry out, with tears, 'Lord, what am I, or my father's house, that thou shouldest bring *me here* to this great work?' But looking to God, I can say, 'Thou knowest my ignorance and weakness, and unworthiness, and great inexperience. Thou art my only hope. I rest upon thy word, 'I am with thee alway;' 'As thy day so shall thy strength be;' 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' 'Our sufficiency is of God.' I rejoice, I praise Thee for all the long train of providences which have led me to Africa. Now, Lord, grant me a baptism for my work, and glorify Thyself through my nothingness. O! to be prepared of God for all that is before me, that I may lead many precious souls to Jesus."

There were fourteen boys, and at ten o'clock they began to tow with fourteen paddles, which took us along at a good

rate. At the news of our coming, and at the sight of me, the people along the river wept for joy, and cheered us as we passed along.

Within about three or four miles of the Mission, the tide began to set against us, and we had to stop at sun-down and anchor.

The men wished to take the schooner in, the next tide, which would be about midnight. I said "No; the Lord will not bless us in breaking the Sabbath. Let her lie till Monday morning."

### ARRIVAL AT THE MISSION—RECEPTION.

The men chose to remain on the schooner, and I took the canoe and boys and came to the Mission, about eight o'clock in the evening—and such a reception I never had before. Men, women and children met me at the wharf, with clapping of hands and rejoicing. As I came ashore they rushed and crowded to get hold of my hands, so that I took two or three hands at once, in one of mine. They hung on my arms, and clung to my hands and clothes, looking up in my face, with all the intensity of delight imaginable, exclaiming, "*Daddy!* DADDY!!" with raptures of joy and affection, such as is manifested by children at the return of a parent, after a long and painful absence. It seemed as if they could not express their joy, or be satisfied with seeing me. To have witnessed the scene would certainly have done any Christian's heart *good*. It paid me for all my troubles and trials in getting there. Poor things! how long and anxiously they had looked and waited! And to see those to whom they could look as a *father*, filled their cup to overflowing with gladness and triumph.

Many were assembled at the Mission house to greet me. I found Bro. Carter sick with fever. He had suffered much from *hunger* and *wet*, in getting there, and became much enfeebled. Next day (Tuesday) he was imprudent, exerted himself, ran out in the wet, barefoot, took *right hold* of care and business, and *that night* was taken with fever and high delirium, which was doubtless helped on much by burning charcoal being imprudently placed in the room. I found

him very feeble. I washed him in cold water, and besought the Savior in his behalf.

JOURNAL REFLECTIONS.

"Blessed be the Lord! How kindly He has watched over us in all the way we have come! How great his deliverances! We have been three weeks and a half in getting here, besides two former attempts—in all four weeks. Not a word had been heard from any '*war-men*.' The Lord had used governor Pyne as the '*hornet*,' to drive them away from before us. Otherwise we probably should have had large demands from them, upon our little store. 'It is the *Lord*,' and his shall be all the praise."

Bro. Carter landed July 17th, at evening, and I on the 22d, in the evening.

## CHAPTER V.

### SICKNESS AND DEATH OF BROTHER CARTER.

23d July, Sabbath. I had hoped and expected to meet with and talk to the people, but was otherwise called. My fellow laborer was on a "bed of languishing," and he wished me to be near him all the time. Saturday night he was restless, up and down much. In the morning I awoke from a drowse, and found him sitting on the bed-side delirious, and twitching with spasms. I laid him down, and he seemed to be dying, but the smell of *ether* revived him and he slept a little. He had a high fever, pulse 140, called for water and drank freely. He wished to be *laid* in water, and I took a wet country cloth and wrapped him in it—bathed his face, hands, arms, and body, which was very agreeable and refreshing to him. He exclaimed, "O! that is what I have been trying to tell you all the morning." He tried to say many things, but could express nothing clearly. Restless most of the day; fever down; took wet sheet again; ate a little chicken broth. Bro. Bunyan preached morning and evening. I could not go. To the Sabbath school, in the afternoon, I went a few minutes, and was much interested. A better company of African physiognomies I never saw. Their intellectual developments, as a whole, were fair —in some remarkable; a goodly number *read well*.

I talked a few words and prayed—again I had to weep freely—my bowels yearned over them with unutterable longings for their *conversion to God*. And the thought of how many had already *died* for them, and how wonderfully God had interposed in their behalf, affected my soul deeply, while I considered that perhaps Bro. C. and myself would also soon lay down our lives for them.

24th. At half past twelve o'clock this morning, the tide being fair, I sent the boys to bring up the schooner, which arrived about three o'clock. By morning nearly everything was unloaded, and brought to the house. Day occupied in

opening boxes, assorting, arranging, drying, &c., and in waiting on Bro. Carter. He wished me present all the time. Pulse 120; delirious; restless; ate a little.

In the evening I went in swimming, and over-exerted myself—came near going down—it injured me much.

25th. I went to bed last night to get a little sleep, while Bro. Bunyan and John Smith watched with Bro. C. At three o'clock they called me to see him, and I thought him *much better;* his pulse was 100; and he was apparently sleeping sweetly. I said "Give him plenty of water to drink, and keep his head and hands cool with cold water," and lay down again.

At 6 o'clock, they called me again. I found him in a state of insensibility, pulse 150, soon 160, and in a sleep from which I could not awake him. He was breathing short, and could not swallow; I bathed his head, chest, and arms frequently, and the *outward* fever was much reduced. I retired and laid the case before *Jesus*, feeling that He alone could help. I searched the doctor's book, but could find nothing applicable. I saw he was *dying*, called in some about the house and prayed, commending him, ourselves, and the mission to God; beseeching the Savior to be with him in "the dark valley." At 10 minutes past 9 he expired, 8 days after his arrival, and two and a half days after mine, at the Mission!

After breakfast I went to work, with the boys, and made a coffin. At 5 P. M. the big bell rang, and the people and children came together. Standing at the head of the corpse lying on the table, I preached from Matt. 24 : 44. I felt deeply, and plead with them to be reconciled to God, telling them that a Harnden, Garnick, Raymond, and Carter had *died for them*—CHRIST *had died for them*, and would they not, after all this, give their hearts to God, and prepare to meet Him?

Bunyan prayed very affectingly on the occasion.

Many followed to the grave, where we sung and prayed again, and buried him, beside our old associate and school fellow, Thomas Garnick, where their bodies will rest till the resurrection morn. Returned, feeling my need of guidance and help from above.

When it was known that Bro. C. was dead, such a scene followed as I never before had heard. All over the house the women and children were weeping and wailing greatly. It was so very boisterous, and so disturbed my meditations, that I had to *command* them to be quiet.

### REFLECTIONS ON MY CONDITION.

"The Lord seeth not as man seeth." "His ways are not our ways," but "The Lord is *righteous* in ALL his ways, and *holy* in ALL his works." "He hath done *all things well.*" and "the will of the Lord be done." "Father glorify *thy* name." ANSON J. CARTER has gone to his *rest*, where pain and trouble are no more, sickness never comes and death ne'er invades. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

I am so soon left *alone*, and yet I am *not* alone, for JESUS is with me, and will not forsake me. *It is all right.*

As the prospect of being suddenly left without the counsel of Bro. C., and without his aid, stared me in the face, with all the crushing weight of care, and responsibility of the mission, a pilgrim, alone, in a distant land—as I watched his beating, panting pulse, and wiped the cold sweat of death from his brow, as I closed his eyes in death, and assisted to lay out his corpse, as I toiled and sweat over his coffin, as I stood by his head and preached his funeral sermon, and as I buried beneath the cold ground the remains of him to whom I looked for counsel and assistance in my work, and whom I expected to leave in Africa, while I could return and get my family—in view of the frustration of *all my plans*, and in prospect of all the innumerable and unknown trials and burdens before me, through *grace*, my *whole heart* arose to God, saying "THY WILL BE DONE." Lord Jesus, prepare me for all Thy will—support and comfort me.

My *first* care and thought and work at the Mission, was to administer to the wants and comfort of my partner in sickness—and though I could not relieve from *death*, yet I had the satisfaction of "*smoothing* his passage to the tomb!" And my *first sermon* has been the *funeral* sermon

of him who came with me to share the labors and cares of this eventful, interesting mission!

On Saturday evening I arrived—on Tuesday evening (July 25, 1848) I performed my last work for him, by putting his lifeless corpse beneath the ground! To unbelief this seems very *strange*—but faith sees a *Father's* hand, and says, "all is well."—*Amen.*

This evening the little girls gathered around me, as children around a father. O! how much they need a *mother*, a good Missionary's wife, to teach and train them! But the Lord knows best what they need, and He "will give that which is *good*." It seems as if the Lord intends that here we shall not trust in *numbers*—but know "It is not by *might*, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." O! God, work as and through whom Thou wilt, but *save this people*, and carry on Thy work in mighty power.

### OLD ACCOUNTS.

I found many claims against the Mission—some of long standing, and some large. A number of *traders* handed in their bills of $150 and $200 each, for rice, country cloths, &c., which Mr. Raymond had of them—and they had waited so long, they pressed upon me importunately, and would take no denial. Many *workmen* had long accounts, and were urgent, all at once, for their pay, each eager to be paid first, before all the goods should be gone. And some country people had claims for old redemption debts,* which had not been paid, and these also came in—all wanted pay forthwith, out of the *few* goods we took with us! And in addition, a hundred children and people were crying for *something to eat*, to get which, the few goods were needed. It was a trying place, but I *went forward*, did the best I could, and God helped me. I paid up all the workmen, and the most of the small debts. On the large amounts I paid a little and begged their patience, but they were like

* Bro. Raymond *redeemed* many children and adults, from the war people, to save them from slavery, or death. He had to pay from $5 to $20 apiece. Some of these debts remained at my arrival, and I was called on to pay them.

eagles watching for their prey—if any goods were brought from town, they were on the spot betimes, for a first and large share. Finally, in the course of a year or more, I succeeded with goods, and by getting cash, in paying *all* the old debts of the Mission, which had hung like a millstone on my neck—upwards of $800.

Paying off workmen, straightening up things, opening, airing, packing, working at accounts, &c., occupied my first week.

Journal. "Our little stock of goods is fast going to pay old debts, and what we shall buy *food* with I know not, but 'the Lord will provide.' 'In the days of famine thou shalt be satisfied.' 'Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure.' Lord *remember Thine own word.*"

The boys go in the morning for palm cabbage, and the children get no breakfast till they return, towards night! Said Bunyan: "Yesterday my belly hurt me much from *hunger*."

29th. The men started in a large canoe for cassada. (Gone eleven days.) The children wait with great patience, all day, for their cabbage, and when it comes, run to the wharf with shouts of joy, hasten to bring it up and cook some to eat.

This evening I talked to Maria about her *soul*. O! that I might see her *converted*. We also arranged and began family prayers. All the children, and others meet in the parlor, morning and evening.

### SALVATION AND REJOICING!

30th. At six o'clock we had prayers. At ten I preached from first chapter of Genesis, setting forth the *love of God*, in everything around us. After meeting Maria came in for conversation. Said she, "I want a *new heart*. I want God to take away this *bad heart*." I gave such instruction as she needed, and prayed. She followed with much emotion and weeping, confessing her sins and beseeching God, saying, "take away my *proud* heart, my *hard* heart, my *high-minded* heart, for Christ's sake. I give myself wholly to Thee. I give my heart to Jesus *just as it is*. I cannot

make myself any better," &c. After prayer and singing I ran over to Sabbath school, which continued two hours.

In the evening Bro. Bunyan preached a good discourse from John 3 : 3. Then we held a prayer meeting. Maria prayed, and such wrestling and importunate pleading for mercy for the subduing of her hard and proud heart, the pardon of all sin through Christ, I have rarely heard anywhere. She said, "O Lord, I give up *all* to Thee. I turn away from the world, and everything, to Thee," &c. Mrs. Bunyan followed with great importunity, and I think faith. Surely it was a day of reviving and encouragement to my soul. O! that it may be but the *commencement* of the mighty work of God here, in leading these precious souls to Himself! Lord, baptize me for the work. Make me "*wise* to win souls" to Thee. O! that I may "enter into others' labors," and reap an abundant harvest of souls.

31st. Gardening some. In conversation with Mahomedans I saw the great need of Arabic Testaments. The poor children suffer much from hunger—no school in consequence, a frequent occurrence. They take their little hoes and ramble through the bushes, in search of some scattering cassada, roots, nuts, leaves, berries, or anything they can eat. David Nelson, being very poor, so that I could count his ribs, I remarked, "He has been sick"—said George Lewis, "No, it is *hunger!*"

Aug. 1, 1848. Bunyan was unwell, but I could do nothing for him. I felt unwell myself—hands and feet cold, *agueish*, bad taste, &c. Drank largely of rain water, and kept my bed part of the day and slept. In the evening I was feeble and feverish.

2d. Kept quiet, and feel better. Put up stove in my room. Wrote letters, as I had done from day to day.

3d. Unwell—bathed, drank, and took wet sheet. A Mahomedan came to see me, and we conversed much—reads New Testament, and can tell me much of Old Testament history. He asked, "Had Jesus Christ a father?" I answered, "No." "Had he a *mother?*" "Yes." I asked, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is *God?*" He answered, "*We do!*" I preached to him the gospel.

The Mahomedans generally read *Arabic*, and a supply

of Arabic Testaments might do great good among them. When I show them an Arabic Testament, they read it readily, and say they would read them if they had them.

A number of visitors, and I showed them the seive, hand mill, stove, clock, watch, &c. Their great astonishment was truly astonishing to me.

In the evening, Mrs. Bunyan and Maria came in to talk. Maria said, "I feel the love of Jesus in my soul. I am trying to serve the Lord. I love to pray," &c.

4th. Writing "An appeal to the friends of bleeding Africa" in behalf of the Mission. The Lord send help. This evening D. T. brought two children to put in the school. I said, "We cannot take the children unless you will *feed* them." He thought it was hard, but agreed to it, and gave one bushel rice, promising more, and we took the boys. I had the girls assembled to be taught in sewing, that they might make shirts for the boys. Many have only one shirt, and some none, and we have not a supply for them. I made one myself, out of a pillow case, for a sick little boy.

### PRESENTS.

It is a universal custom of the country, when one goes to see another, to carry some present, which is called "shaking the hand"—or, "to tell you how do do"—or, "to show myself to you"—or, "to show you some palaver." But when they bring the white man some small present, they expect much more in return. They often bring a fowl, or a little rice, or fruit, or a country cloth, but expect some fine present in return—but I generally try and ascertain the value of their present, and give them as much or more, when they leave. After they have stayed some time, they say, "Well, I go back," which is the signal to give them something. If you give nothing, they wait awhile and say again, "Well, I go"—and if the hint is not yet taken, they will begin to beg this and that. The custom is very annoying to one first coming among them—and I dread to hear one say, "I bring little present to master."

Aug. 5th. A messenger came from *Kissicummah* to "tell the white man how do do," with four fowls. I had been

instructed to make a present to Kissicummah to the amount of $10, but chose to divide, and give it at different times, so as not to raise his ideas too much as to the "plenty of money the white man brought," and also to not excite the avarice and immoderate demands of the chiefs around. For had I made a large present to one, the rest would have been dissatisfied and evil disposed, if they did not get the same.

As it was, a chief near, because he got no presents from me, tried to make others believe that Bunyan had counselled me not to give them things, which he supposed, must have been sent for them from America (supposing they were well known there, and that everybody would send them presents, as a matter of course). He reported around that "the white man brought plenty of fine sofas, tables, chairs, plates and dishes, silver spoons, hats, &c., &c.—for presents to the chiefs, but Thomas Bunyan has made him keep them all, and we get nothing," which made many feel hard towards Bunyan, till they found out their mistake.

I sent to Kissicummah biscuit, molasses, &c. He never demanded large presents from me. If he was in need of some little things, he was free to ask me, and I was glad to oblige him, for he always was a firm friend.

## SY-CUM-MAH, THE NOMINAL KING.

In the afternoon Sy-cum-mah and his interpreter came and made a palaver* to begin with, because we did not

* NOTE.—"*Palaver.*" As this word will often occur in the following pages, I will here explain its meaning, in general, but its particular meaning must be gathered from its connection.

It is a very general and common word. Some examples will illustrate. If two persons dispute, or quarrel, they have a "palaver." If one prosecutes another he makes "a palaver with him." If rice or cassada is scarce, "rice palaver is very hard." To consult about war, is "war palaver." Peace, is "peace palaver." To talk about God, or to preach, is "God palaver." To learn to read, is "book palaver." To judge or decide a case is to "settle, or cut the palaver," to "judge the palaver," &c. If two persons are talking together I ask "what is the palaver?" If I tell a person he will not be troubled for doing so and so, "no palaver," and so on. "Palaver live in my heart." "All palaver gone." "Big palaver." "You catch [get] palaver for that." "I have a palaver with you," &c., &c. It is applied to almost every thing.

send a messenger to inform him of my arrival!—when he already knew it, the schooner having laid right at his door all day Sunday! But I suppose his *dignity* was not honored, as *king* of the country! For a stranger to come into the country and settle, without seeing or notifying the king, is a great affront. Though I was not on *his* land, but king Harry Tucker's. The agreement was all made with Harry Tucker, and old Sy-cum-mah had nothing to do with it.

I said to him, "I did not know it was necessary for us to send a messenger to inform you of my arrival, when you knew it yourself before I got to the Mission—it would seem better for you to dispatch a messenger to Bunyan, to inform him of my approach—however, we have had no time to send messengers anywhere. Mr. Carter was sick and died; and since then we have been busy with our own matters. I wish no palaver about me—if you do not want me here, say so, and I will go were they *do* want me."

He was satisfied and spoke up quick, "No, *no*—must *not* go—we like you—want you to stay here—the country is *yours*. In the Mendi country they will hurt you." I said, "I came *not* to trade and make money, but to do you good, and teach you how to be prepared to die."

After sitting a long time, they said, "We go now." I waited for them to move. Again, "We go now," and I expected to see them get up and *start*, and again waited. The interpreter again spoke, "*The king wishes to go.* I said, "I do not understand your customs—you say you go, you go, and you do *not* go." Said he, "The king wishes a *present* of 2 or 3 pieces of cloth!" I gave him 2 bars, or 8 yds. white cotton, which only *insulted* them, and they had a long palaver. "He must, as *king*, have *one piece*, (35 yds.) any how. I gave one piece, and then told them my mind. "The people here treat me *bad*—they make war, and bring plenty of trouble and hunger—come and steal our cassada, and yet want *presents!* You say you like me to stay—want me to live among you, and yet when hunger plenty, because you make so much famine, take our cassada, and I come and bring *little* money to buy food, then you want *presents, presents,* till *all gone*, and I have nothing to get food for myself or these children! Instead of my giving

*you* presents, you ought to bring *me* presents, and *help me*, if you want me to live among you." He replied, "What you say, all *true*, but the king wants *one piece* of cloth."

His meanness on this occasion gave me no favorable opinion of him, and I afterwards avoided and refused to give him presents, except when he was absolutely in want of small matters. If he was sick, I gave him biscuit, or what he needed; if he wanted a little salt, or a few hooks, &c., I always gave him. But I saw it *would not do* to give him any considerable present, as it would only excite his avaricious demands for larger. They think the *owner* needs nothing, or he has an *abundance*—there can be no fail!

Sycummah is *called* king of the country, but he has no power, that is all in the hands of the chiefs. He is miserably poor, and but few people around him. If he has a palaver with any one, he has to carry it to *Kissicummah*, our strongest chief, and abide his decision.

If the KING'S authority is needed in any matter, it is only necessary to let him know the minds of the *chiefs*, and he dare not refuse. Some of my collisions with him will be noticed in their place.

### A BLESSED SABBATH—SALVATION!

6th. At 10 A. M., I preached from second and third chapters of Genesis, setting forth SIN, its *nature*, *guilt and effects*. Though I speak with such a stammering tongue, yet God does bless *His own word*, and I have proof that my "labor is not in vain in the Lord."

After meeting, a young man came in to converse, and said, "I am sorry for my sins, and want to serve the Lord." I talked and we both prayed.

In Sabbath school I talked and gave out little books, which they are reading with great interest. After school, George Lewis, assistant teacher, came, at my request, to my room, and said, "I have often felt a *desire* to come to you for instruction, and *got ready*, but Satan kept me back, telling me my heart was '*too hard* to come to God all at once—many have *turned back*, and you may also, and that will be worse for you than not to try.'" He expressed a *desire*

to serve God and do good. I pressed on him the *commands* of God, his guilt in breaking them every minute—that *every thing he did* while his *heart* was wicked, was only *sin against God!*—He could make himself no better by *waiting*, but only worse—urged repentance and submission to God, for his own sake, his family's, the children's, and the people around. He said, "I *am willing* now to consecrate myself to God—I *will serve Him*." And then we prayed. He confessed his sins, and again and again professedly devoted himself wholly to Jesus. He begged thus—"O God, teach me and prepare me to work for Thee. In my farm, in my family, in the school, as I walk, or read, or converse, O God, *teach* me that I may do my duty and be useful. Give me a *new* heart, a *soft* heart, a love of prayer, and sanctify me to Thy service."

In the evening, I preached from Matt. 16: 24–26, and had a prayer meeting. Bunyan said, "My desire is to be revived and baptized, and prepared for the work of God." George L. said, "I will serve the Lord henceforth." In his prayer he said, "O Lord, take away this dreadful heart—I cannot live with it. If Thou wish me to serve Thee here, give me a heart of *flesh*. I give my hard heart to Thee. I consecrate my soul and body to Thee. I am *Thine*, and thou art *mine*."

Maria's tongue was unloosed, and her heart filled with joy, peace and praise, for all that God had done for her soul. She spoke very affectingly of brother and sister Raymond's *weeping over her daily* and *pleading* with her—"but I *resisted* it all!" said she. I could only cry, "O Lord, revive Thy work. Blessed be thy name for what Thou *hast* done, but come in *greater* power."

7th. Reading and writing letters. Small canoe gone for cassada. One bar of cassada was brought to sell.

8th. Writing and gardening. King *Karmokoo* having saved a Sierra Leone man from being sold, by redeeming him, sent to let me know what he had done—to gain my favor. I sent him one piece of sheeting. This Karmokoo has been a warm friend of the Mission, and *says* he saved it from being destroyed by the war, by threatening to kill or punish any man who should attempt to injure the Mission.

9th. The small canoe returned with four bars of cassada (a bar of cassada, at that time, was about two bushels—now, three or more.) A man also brought eight bars, and took goods to buy rice. Prayer meeting this evening.

10th. The large canoe returned with 15½ bars of cassada. The Lord be praised for so rich a supply. The *war people* demanded large presents from the men, but they would give none. Being enraged, they were about to *plunder* the canoe, but the chief to whom they went (far up) stopped them from their purpose, and paid the war people two bars, which we shall repay.

The chiefs of that country have passed a law, that *no one* shall take less than two fathoms of *any* foreign cloth for a bar. If the trader should give less, or any buyer should take less, it would break the law, and a palaver ensue, and trouble follow. But the general custom of the country is three yards of blue baft, or satin stripe—or two yards of taffety to a bar, and no one can afford to give more without losing. I told my captain to give four yards of sheeting and three of baft, &c. They wanted four yards. He said, "*no*, my master no tell me so—I cannot do it till I go and see my master again." So they took sheeting. To preserve the cassada, we covered it up in the ground. In the afternoon, *Barga John*, a brother of Harry Tucker, came with one bushel of new rice to "shake my hand." He wanted *rent*, but I could pay none, till *all* the chiefs said—since our proper landlord had left the country. Last night the men caught a man stealing cassada on one of their farms, and gave him a whipping.

### FEVER COMING.

11th. Early in the morning, I collected all the people and children in the chapel, and talked to them about *working*—that they must all be *industrious*, and improve their time in doing something useful, or we could not have them here—urged the duty [1] from the way our money is obtained from the *poor*—[2] from the instructions of the committee to me [3] from the *commands of God*. Bunyan interpreted.

I felt symptoms of a chill before I went, had it on me in the chapel, and came back to my bed. I had made arrangements to go to Mongray to see Kissicummah, but am thus prevented. It was not my Father's will, Amen. In chill, *very* cold—in fever, wild and restless—long day—took warm water emetic, bathed in cold water. About 3 P. M. ate a little chicken broth—was very weak.

Savior, be Thou near, as my *physician.*

The above is the *last* I was able to write in my journal till October 7, 1848—being again taken down on the evening of August 12, and confined to my bed by fever, sores, &c. Much of the intervening two months is a *blank* to me—a few incidents, which I have collected from others, and remembered myself, are recorded October 7th, which I copy, as the best information respecting my sickness, feelings, &c. I am able to give.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MY SICKNESS, TREATMENT, &c.

In anticipation of having the fever, I charged Bunyan thus: "If I am taken sick with the fever, I wish you to give me no medicine of any kind; just give me plenty of cold water to drink, and bathe me often in the same; use clysters when needful, and if I need to vomit, give me warm water."

From all I can learn, he followed my directions, refusing the country medicines which many brought for me to take. Bunyan frequently speaks in his journal, of my drinking plenty of cold water, bathing often, and vomiting with warm water, which always gave me relief.

Before I could sit up, I tried to tell him a few lines to write for me, but his dates are so confused that I can only give *facts*. "Sunday, sick and restless—drank cold water, and bathed, in the fever. Vomited with warm water, which relieved me. Bathed twice in cold water, and drank plenty of warm—mind wild and restless.

In evening tried to urge Bunyan and wife, and Maria, to be faithful and labor for the salvation of souls.

To-day, mind wild, but found relief by bathing and emetic.

Yesterday, difficulty with Mr. Williams—his son tried to fight the teacher, and he justified and encouraged the son. I decided that the boy must leave, and that if the father again encourages his boys in such rebellions, they must *all* leave. Two of the boys left.

To-day, vomited with warm water, and bathed, which did me much good. Feel more easy to-day, though my mind is much on the Mission. Feel the need of the help of my wife, but Jesus will give all needed help. In His will I will rejoice. The language of my heart is, 'Father, glorify Thy name.'"

The above is very indistinct; no one can tell when I felt,

and did, and said so and so; but I suppose all occurred sometime during my sickness.

Oct. 7th, '48.—"Nearly two months have now passed since I wrote in my Journal; during which time, I have been, for the most part, confined to my bed. On the 11th of August, I was taken with chill and fever, and again on the night of the next day. From that time, fever set in, which soon deprived me of my reason, and rendered me helpless in the hands of my waiters. Bunyan informs me that I was brought very low—at times, fainted—much of the time slept, day and night, in bed, in my chair, and at my meals. At times, was dumb, so that I could not speak for a whole day. When in fever, was restless, and wild. When I fainted, and was very low, they could find nothing but cold water that would do me any good. They frequently bathed me, which always gave me relief, and I would say, "O! that feels good."* I drank cold water and vomited with warm—ate but little—sweet potato, rice water, &c. In my delirium, I thought I was at Columbus, Ohio, sick, and begged them to walk with me, one on each side, up into town, that I might take stage and go home (18 miles) to get well; but no one would help me to stir a step. I thought it was very hard, and begged, and importuned, and argued, but to no avail. They said, "You are at *Kaw-mendi* now," but I could not believe it, till they led me out to the door, and I saw the Mission houses, river, schooner, &c.

In my sickness, Bunyan stood by me like a brother, while chiefs and kings were accusing him of *killing* Garnick, Raymond and Carter, and of making *me* sick, joined by their people, who tried all they could to drive him from the place! He says the house used to be crowded with people, accusing him, and threatening continually. Their object, he thought, was to get *him* out of the way, and

* One, who was with me, in all my sickness, has, since my recovery, stated—"Often we thought he *was dead*, and began to make the customary preparations for *burying him;* but while WASHING HIM IN COLD WATER, according to the country custom, before burial, he *revived up again*, and got better." Quite an important fact, in favor of Hydropathy.

plunder the Mission, supposing I had much money. And so hard pressed by them, was he, that once he was just on the point of leaving, but the Lord held him fast, and "disappointed their crafty devices." May he be abundantly rewarded, for all his trials, labors, and sufferings in this place.

Many came to see me, as friends, that I knew nothing about. I was not aware till yesterday, I had been so low, and so near the gates of death. (Bunyan told me.) How graciously has the Lord dealt with me! How great is His mercy! To Thy name, O Lord! be all the praise, and glory. Dear Savior, my Physician, on whom I called, it is only by *Thy* word and power; to Thee I consecrate anew my redeemed life, and all its faculties and powers, which have been so wonderfully snatched from the grave.

I have taken no medicine but water.

After two or three weeks (as near as I can learn) my fever broke, leaving very large raw sores on my back, on each hip, on each ankle, &c., which have been very tedious and troublesome; though I suppose they were a means of saving my life, as a volcano saves a country from the earthquake. Give God the praise. They were very painful, but God has given me strength to bear them. For a long time, I could only lie on my face. Aside from these, God has restored my reason, a good degree of health, provided many friends and comforts; and now my sores are healing slowly, and I am gaining strength. O! for patience, and delight in all the blessed will of God. How often have I cried, "Lord, show me the design of my afflictions, and help me to learn thoroughly, the lesson Thou intendest thereby. Sanctify them unto me, and make me a 'partaker of the Divine nature.'"

Once, since my fever, by over exertion, and perhaps eating too much, I had a chill and fever.

In my sickness my sight failed, so that I could not tell any one who came in, unless I heard the voice. A *blur* was on everything, and I have not been able to read or write till this week; and now my sight is dim, but improving. Bless the Lord! who openeth even the eyes of the blind.

Since I have been able to eat, I have had potatoes, rice,

yams, cassada, fish, plantains, oranges, &c. I have had great longing for light bread, and American food, but may I be "content with such things as I have."

On the 5th I wrote, for the first, to friends. May I be kept from imprudence, and rashness.

Since my fever, and my restoration to reason, I have had much business to direct, and many palavers to hear, while on my bed, before I could sit up! And in my weak state of mind and body, so much talk, noise, and care, continually, tended, no doubt, to keep me down, and made recovery exceedingly difficult. But, as my day, my strength has been. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Some cases of palaver were unspeakably distressing, and required all the nerve, and strength, and decision, and wisdom, with importunate entreaty, and earnest prayer, I was capable of, to settle. The particulars I leave for the Judgment day to unfold. O! how I have lain on my bed, and begged, and reasoned—sat pillowed up in my large chair, and wept over, and plead with the parties to forgive, and be reconciled! Begged with tears, for *my* sake, the sake of the *Mission*, and for CHRIST'S sake, till God made my weak pleadings victorious. May no others ever be called to pass through such scenes.

The above record will serve as a glance at the events of those two months.

Oct. 8th. Sabbath. Sat pillowed in my large chair, at preaching, morning and evening. In my sickness, a tornado blew down the chapel, and they have since held all meetings in our large room; so that I have only to open my door, and sit in my chair, or even can lie on my bed, and hear all the meetings.

9th. Unwell—kept my bed considerably. Palaver upon palaver comes upon us. May the Lord defend us on every side.

10th. Up most of the day—writing to my friends. Read in the Bible—the first chapter I have read, in nearly two months! Bless the Lord for my sight. Kissicummah sent a man to see me.

11th. Wrote some—kept my bed considerably. Had ten of the boys called before me for disobedience, and

bad conduct. I talked to them, and let them go, for this time.

12th. Up most of the day, writing. Bought some palm wine, and boiled it. This has a fine relish, in my present state.

13th. Writing. Had rice flour mush, a very good substitute for corn.

14th. To-day walked to the river and back, the most I have done since I was taken sick.

15th. Sabbath, A. M. I wrapped my blanket round me (could not wear pants, for my sores) and preached, about the Sabbath. It was too much for me—I immediately took my bed—had considerable fever.

16th. Had twelve children called before me, for misconduct—many of them the same as before, so that I had to punish some of them.

17th. Started some men for town, to get goods. The care and exercise of mind in getting them ready, brought on a hard, long chill and fever. Children all day, without anything to eat!

18th. Kept my bed mostly—have had to do some business. Feel unwell. A school boy ran away to go home with his mother.

19th. Kept my bed—about noon had a long *shake*. In my fever, bathed—a very sick afternoon.

20th. Better. Had to feed the children on plantains, bananas, and ground-nuts!

21st. Kept my bed all day, and fasted. Another *shake*, and sick afternoon.

This morning the canoe returned with rough rice. Just as everything is gone, and hunger stares us in the face, a supply comes! It is truly a "God-send." He is faithful. This evening received letters and papers from America! Bless the Lord.

22d. Not well—lying down, and reading letters and papers, &c. Father says, "Take for your motto, 'I STOOP TO CONQUER.'"

23d. Kept my bed nearly all day, fasting, and missed my chill. P. M. Sycummah came again with palaver about a little palm cabbage the boys cut on his side of the

river, a long time ago. They supposed they could cut it anywhere, but when he forbid them, they cut no more there. Now he demands pay! though we have been troubled to feed two of his boys also, all the time! I talked very plainly, and shamed him out of it. But again he must have a present, though we starve!

24th. Felt pretty well. Reading. Engaged a man to buy rice for us. No school—the boys in the bush looking for food, and the girls beating rough rice.

25th. Missed my chill. A. M., kept bed. P. M., reading and doing business. T. F. came, and brought me eight very large, sweet oranges—the most delicious I ever tasted—can buy them ten for one cent—is to bring me a quantity.

Tornadoes frequent; one every day, at evening, for three or four days.

26th. Nearly all day close application, drawing off the accounts Bunyan has kept since I was taken sick. A hard day's work.

27th. A hard day at the accounts, again.

28th. Reading, and straightening accounts. This forenoon John Dixon brought 11½ bushels clean rice. A supply from the Lord. In the afternoon walked to the new chapel, and had on my coat and pants once more; for heretofore, I have had to go with only a blanket or sheet thrown around me, on account of my sores.

29th. Unwell, lying down, and sleeping most of the forenoon. Heard the most of Bunyan's sermon. P. M., reading, and talking.

30th. Considerably feverish—walked about too much.

Bought some lean fresh pork, for a relish and change—1½ bushels large, sweet oranges, for 36 cents—cassada, plantain, and fish.

31st. Feverish, bowels loose, and sour stomach.

Richard Knight, brother Raymond's old carpenter, came, and I engaged him for 24 cents a day, and feed him, as we need work. Also, John C. Walker, a Sierra Leone man, whom I engage as school teacher, and tailor, for $6 a month, and feed him.

Nov. 1st, 48. Up last night considerably—sour stomach, and *chill*.

2d. Up all day, walking, writing, &c. More rough rice brought in. Dismissed and sent home two of the large girls, for disobedience and other gross improprieties. Wrote to the king (Karmokoo), stating distinctly their offenses. The mother felt very bad, and wept; the king was grieved, and they said I must keep the girls in the school, and sent them back. The girls promising amendment and obedience, I consented to take them again, requiring of them a straight walk.

O! how trying the responsibilities of my station! Lord, help me.

## THE THIEF LAW.

While I was confined to my bed, the chiefs met together to make a law for the country, respecting stealing cassada, which was very common, and extensively carried on, by those too lazy to work.

I sent two men to the meeting, instructed to oppose the passage of a law, I understood they wished to pass, viz., to *sell* every one stealing cassada. I instructed my men to lay before them the guilt of selling their fellow men—that they had no right to do it; that they had better pass a law to make the thief *work*, or something of that kind. They replied—"Yes, what white man say is true, but we have no jails, &c., for punishing men, and we must do something that is very severe, to make the people *afraid* to steal." And they passed a law that if a man found a thief in his cassada farm, and could not catch him, or if the thief attempted to fight, he might *shoot down* the thief at once; or if he could catch him, do so, and he must be *sold for a slave*. The passage of such a law placed the Mission in rather a trying predicament; for we had much cassada stolen. Some of the men lost nearly their whole farms, and great quantities were stolen from the Mission farm. We could not complain to the chiefs, if a thief was caught, and have him sold for a slave. No. If I spoke to a chief about their stealing my cassada, so much, he

only replied, "*shoot him,* if you can." And since Harry Tucker left the country, no chief had supervision over us, so that being a community by ourselves, we had to settle our own palavers, and devise such punishment for thieves, and others, as seemed to be necessary, for the good of the culprit, and the peace and order of our community.

Nearly all palavers were brought before me, which occupied much of my time, and exercised my utmost patience, wisdom, and judgment, to know how to decide according to the Gospel rule, and secure the best good for all concerned. Firmness and decision were often required. With our internal affairs, no chief would meddle; they would say (when some have tried to carry cases before them), "Does the Missionary know about this? Did you tell Bunyan? Have you had the case before them?" "No." "Well, this is none of my business; I cannot interfere. You must show your palaver to the Missionary," &c. Such a position, I coveted not, nor do I ever wish to be placed in the trying position of minister, civil magistrate, and judge, again; but then it could not be avoided. Since, we have tried to bring about, and I hope there now exists, a different arrangement.

Nov. 3d. Missed my chill—read, walked, and wrote letters.

4th. All day full of business, writing, hearing palavers, and finishing up letters to send to America, by a trader, going to town.

5th. Attended Bunyan's preaching—very simple, plain, and good. I followed with a few remarks. Many country people here, to whom I tried to talk about the Sabbath.

6th. Great press of business—could not get time to wash and eat till 9 o'clock. Discharged two of the men, for bad conduct.

To-day, for the first time in nearly three months, I kneeled in prayer, not being able to do it before, on account of my sores—also had my pants on all day—a strange thing.

From morn to night, occupied with business and palavers.

## A TRYING PALAVER.

*So-gon-er-moo-sa*, a Mahomedan chief, beyond Bendoo, came, and claimed a large girl, we had in the school, as his property. She was about the foremost of the scholars, and a smart young lady. He said he had redeemed her father from slavery, and to compensate him, the father gave him this girl—but her friends had got her away, and he knew not where she was till lately, and he had come for her. I inquired into the case, and learned that the girl's friends had placed her under Mr. Raymond's care, to be kept in school. I informed the chief, I could not give up the girl to him. I had no right to give her up to *any one*, but to her family who placed her in the Mission care. The girl was in my care, and the family would look to me for her; if he had any palaver about it, he must go to the family; which did not please him much, but he dare not take the girl by force. Next morning early, one of the men, who had been discharged, and in whose family the girl had been living, sent her off in a canoe to hide her, as he said, from So-gon-er-moo-sa. We dispatched a canoe, well manned, after her, which soon brought her back. And here I must state a fact, that the case may be understood. The girl's mother was then living on the *other side of the War*. Should the girl run away, and go to her mother, they would charge the Mission with "being scandal for the war," *i.e.*, acting a traitor's part, or helping the enemy; and then come on the Mission for heavy pay, as fine; so Kalifah, the nearest chief, and another Mahomedan, who wished also to get the girl for a wife, sent me word, that I must place the girl under his care, for safe keeping, or promise faithfully, that I would not let her run away. I answered, "I can do neither. I have no right to give up the girl to any one, and as to her running away, I cannot promise. I will take her into the Mission house, and treat her well; if she runs away, I can't help it. I can't keep a guard over her every night, nor put her under lock and key, and I have no jail; if she runs away, *I can bear* NO RESPONSIBILITY about it"—

thereby giving him to understand, that if the girl ran away, and they came on the Mission for pay, I should pay nothing. He said, "If she runs away, it will bring *big* war palaver on the Mission." I repeated, "I shall acknowledge no responsibility in that case. If any one comes who has a just claim to the girl, and wishes to take her away, we can't prevent it—otherwise I have no right to give her up. If any chief should come and take her by force, we cannot help it." Bunyan was very fearful of trouble to the Mission, on account of her case—but trouble or no trouble, I could see but the one course for me—to keep the girl as long as I could, and if she ran away, trust in the Lord of hosts, and meet the consequences. "Blessed God! banish all our unbelief, and help us to rest down upon Thy promises, encouraged by what Thou hast done for this place, in days past and gone. O! for heavenly guidance."

Next, Kalifah wished to take the girl to Barmah, and *swear* her, after country fashion, that she would not leave the Mission. To this we could not consent—1st, because it would be countenancing their heathen ways; 2d, because swearing was contrary to the Law of God.

Then he wished me to let her come to Barmah, that he might *talk* to her about the danger of running away, and I sent one of my men over with her to bring her back; but Kalifah refused to let her return, though he promised to let her come back. The poor girl wept to come back, but no, she must be *one of his wives!* He afterwards came and forced from me her box and clothes. I talked very plainly to him about his meanness and injustice, but no use; he kept the girl, and we, of course, could not help ourselves. "The will of the Lord be done."

Nov. 7th. Felt pretty well—walked about considerably. The general rule, all over the country, is, and always has been here, one quart of rice a day, to a laboring man. Some of my boys said they wanted two quarts a day; so I boiled one pint for myself this morning, and made three hearty meals of it, thereby proving that a quart must certainly be enough for two meals for any one, and refused to give two quarts. Africans are hogs in eating.

8th. Not very well. Read considerable.

9th. Last night, *Burmah* took fire and burned about half down.

Last Sabbath, Mr. A., of York Island, sent me a *business* letter. I answered it on Monday, saying—"Since you have taken the liberty to attend to such things on the *Sabbath*, I cannot grant your request, until you ask on some other day."

To-day, he sent again, making a very humble *confession of his guilt, in breaking the Lord's day*, and renewed his request, which I granted. O! for faithfulness in spirit and conduct towards all men.

10th. Reading "The Crook in the Lot." My life has been filled with many *crooks*, long and short, but all meted out in infinite love and wisdom, by a kind Father. I have had a *long* crook here. My Lord and Savior has made it, and He only can straighten.

11th. Writing, and attending palaver. Started the *pit-saw* to-day.

12th. A quiet Sabbath. Bunyan preached from "Can any one hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" Good. In the evening again, from "What shall it profit a man?" &c. I followed with remarks about the *soul*, its salvation and loss, &c. A workman prayed, for the first time—very broken language, but quite feelingly, and I hope from the heart.

13th. Had to punish a number of children. *Disagreeable* business. The Lord help me to do it in a *right manner*.

Walked in the bush and gathered *berries*, similar in taste to red cherries. Had to let six bars (a "*bar*" is the value of half a dollar) of fish go away, for want of goods to buy them! Truly here is room for the exercise of faith and prayer.

14th. Planting potatoes, reading, writing. Sent a messenger to request Kissicummah to call a meeting of the chiefs at this place, to have a distinct understanding about the Mission—who is our landlord, &c. (But such a meeting had not been, when I left.)

### HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

15th. A busy, wearisome day. At one o'clock this morning, my men arrived from town with goods, having had no difficulty from the war. Thanks to God, for this timely supply.

Had the things brought up, before day—read letters, &c. News of the death of Bro. *Purslow*, with whom we boarded; also of the death of Mrs. *Carter*. Busy writing accounts, and dealing out goods. T. F., (an old creditor of Mr. Raymond's) was present, like an eagle ready for its prey, and would take nothing less than twenty-four pieces of cloth. But "the Lord will provide."

This morning, ceased putting plaster on my sores, they being *healed over*, after more than two months. Bless the Lord.

16th. Unwell—lying down—chill and fever—very weak.

Early this morning, Barmah women brought plenty of potato rope (vine.) In Africa we do not plant the *potato* (sweet) itself, but the *vine*. Hills are made up, the vine cut in pieces about six or eight inches long, and one end stuck into the hill. They soon take root, and produce the crop of potatoes. A very economical way of getting seed.

17th. Last night, sick and restless—sweat profusely. To-day, quite unwell. Ate some cabbage and vinegar; very good.

Much difficulty to get the men and boys to *work* good. They seem to feel at liberty to be idle when they please.

18th. Quite unwell; some fever. J. L. seems to receive instruction with *thankfulness*, and appears well.

### PRECIOUS SABBATH—SOULS CONVERTED.

19th. Weak, in mind and body, but heard Bunyan preach from "How shall we escape," &c.; simple, plain, and edifying. I also said a few words. After meeting, read Oberlin Evangelists. It was sweet to converse with my old friends, hear them preach, &c., and see the evidence of the spread and triumph of *truth*. How cheering to the lone Missionary, far from home!

But this evening, was the "*best wine*" set before us, and we rejoiced in God. Bunyan talked from "There remaineth a rest," &c. I said a little about "To-day." Mrs. Bunyan and Maria plead very earnestly for sinners, and especially for the *children;* it seemed as if they could take no denial in the case.

Opportunity was given for any to speak, who were anxious. J. L. quickly rose and spoke, with determination to *serve the Lord*. Then four of the children confessed their guilt, with much weeping, and apparent deep feeling, promising to serve the Lord! Glory to God! Bunyan seemed deeply humbled, and strongly expressed his determination to serve the LORD ONLY. He talked very affectingly.

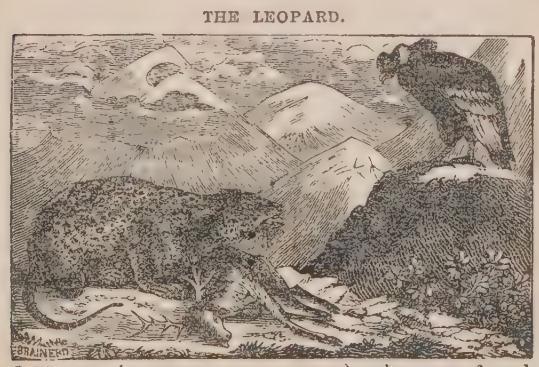
After meeting, he took the "lambs" into his room, prayed with, and instructed them in the way of Christian duty. Now, Lord grant us the full *shower* of Thy grace and spirit. Come, Lord Jesus, and save the purchase of Thy blood.

20th. Very weak and languid. Bought a *fawn* for 36 cts.

LEOPARDS KILLING PEOPLE.

21st. Not well—reading and writing. *Barga John,* (a chief and brother of Tucker,) sent to tell me a Leopard had

THE LEOPARD.



*killed his son,* (a young man grown,) who was found this

morning very much mangled, about half eaten up! He wished a coffin, which I had made, for him. He wished other articles of extravagance, which I refused.

Leopards are very numerous in all the forests of Western Africa. Sometimes natives kill them, but it is difficult.

The reports of Leopards killing people are frequent. But I am told such a thing was not known before this dreadful war; that so many people have been left around in the bush, dead, the Leopards got a taste of human flesh, since which, they have become savage and dangerous; and the African huts being so very fragile, and no doors, and many sleeping in the open air, it is very easy for a Leopard to catch people.

However, a few days after the death of the son, the father charged a man with killing his son, who was tried, after the country way of drinking some kind of water, condemned, and burnt to death by a slow fire!! Horrible! But God saw it; and his other son, a young man, died suddenly. I talked to him very plainly about his awful barbarity.

22d. To-day my new teacher begins. He is a much better scholar than Bunyan. He brought two boys with him to put in the school, also, a man with 41½ bushels rice, which I bought after being all day palavering about it. Gave $1,20 a bushel. A fine supply. The Lord knows our wants, and will supply them.

24th. Chill and fever. After wet sheet and bathing felt better.

25th. Rode in canoe to the site of Kawmendi. Not a house left. Situation high and pleasant. Within one mile, three old ruins!! Very weak in body and mind.

26th. Bunyan preached from "Ye shall die in your sins." P. M. Unwell, lay down and slept. Very weak. Reading. Talked to my new teacher about his soul. He was once a professor in town, but by roving in the country has left God, and now has no hope. I expect he will be converted.

28th. To-day the mother of one of our boys sent about one bushel of rice for him. The best any one has done for us since I came here.

29th. Unwell. Went to bed before night.

30th. Reading, walking, writing. Very languid in mind and body.

Dec. 1, 1848. In forenoons feel pretty well, but towards night, sick, languid, "all gone," till I bathe in cold water, then feel better.

## HYDROPATHY FOR AFRICA.

I have often been told that the cold water system will not do for *Africa;* that we must use Calomel, Quinine, &c., and drink Wine, &c., but my two years' experience and observation confirm me in the conviction, that in *no country* is the system so *peculiarly* useful, agreeable, beneficial, and necessary, as in Africa.

To take apothecary's medicines is wholly unnecessary in the most violent attack of fever. Pure cold water, rightly administered, is more salutary than the whole list of medicines. But it needs the judgment of experienced persons, whose minds are informed on the nature of diseases, and of the human system, and of the nature and power of the various applications of water. Rightly applied, it relieves from, or carries safely through fever; cures the fever and ague in one or two attacks; relieves pains in the head, bowels, limbs; purges or vomits, strengthens, enlivens, and invigorates. And all persons going to Africa to live, should try to familiarize themselves with the true principles of Hydropathy before going.

My case is no specimen, for I neither understood the subject myself, nor had I any body to administer it to me. But with the rough applications from the natives I was saved. Since my recovery I have experienced its benefits very often.

Bro. Carter's case is nothing against it, for he was nearly dead when I got to him, and I had no conveniences then to apply the system.

Mrs. Brooks's case cannot be used against it, for 1st. She had a high fever 42 days, on her passage, which would seem enough to kill any one. 2d. For some time before her death her husband was taken sick, and there was no one

to administer it properly. 3d. We don't pretend it will cure every case, whatever the circumstances.

Bro. Brooks is a better example in favor of the system. He had the fever hard, had to do all his own prescribing to ignorant persons, and came through safely, with no delirium, and comparatively little loss of strength, so that what he did in less than a week after his fever, I was not able to do for months. So much for cold water.

2d. Last evening slight chill and fever, bathed and felt better. Kept quiet to-day. Wrote some.

3d. This morning pretty well, and preached from Matt. 20 : 28. Attended Sabbath-school two hours, examining classes and seeing what is needed. It was too much for me. I went to bed and had chill and fever. Other cases of conversion to-day. Bless the Lord!

4th. Bunyan meets the converts every morning at 9 o'clock, to instruct and pray with them. This morning he had three new ones. A number prayed very feelingly. May the Spirit teach them!

5th. This morning and evening I met with the converts in B.'s room. Nine were present who profess to have given their hearts to God—three workmen and six children. Bunyan and wife, and Maria, seem deeply affected. O! God, the work is Thine, carry it on in power and get glory to Thy name.

### "GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY."

6th. Last evening John Dixon came from town with some things for us, and a bundle of letters, &c., from America. They are a rich feast for which I thank my Father. O! how cheering and reviving to the soul of the lonely exile it is to sit down and thus converse with friends, *parents*, WIFE! This evening after prayer five youth came of their own accord to my room, bringing their interpreter with them, to talk about their souls. Though weak, I conversed with each one, and all prayed, and professed to feel themselves great sinners, and to forsake all their wickedness.

7th. Reading and writing letters. This evening three girls came in to talk, but I could not observe much seriousness.

10th. Sabbath. Unwell; lay down and slept some time. Read some. Could not attend preaching. This evening able to sit and hear.

No doubt my frequent illness is occasioned by too great care, anxiety and labor, pressing continually upon me. I have no one to relieve me, and but little chance to gain strength.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FIRST JOURNEY TO FREETOWN, &c.—RENT.

On the 11th of December, after much care, and weariness in getting ready, I started in the schooner, for Freetown—towed by four paddles with the tide—having six hands, three of whom professed to be converted, and three did not. About sunset, through their carelessness, the schooner ran into the bush, (the term "bush" means all kinds of timber or forest,) in the bend of the river, and we had much hard work in getting loose, a strong tide pressing us hard upon the trees—but by cutting limbs, and cracking our mainmast, we cleared, and passed on.

As I left the Mission, a large canoe arrived with 140 bushels rice, which I bought, paying $1,20 cash per bushel. This was a rich and timely supply for our hungry company.

We had to go with tides, till we came out of the river where the wind could be used, and much of the rest of the way.

The first night I tried to sleep, but the musquitoes, squalling monkeys, and chattering parrots rendered this impossible. I had to be up frequently to watch the tide while the men slept as if it mattered not whether we improved tide or not.

Next day we stuck fast on a "bank," and had to wait six hours for a full tide to carry us off. In the forenoon I was very sick. At breakfast, the men called me to have prayers, but I told them I was so sick they must pray themselves, and they did so, and always asked a blessing on their food.

Next night I could not sleep in the cabin, for musquitoes,—had my mattress brought on deck, in the wind, and slept nicely.

At morning prayers—a sweet season—the three converts all prayed. It was good to hear their broken supplications,

one in Mendi. How different from the first trip in the schooner, when there was none but myself to pray! Now we had four to unite together.

All day surrounded by immense quantities of fish, and porpoises. I called at York, but had hard work to walk up the hill.

As I met brother and sister Eheman, I was overcome, and had to weep. "I am like Naomi. I went out full, but I returned empty." They were full of kindness, and anxious to do anything possible, for my comfort. They were the first *white* faces I had seen for five months. The view of hills and mountains again, was a great relief to the mind, after being so long in low lands, surrounded by mangrove swamps, and overflowing tides. It was refreshing to sit and gaze upon them.

Arrived at Freetown on the 15th, being $4\frac{1}{2}$ days on the way. Found friends in town, very kind and obliging. Saw James Will, just returned from England. He was so full of joy to see another Missionary, at the Mendi Mission, he could scarce contain himself. He had done much for Mr. Raymond, and felt a deep interest in any matter affecting the prosperity of the Mission.

Saw also Mr. Henry Badger, returned from England, who was Mr. Raymond's staunch friend and faithful adviser —very glad to see me. At the death of brother Raymond, these two men took the Mission under their care and support, till word could be received from America, which services were very beneficial to the Mission, and gratifying to the committee. They felt that the Mission was the work of God, and destined to accomplish much for Africa, and they watched, with anxious solicitude, every event connected therewith. And when they beheld another enter into brother Raymond's labors, they rejoiced, and praised the Lord.

17th. Sabbath. Heard brother Badger preach—very good.

Saw many sailors (white) in the street, drunk and fighting—a scene I have not seen among the *heathen*, since I came to Africa. O! the accursed influence of *such* representatives of Christianity! Well may the heathen look on

(as they did to-day), with perfect astonishment and horror O! the need of Bethel labors.

18th and 19th. Running about doing business, loading the schooner with two tons salt, the goods from America, &c. Received from New York a supply of temperance documents, which I distributed.

Rode to brother Beale's—they were very glad to see me alive, again.

20th. In reading a little child's book, from England, I found the following verses, which pleased me much; and they are so exceedingly sweet, I cannot forbear to insert them, feeling they cannot be too widely circulated, in books for men or children. I trust therefore, I shall be excused for occupying a part of a page of my history, by the introduction of the same.

HEAVEN.

We speak of the realms of the *Blest*,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed:—
*But what must it be*, TO BE THERE?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold:—
*But what must it be*, TO BE THERE?

We speak of its freedom from sin—
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within:—
*But what must it be*, TO BE THERE?

We speak of its service and love,
And robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the First-Born above:—
*But what must it be*, TO BE THERE?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or wo,
For *Heaven* our spirits prepare;
And shortly, we also shall *know*,
*And feel what it is*, TO BE THERE!

In the afternoon of the 21st, I was sick with fever, and

took my bed. On the next day I succeeded in getting $400 from an American supercargo, with which I paid up the remaining old debts of the Mission.

Saw the Church Missionary doctor. He said I must take quinine, and drink a little wine or porter—pressed it on me, joined with the Missionaries and friends, till I took from him some quinine, and two bottles of Port wine, which he gave freely. I took a few doses, but my conscience was ill at ease, and I poured my wine on the ground, asking God's forgiveness that I was induced to drink any of it.

When in town first, I taught brother B.'s girls the hymn and tune, "Awake my soul, in joyful lays." Afterwards a man gave them a dollar, which they soon used up in cakes and fine things, then they said, "That dollar is now all gone, but the hymn Mr. Thompson taught us, remains and does us good." I afterwards taught them "Eden of Love," "How sweet to reflect," and other pieces.

23d. Had fever again, and felt quite sick.

### THE COLONIAL CHAPEL.

24th. Attended meeting at this place for the first time. My mind was variously affected with curiosity, pity, and disgust. In the congregation were about thirteen whites of the "higher order," the rest blacks—most of them in costly array; some with only shirts, and some in rags, and about one hundred soldiers in full war costume, with a bugle, and each a bayonet swung to him, with their red-coats, war-caps, epaulets, &c. &c.

The house very large and costly, and filled with eighteen or twenty monuments, fixed in the walls around, of officers, generals, governors, chaplains, and philanthropists, who have died in the colony, or were friends of the African race.

### CHRISTMAS.

Meetings and preaching in all the chapels, and at 10 o'clock all shops were closed, and all in the market dispersed for the day.

I heard brother Badger preach, but felt unwell and became very much fatigued—went to brother Peyton's and slept on the sofa. Tried to sleep the night previous, but the noise of music, and drums, and yelling, going about the town, disturbed me much.

26th. I closed up my business, gave a box and my letters* to E. R. Ware, to carry to New York, and went aboard the schooner for a start.

Called at York, and had fever pretty hard, took a cold bath, which much revived me. Next day called at Banana Islands, and got yams, oranges, green corn, &c. It is a beautiful place. The government teacher has been there twenty-four years.

Had but little trouble till we anchored off York Island, in sight of *Bendoo*, head-quarters for the War, where a scene occurred, such as I hope never to witness again. We tried to stem the tide, but the wind was not strong enough, and had to anchor, which gave opportunity for the following.

### PLUNDERED BY THE WAR.

While thus lying at anchor on the 30th, a *war canoe* was seen in the distance. We could not tell whether they were bound for us or York Island, but soon they headed for the schooner, yelling and shouting like maniacs, and pulling with all the vengeance of desperadoes.

They came from Bendoo, the residence of THOMAS CAULKER, the most influential chief of our side of the war!

There were about thirty or forty in the canoe, having swords, &c., and exhibiting gestures demoniacal, and screaming terrifically.

All came aboard, and I feared they would sink us. I was very weak and exhausted, very poorly prepared to meet such a shock.

They demanded me to "cook for the war." I answered, "I am no war man, I do not fight." "Yes, and we ask you to give to us, because you are a *God man*, and do not

* These letters were received nearly three years afterwards in New York.

fight." I, after long parleying, gave them one bushel of salt. They seemed insulted, and demanded four tons of goods (about $80), or they would take the schooner to Bendoo. I answered, "I cannot give it." Again they talked and yelled some time, and I gave two iron pots to quiet them; but they only shouted and screamed the louder, became more excited, threatened, &c., but promised to leave if they got twenty bars ($9,60). I was so wearied with them, and in hopes of getting clear of them, I gave $10 worth of satin stripe. Then they clamored for six pieces more ($20). One said, "I never have killed a white man yet, but I mean to do it to-night." Others were trying to steal things about the schooner, and it was now dark and my strength almost gone, so I gave the six pieces, seeing no hope of getting clear of them otherwise.

But instead of being satisfied and departing, they only demanded two bushels of rice, a goat and a hog more, and I had to give four bowls and one piece of cloth instead of the goat, twenty-four handkerchiefs for the rice, and finally they took my own drinking cup, and stole other things.

In all they took about $50 worth of my most valuable goods. Had I known then, what I now know about war-people, they would not have got a dollar, but that was my "*initiation fee*." Had I been well enough to have followed them to Bendoo, in my canoe, I might have recovered a part, I cannot tell; but I was sick and glad to see them leave, that I might get some rest.

On arriving at the Mission, I immediately informed my friend Kissicummah of the matter. He was very much vexed at Caulker, and gave two of his own sons to go with my men to see him, and demand restitution. I wrote a letter to Caulker, stating the case, and appealing to him as a man, and especially, as a professed friend to the Mission, to restore the plundered property.

He answered that the goods were all used, and he could give back nothing—that it was the duty of the war-people to board every canoe or vessel coming in the river, and obtain something from them, which is called "cooking for the war," &c.

And I was informed by my men that he would have kept or killed two of my boys, whom Mr. Raymond redeemed, and whose fathers were then living on the other side of the war, but for his fear of Kissicummah, to whom I reported this matter, and there left it, Caulker never offering to pay one cent of the amount.

I left it with God to plead our cause, and to make the "wrath of man to praise Him," feeling what the prophet told the King of Israel, when he lost one hundred talents of silver, "the Lord is able to give thee much more than that."

### SABBATH REFLECTIONS.

Dec. 31. On Saturday night our trouble occurred. That night we towed with the tide while it lasted, and anchored for the Sabbath, where we had a very quiet day, far away from any human beings but ourselves, except three or four passing canoes. Spent the forenoon mostly in sleep, all feeling much the need of such rest. At morning prayers, I talked, and we had four prayers. Read and sung in the afternoon, and wrote meditations.

Many years have wrought great changes in my life and outward circumstances, but the year now closing, the greatest. To the mission it has been a year of trial. In 1847, two dear brethren were cut down—in 1848, another is called away, besides many other trials great and various; but concerning them all, I feel, and rejoice to record, 'Our God is in the heavens. He hath done whatsoever pleased Him,' and therefore we should be pleased. The 115th Psalm has afforded precious consolation concerning these deaths, and other trials.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." If their death is precious to our Heavenly Father; if he delights in the moment of their departure from this life, and all the family of heaven rejoice to see another child brought home, why, O! why should we be dejected and mourn? If it is a circumstance of so much joy and transport above, why should it be considered an affliction, and an occurrence of sorrow by short-sighted mortals? Why shall

not what delights one portion of the family, delight also the other? Why should the children weep over the will and pleasure of an infinitely wise, good, loving, and faithful Father?

O! Lord, give us a holy delight in all Thy will and ways, and let not our hearts, even, rebel against Thee. My follies, errors, imprudencies, rashness, willfulness, and all my sins during the past year, forgive. Through the year to come, lead, teach, defend, and work in me all Thy holy will and pleasure.

Jan. 1st, 1849. Arrived at the Mission, and had all things ashore before daylight. All very eager to get hold of my hand once more; glad to see me come back alive, for some feared that I would die, as brother R. did.

Religious interest increasing and spreading.

Leopards have been right up in the piazza and caught nearly all my fowls! and close beside the doors of other houses doing the same thing. In Raymond's time they came into his kitchen, where people were sleeping, and caught sheep, goats, &c. This is rather too "neighborly," and a person should be possessed of a good gun, to welcome such midnight visitors.

Found my carpenter just buried. I told his widow I would take and educate her children for her, and she gave them to me.

Had a New Year's pot-pie of a small pig, which was given to me at York Island. The guests, my teachers, Mrs. B. and Maria were with me.

For a number of days I was much occupied with accounts, and dealing out goods, arranging the new articles, &c. And in this way, almost the whole time of a lone Missionary is taken up—dealing out clothes to boys and girls—selling them to men and women—paying, overseeing and directing workmen—buying needed things from the country people—trading from morning till night—keeping all the various accounts—building, planting, gathering, &c., &c.—all of which should be done by some one appointed to that business, and let the minister have a little time to read, think, and study to save souls. The minister needs and should have time to study simplicity, that the truth may be

understood—to familiarize his own mind with divine things, and have it filled with spiritual thoughts, ready at all times to feed the ignorant and famishing—to visit the people, talk and pray with them, &c. But all this I have been denied—my time, care, and strength, all taken up with the business part of the Mission, so that I could not study, but always had to preach "off hand," or prepare on Sabbath morning—no time to visit, and go round from house to house—but little time to read, write, or think, and *I could not help it.* The churches might have helped it by sending some to attend to this business.

May the Lord forgive any who might have come, but "would not."

### THE MISSION RENT.

Mr. Raymond first engaged a piece of land, one mile on the river, and one mile back, at a rent of $150 a year. Subsequently, it was reduced to one-half mile on the river, and one mile back, for $100 a year. He paid rent to Harry Tucker, but Harry Tucker left the country, and joined the other side of the war. Mr. Raymond paid him rent once, after he left, and it came near breaking up the Mission. The Chiefs came upon him with a "big war palaver," charging him with being "scandal for the war," or helping their enemies, and he only got clear on the plea and ground that he did not understand their customs, and would do so no more.

Of course, I could not pay rent to Harry Tucker, and the Chiefs who remained, and fought for the country, felt that they ought to have the rent, but had appointed no one particularly as my landlord, so that all and each one claimed to be my landlord, and all the brothers of H. T. claimed to be my landlord, and on the strength of these claims, all felt entitled to presents, rent, &c., which placed me in a trying situation to know how to act.

I had tried to get a meeting of the Chiefs to have them appoint me a landlord, but could not, and soon after my return from town, supposing I had plenty of money, they began to come individually for rent, each one anxious to get it before the others came in for a share.

Sycummah came and claimed rent on the ground that he was King of the country. Barga John claimed rent because he was the oldest brother of Harry Tucker, and others claimed rent because they were this, that, and the other.

On one day, Sycummah and Barga John came unitedly, and wished to know whether I was going to settle among them in Mr. Raymond's place, and whether I would then pay *them* the rent?

I answered, "I cannot tell whether I will stay among you or not till the Chiefs meet, and I see what they will do for the Mission, and I will not pay one copper of the rent till the Chiefs decide to *whom* it is to be paid." "But *we* are the proper persons to whom it should be paid." "That matter is settled; I shall not pay any rent till the Chiefs decide who is my landlord."

They begged for presents, but went away without any. In four days they came again for rent, and said, (probably to deceive me,) that Kissicummah said I must pay it to the King. They sent for Kalifah, but he not coming, the matter was deferred to another day. I talked very plainly to them about the rent matter. "The people here are like a drowning man who should say to one who came in a boat to save him: 'You shall not save me unless you *pay* me for it;' so this people—they are in the dark, and the Mission comes to bring them light and blessings, but they say, 'No, unless you will pay us $100 a year.' How does it look?" "O, yes, true, but *pay us now*, and then we will think of that."

Early next morning they were present again, but Kalifah was afraid to have any hand in the matter without *true authority* from Kissicummah, our virtual landlord. So, I sent Bunyan to Montgray to see him, and if *he* wished the rent paid *to all the Chiefs*, to send a delegate in his name, and they loitered about, begging food, &c., another day, making me expense.

Next day they, and many others came, and waited till afternoon for Bunyan, who returned with Kissicummah's *son*, to see the rent paid properly to *all*. But Kalifah could not come that day, and they hung around till the next, when

Kalifah came, and many being present, I paid $150 rent, for one and a half years; from August 1st, 1847, to February 1st, 1849, and took a receipt signed by Sycummah, Kissicummah, Kalifah, Barga John, &c., and they left, causing me much less trouble than I anticipated. They took my word for the time and amount.

The next year I had a *new* trial on the subject. When the time for rent came, *peace* had been made, and Harry Tucker was expected back, had promised to come, and strictly *forbid* my paying rent to any one but *him*—that the land was his, and if I paid rent to any one else, he would make me pay it *over again* to him, &c. I knew not what to do.

Sycummah came and demanded rent, and I said no. He went to Kissicummah, who said the rent must be paid. I put them off, and went myself to Kissicummah, and laid the case before him—showed the difficulty of my situation, that if I paid *them* rent, Harry Tucker would make palaver with me—if I paid *him*, they would be offended. What should I do? Again—it had been six months since the *peace*, was not H. T. entitled to rent since that time? He said, "Harry ran away, and sent war into his country, and he has not been back to make any satisfaction to us about it, to shake our hand, and tell us his reasons for doing as he did. He *left the Mission* among his enemies to be destroyed, and we have defended it. He has not been here to *ask again* for his stranger, or the Mission, and until he *comes* and settles these matters, the rent must be paid to those who have the country, and have taken care of the Mission. If Harry comes and makes any palaver, it will not be with you but with the Chiefs here. You will have no trouble. Pay the rent to Sycummah." His reasoning was so sensible I could make no objection, and more especially, since Tucker had broken his agreement by not defending the Mission as he agreed, so that legally, he could not claim any rent.

I returned the same day, (on foot both ways,) much exhausted, having walked about 25 miles in a dreadfully bad path.

The next day, the King and Chiefs met at the Mission,

and after telling them all Harry Tucker had said, they promised to bear any palaver that might follow, and I paid in goods $100 to February 1st, 1850, took their receipt, and let them share it out among themselves. They demanded the goods at a less price than I placed on them, but for the sake of peace, I yielded, and had the matter settled.

This agreement to pay *rent* was an unhappy transaction, but probably at *that time* a Mission could not have been established without it, as the people knew nothing of the value of the blessings of education and the gospel.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LORD WORKING—INCIDENTS.

After my return from Freetown, the work of the Lord went on with increasing power for some time, apparently without the use of much outward means, for I could do but little else than "stand still and see the salvation of God," and rejoice in the same.

Jan. 5th. At 9 o'clock I met with the lambs. Six prayed very affectingly.

6th. Bunyan had a very interesting meeting with them.

7th. A glorious Sabbath! Bunyan has had many enemies, which of late has driven him to God in wrestling prayer for the love of enemies, for a forgiving spirit, &c. His wrestlings are very affecting. He manifests a subdued, submissive spirit, a perfect willingness that God should do anything with him.

To-day, he seems broken to pieces, overflowing with love to all, and filled with great joy. His expressions of humility are remarkable; he seemed to get very low, and to feel he was nothing, even in comparison with the little children; "not worthy to sit on a chair, a mere ant," &c. His case gives me joy, for he has caused me great grief. At 10 I preached in my weakness, from John 6 : 27, and had Bunyan exhort in Mendi, as numbers were present who did not hear English. Then he prayed, and much exhibition of deep feeling was manifested. After meeting the voice of prayer, and pleading for mercy was heard all about—some in social, some in private, in the Mission house, in out-houses, and in the bush. A thrillingly interesting scene.

May the Lord himself steady the ark and glorify His name. This evening Bunyan preached in Mendi. I exhorted and prayed, and gave opportunity for any to speak. Thirteen expressed a desire, and a determination to love and serve Jesus, besides those who had come out on previous occasions. It was a solemn time. No loud talking, scream-

ing, ranting, shouting, but calmness, solemnity, deep feeling, weeping, begging for mercy.

After meeting, a company came for J. L. to go to his house and pray with and for them. As I came into my room I found two others on their knees, weeping and pleading for mercy. Said one, "I feel something tell me I must not sleep to-night till God forgive my sins." (His name is Wm. Tucker, Jr. Remember this name.) And now, in various places I hear the voice of pleading. Bless the Lord, the work is His, and not dependent on such a poor weak mortal as I. Lord, carry it on in mighty power. Give me wisdom and strength.

8th. A very busy day—many to wait on. At 9, a very interesting time with the lambs. This evening occupied in talking to those who came to my room for conversation and prayer. The spirit of God is evidently striving with them. To some, I talk through an interpreter.

9th. Talking to converts, writing articles for a contemplated church, and carpentering at a store room.

10th. At the 9 o'clock meeting, upwards of thirty persons present, professing to love, or to be seeking the Lord. I divided them into six classes to meet me for instruction.

A very distressing case occurred to-day. A boy, who was one of the first to profess to love God, met a woman in the farm and made licentious proposals, which were refused. She reported it, and he denied it till a witness testified, then he confessed his guilt! O! what is man when left to himself! How weak we are! I exhorted him to repentance, but shame is brought upon us all by this act. I trust he sincerely repented and humbled himself.

Bought eighty bushels of rice at $1 a bushel. Letter from brother Bushnell at Gaboon.

### JOURNEY TO HARN-HOO.

13th. I started to go up the river to spend the Sabbath, and preach where the "glad tidings" had never been sounded. I suppose we pulled about twenty miles—passed ten inhabited towns, and nine that had been destroyed by the war, (many, or most are since built up,) and arrived

at Harn-hoo, the residence of king Karmokoo towards night. The king received us kindly, very glad to see me, and furnished a house exclusively for us, (the common custom toward travelers or visitors.) My bed, a mat laid on the ground, one country cloth laid on it, and another to cover me, and a stick for my pillow. It was rather hard for my tender sores, but God gave me sweet sleep amid the confusion and unearthly noise which prevailed all night.

### DEATH OF A HEATHEN, AND "CRYING FOR THE DEAD."

That evening a man of note was suddenly taken sick and likely to die. A "cry" was soon set up for him, and most of the people seemed to participate. They ran about, and through the town, screaming furiously, and some with flaming torches ran through all the place swinging their fire and touching it to the ground to drive away the evil spirits! The cry becoming general, the noise was almost deafening, and truly shocking. Such a multitudinous mingling of shrieks and cries of distress I never heard before. It required strong nerves to endure it. A "nervous" person would well nigh have gone crazy. I walked out to see the man in the Bush, lying on the ground! A company around, a fire burning. I could do nothing, and returned. Soon a new and increased shriek being raised, I went again, and the man was dying, and soon breathed his last. Just before he expired, his wife came screaming like a maniac, and putting her mouth close to his ear, she screamed long and loud with all her might! (enough to kill a sick man!)

The body was brought into a house, and the cry continued all night with more or less severity. Towards morning it became excessive, and during the day the house was full of people, sitting on the ground, "mourning and wailing for the dead," though not so violently as the preceding night.

In the morning the *Drummers* came, but, out of respect to me, the king forbade their drumming. Several guns were fired. I was told they would continue the cry night and morning for four months! but that seems hardly probable.

Such being the confusion of the town, and a court, also, coming at that time, we took our canoe and went to another town near, and had a meeting. I preached, and my interpreter exhorted and prayed. Assent was given to all; but what was said against their *gregrees*, troubled the conscience of some considerably.

I walked back, and after the court was over, had a meeting in the Barre* or Palaver house. They assented to what was said, but complained because I did not bring plenty of money (goods) with me. The king's interpreter said, "A *white* man is all the same as a *diamond*, or *gold* in the country, and if you would give plenty of *presents* you would soon possess all the country yourself."

He tried to impress my mind with *Karmokoo's* greatness, and said, "In all this country he is the king—nobody above him. Whenever the people have any palaver, they all come to him to judge it. Whatever he says, everybody agrees to it. If he says yes, everybody will say yes. If he says no, every one says no. Yes, the little children, yea, and even the *monkeys* will say "*No.*"

Had considerable talk with Mahomedans. They say God made everything, but *Mahomet* was the *first* of his creation. They acknowledge Abraham, Moses, Christ and Mahomet as *Prophets*, but the latter is the greatest. They pray five times a day in the name of Mahomet! If a man is a Mahomedan, he will be saved. They talk of Heaven and Hell, &c., but deceive themselves and the people with their charms, gregrees, and idols, and seem to trust entirely in their *morality*, their prayers, fastings, and formal round of duties, to save them. Talked very plain to an old Mahomedan who was making an idol out of clay, to keep war away, but he would not leave it.

On Sabbath evening, about dusk, the drumming began, with dancing, singing, ringing a cow bell, clapping of hands, &c., which continued all night! (They call this "*crying*" for the dead man). While the crowd are thus engaged wearying themselves, a company still sit around the dead, moaning piteously, day and night. The day after the

* The Barre is the "court house," or place of public business. Generally it is only a roof with open sides. (See cut, Chap. xv.)

death they cut open the body, to see what killed the person, whether a witch or not—whether he died with a bad or good heart—and they are buried in different places accordingly. Before leaving, talked with Karmokoo, who appeared very friendly, and would give land for a Mission.

Returned in five hours, feeling that my visit had not been in vain. That evening had an interesting meeting.

16th. Plenty of business. This morning my 2d teacher came in and said, "I have felt a great burden for two days—the Spirit of God is striving with me, and I wish for counsel." After hearing his difficulties, I advised and urged him to duty.

Was called on to perform a *new* duty—to unite two persons in wedlock; met in the chapel, and married them. Having seen Sierra Leone foolish customs, they thought they must observe them, and had fine clothes and a great dinner. Foolishness. It was so disgusting to me, that I talked about it, and told the people I would much rather marry them in their common dress of a country cloth wrapped round them—and that ended such folly. In the evening met my class—all prayed, and professed to love Jesus.

17th. Quite unwell—met class in the evening.

18th. Unwell—reading, and writing Mendi Mission history. Class this evening.

19th. Unwell all day—kept my bed most of the time. Class this evening.

20th. A. M., writing and business. P. M., quite unwell. Met the class of girls this evening, eight in number. All prayed, and professed to have given their hearts to God, but I much fear for some of them. Talked with Walker again. He feels deeply, and seems desirous to do anything he can for himself, and for God, in this place. Says he has prayers in his room, and is willing to put away any stumbling-block.

21st. A. M., unwell, went to bed. Teeth sore, gums swollen and tender. Bunyan preached from, "Thou shalt have no other God before me," and I spoke a few words about gregrees and sweet-hearts,—said, "All who had sweet-hearts must do one of three things—get married, send away their sweethearts, or leave the Mission." It

made a stir, but on this subject I must be decided, and purge out iniquity. Called in a country man and talked to him, through my little boy, William Tucker, and then William prayed in Mendi, during which, the man said, "The Lord is King. He knows all things. If we do bad, He knows it—if good, He knows it. The Lord is Judge," &c. Probably he is a Mahomedan.

Preached in the evening from Isa. 55 : 67. One professed to give his heart to God, but he betrayed wrong feelings, and I fear he was deceived.

22d. Business, writing, &c. This evening, class.

23d. A man here from Mendi country—expresses much anxiety for a Mission up there—would give land, build house, bring presents, &c. I would send Bunyan at once, if I had other help here.

This evening, some boys came to my room, saying, "We come to pray," and we had a sweet season together.

24th. Worked considerably, and feel very tired—only able to hear my class pray.

25th. Reading and working. A very interesting class this evening.

## THE ELECTRIC FISH.

This fish I never saw till the girls caught one, about 15 inches long—since then I have seen many. It gives an electric shock, which is light or hard, according to the strength with which it is held. A mere touch with the finger, will give a light shock—but take hold firmly of the fish, and it will be felt severely through the body. It communicates this effect only when alive, and if caught on a hook, they always have to kill it before they can take it off. It is a very thick fish, and the flesh is similar to that of fat pork. Many superstitious people will not eat them, but I like them.

26th. Just before sun down, walked to the farm village, and married one of my workmen to his country wife. We were in the open air, and they with their country clothes on. Bunyan interpreted, and I enjoyed the simplicity much more than the former case.

This evening met my little class of boys. In another room the girls had a prayer meeting by themselves—a blessed meeting. I think as many as a dozen prayed, and one of them exhorted in a very touching manner, with deep pleadings—their singing was charming—the whole (in an adjoining room), was a "feast of fat things" to my soul, and made me cry out—"Bless the Lord, O my soul." Surely angels must rejoice over these things. And O! that Christians in America could only witness them once, they would be stirred up to labor, and pray, and give, and come to save the perishing heathen. Yes, yes.

27th. This evening met the girls—and the boys had a prayer meeting at their house.

### A LOUD CALL.

There are three Mendians here from the Interior, who came down to get Bunyan, or some one, to go back with them and have a school. They would like to have me go, but I cannot now. They appear noble, open, and frank. They are anxious to learn. They tell Bunyan, "You must take up books with you that we may learn there, or we will come here to learn."

Since Mr. Raymond came, no adult has come to learn book, but here are three men, far from the interior, anxious to learn and pleading for teachers. O! that the Lord would send laborers. The chief there is also begging us to come. (He sent these men.)

### IMPORTANT CASES OF CONVERSION.

I preached at ten, from Prov. 8 : 17, and taught two hours in Sabbath-school. In the evening Bunyan preached from Jno. 8 : 24; after which I said a few words, and called for those who would serve God. Lewis Johnson (Kinna,) rose and said, "Yes, I *will* serve God; I leave all my sins. I grieved away the Spirit once, but now I give all my heart to God." A. Posey (Fabanna,) followed, confessing his sins, and saying that he gave up *all* to Christ. Bless the Lord! Then followed eight or nine prayers. After meet-

ing I called the two into my room and talked to them, and they both prayed, and promised to have family prayers, beginning to-night. Lord make a thorough work in their souls, and use them for Thy glory!

These are the two most influential men at the Mission, and have power to do great good or evil. I hope their influence and example will now be for God, in this place.

At noon, the girls and boys had each of them a prayer-meeting.

29th. Before day, canoe returned with 62 bushels of rice. I arose and prayed; cooked and ate my breakfast before prayers, knowing I should be thronged with cares and business as soon as it was day. Discharged and sent home a large boy, for stubborn disobedience, to prevent the spirit of rebellion spreading among us.

Began school in the new chapel, and had it A. M. and P. M. For a long time we have only had school in the forenoon, for want of room—now, bless God, we have a fine place for school, and meetings. The workmen built the chapel, wholly.

This evening, after class, had an unpleasant time, trying to make peace between a man and his wife, but without much success.

30th. Commenced morning and evening prayers, and the 9 o'clock meeting in the chapel. Our chapel prayers are interesting meetings.

This evening, my class was increased by four workmen, three of them *Amistads*. All prayed, and the most talked excellently—the Lord opened my mouth to talk to them, and we had a blessed meeting. Praise the Lord.

## JOURNEY AND VISIT TO MONGRAY.

31st. Left the Mission in canoe, at 11 A.M., and arrived at Mongray half-past 5. In descending our river, saw a very large alligator, 12 or 15 feet long, and as large around as a barrel. Ascending Mongray river, saw another 8 feet long—huge, frightful-looking animals.

All African rivers abound with these animals. They grow to the length of 20 feet or more, and are very dan-

gerous animals, frequently killing people, when in the water.

THE ALLIGATOR.

I have seen many of them. The natives frequently kill them—sometimes with muskets—sometimes with large hooks—sometimes with spears—and eat them. In some parts of the country they worship them, by feeding them with fowls, &c. But in all the parts, where I have been, they kill and eat them, when they can.

Could not reach the town by canoe, on account of rocks which cross the river—had to walk about four miles of the last.

The upper part of the river, fine, similar to American rivers—bold, bluff banks, from 3 to 10, and 40 feet high, and much beautiful prairie on each side. In the high banks, abundance of white clay exists, which makes either a fine white-wash or a good mortar for plastering, as fine as lime. It is used much for whitening houses, outside and inside, and works well and smooth.

Saw Kissicummah for the first time—small, very old, smart, shrewd, kind, glad to see me, and a Mahomedan.

Came over to hang two doors and a window in his new

house. Town large, and barricaded—was once very extensive, but the war has much reduced it, and the old man had some narrow escapes.

### A BARRICADE.

It consists of two parts, with an open space 8 or 10 feet wide between. 1st. The outer part, made of poles 10 or 12 feet high, set in the ground about 3 inches apart, and fastened together by horizontal poles being tied to them—then small branches, woven together, and fastened to the top of the upright poles, extending 6 or 8 feet higher. Do you understand it? 2d. The inner part, composed of a breastwork of upright sticks, 8 feet high, and 20 inches thick, held together by upright posts, and horizontal poles, lashed as the former—then the woven work of branches on the top. Through this are holes for muskets. A watch-house in each corner, with cannon ranged so as to sweep every side of the fence. Eight cannon in all.

In the inside are raised platforms, to stand upon, and overlook the fences, for shooting or beating off the enemy, when trying to scale the fence and get into town.

The gates, 3 or 4 in number, are made of a solid whole slab, hewn out of a large tree, about 4 feet high, 3 wide—some fastened by locks, and others by bars on the inside.

The enclosure is filled with houses, neatly thatched, without any streets, or regularity, but stowed in wherever a place can be obtained—so that a large town is a perfect labyrinth to one unaccustomed to them. I am easily lost in them.

The river here is delightful—water clear, rocky banks, fine sand beaches, and great quantities of fish.

A short distance off is a high hill, where the king wishes to have a *Mission*—a creek leading right to the place. It is a charming situation for a Mission, both as respects soil, elevation, health, and the number of people around. And why brother R. ever fixed on *Kaw-mendi* in preference, I know not—but suppose he surely could not have visited this place before commencing there. He was in a hurry, and did not wait to look around enough. But the Lord so

led him, for infinitely wise reasons, and doubtless it is all for the best.

Most of the day putting together and hanging the doors, &c. The king was much astonished and pleased to see me work—cooked plenty of rice, fish and potatoes.

Talked to him about the Mission. He said, "All the chiefs must meet there, and settle all matters respecting the Mission." (He has *promised* to come many times, but a sore leg, or something else, always prevented.) He was anxious for the war to stop, and would give much money for peace, but Si-Si-woo-roo rejects all proposals of peace, determined to carry on the war. He said—"So many chiefs in the country is the cause of the difficulty. It is as if there were many *Gods*, each opposing the plans and desires of the other. One wants to send rain, another sunshine—one this, and the other that, so they would be all the time contending. But now there is only *one God*, and everything above goes right. So there should be but *one king* over a country, and then all would be peace. But while there are so many kings, the country cannot come good," &c. Of course he would wish to be *that king*. At Morgray there are many Mahomedans. They pray by *beads*.

In the morning, we started home, on foot, and walked it in four hours—the path excessively crooked, and much of the way obscure. Crossed some fine prairie, called in Africa, *grassfields*—in the rains they are under water—now dry, and full of the marks of bush hogs, and cows, said to be plenty. Before reaching the river, I felt completely exhausted—it was too much for me at once, in my feeble state. Went to bed and rested awhile, ate, and had a press of business.

Talked at prayers in the evening, and afterward met three classes together. Apparently much feeling—a good meeting. At prayers gave out notice of continued meetings on Saturday and Sunday. After prayers the girls had a prayer meeting.

### FORMATION OF A CHURCH, &c.

Feb. 3d. A wearisome day to poor flesh. In the morn-

ing much occupied with business. At 10, preached from Isa. 57 : 14. At 1, from Ex. 32 : 26. Interest and feeling. After meeting, full of business. A 4 o'clock, met Bunyan and wife, Maria, and J. L. in my room, read my church articles, talked, prayed, and formed ourselves into a CHURCH, of five members—all having been previously baptized. May the dews of heaven water this little vine of the wilderness, that it may spread far and wide, till all eat of its fruit, and dwell safely under its branches, rejoicing in the salvation of God.

At 5½ met in the chapel, and married a couple. This evening attended prayers, and then the class of girls—besides a press of business, trading, dealing out clothes, &c., in every interval. "And who is sufficient for these things?" "MY grace is sufficient."

4th. Preached at ten o'clock, about the Church of Christ on earth, from Matt. 16 : 18, its history and design. Attended and taught in Sabbath-school.

At four o'clock, met and obeyed the charge, "This do in remembrance of Me." Showed the design, use, and profit of the ordinance, and had a sweet season of communion together.

In the evening Bunyan preached in Mendi—a crowded house, as the country people had heard there would be Mendi talking. In English or Mendi we must labor specially for this benighted people.

5th. A rush of business—on the jump all day, trading, packing, planting, attending classes, &c. Much wearied.

### DEFEATED IN GETTING TO MENDI.

6th. After a busy, wearisome day and evening, in trading, talking, getting ready and attending an interesting class, we met on the wharf and had a season of prayer, then started Bunyan and men in a canoe, for Mendi country, on Big Boom, to preach, and see the prospect of a Mission there. He also took goods to buy a stock of rice for the coming rains. Started at ten o'clock, P.M. The three Mendi men, who came down, are returning with him.

After being gone two days, he heard of war in his road—

it had burned the very town he was going to, and was making its way down the river, devastating the country. He consulted, and it was decided imprudent and unsafe to proceed any further. When the Mendi men saw he could not go, they wept like children. They had waited long to get Bunyan to go, and now, to be thus disappointed, was too much for them. They went on home, to see and report, and Bunyan returned to the Mission, late on Saturday evening.

8th. Sogonermoosa brought rice. He says Mahomedans have four books. 1st, I forget; 2d, Moses' book; 3d, Jesus' book; 4th, Mahomed's. This evening, he went through his prayers in my piazza—sitting on his mat like a tailor, muttering something, and frequently bowing forward, and kissing the floor with great reverence! I took him to our prayer-meeting, and he heard many talk and pray—and they sung many of their choice pieces.

9th. Much care and business. At three, met candidates for the church. O, for wisdom to discern the true lambs of Christ!

11th. Preached from Acts 16 : 30. Taught in Sabbath-school. In evening, Bunyan preached in Mendi. To-day I proposed to my people the idea of their raising produce, to give to God, and they rejoiced at the plan.

### AN OBSERVATION.

To go on and give a detail of every day's labors, trials, joys, &c., will only cause much repetition of the same things, be tedious and useless, therefore I will just state how my time was occupied generally, and pass to notice any incidents which may be different from the daily routine.

Daily journal enough has been given to show the character of my labors, and trials, for most of the time.

We had morning and evening prayers, which I attended when able. In the evening, they were generally a prayer meeting, there being talking, and from three to twelve prayers.

At nine o'clock, the converts met to pray ½ hour, where

I loved to be, when possible, to hear, and teach. From 9 A.M. to evening, I was busy writing letters, keeping accounts, trading, working, talking to visitors, reading, &c. After evening prayers, I had a class every night, and not unfrequently some palaver to settle, after that.

On Sabbaths, I preached from one to three times, as I was able, and occasionally attended Sabbath-school, but generally I could not.

From these remarks, it may be known pretty nearly what I was about from day to day, though I do not state it. It will also be remembered that much of my time was taken up in hearing and judging palavers, and that I often had to go to bed, wearied out, or in a chill, or sit in my big chair and attend to my duties.

Feb. 13th. Kalifah present—said he had read the Arabic Testament through three times, and "there is some good palaver there." O! for a supply of them.

Married two couple this forenoon in the chapel. As I talked about the marriage relation, both of the girls wept.

14th. ☞ Gallinas! that strong-hold of hell, that factory of the devil, that depot of wickedness and misery, that scourge and reproach of Africa, has been burned down, by English "men of war!" Bless the Lord! Let Him choose His own instruments, only let this fiendish slave trade come to a speedy end. The officers say they are coming to Sherbro to stop the war. O! that God will "rebuke the devourer," in some way.

18th. This morning about thirty women came from Barmah to cross over for fishing. We oppose crossing on Sundays, and prevailed on the company, (by providing them with cloths,) to attend chapel. I preached from 2d Cor. 5:17, and one man stood among them and interpreted what he could of the sermon, without my stopping. After meeting we gave them food, and told them if they would come to meeting every Sabbath, we would give them breakfast.

In the afternoon I engaged a number of my men to speak in meeting that evening. Had a crowded house. Walker preached in Sherbro, from Acts 17:29, 30, and they say he talked well. Four others exhorted in Mendi excellently.

One old man confessed his guilt, and rejoiced that he was permitted to hear the gospel, in his own tongue—and said he gave up all his heart to God.

The country people all talk about my fashion being different from any white man who has been here before—say they like my way, &c. May the Lord direct all my ways to the glory of His name.

19th and 20th. Went to York Island, and back again. Obtained plenty of oysters.

23d and 24th. A distressing palaver, which kept me till after midnight, against Bunyan—but on examination of the persons bringing the charge, we found it all false, and rejoiced to continue our confidence in him.

25th. Preached in the forenoon, but had to go to bed afterward. Attended the evening meeting—Mendi preaching, and exhortations in the same. I had to come home in fever—took wet sheet, and bathed. People from Barmah to meeting.

28th. Examined persons for the church—explained the articles, duties, &c. Explained baptism, and the Lord's supper, their nature and obligation. The whole responsibility of examining, deciding, &c., rests on me, though I beg the little church to help, and ask their opinion, &c., but they are unaccustomed to such business, and not much of a help. O! to be taught of God, and guided by the Holy Spirit!

March 1, 1849. Walked to Barmah, for the first time. It is a barricaded town, about three miles from here—a pleasant walk.

3d. Chill and fever. The two previous evenings, talking and praying with candidates.

### ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCH—MARRIAGE, &c.

At 4 o'clock, talked about the church, baptism, and Lord's supper, and baptized, and received to the church ten persons. My first work of that kind.

After meeting I went to the farm village, where was a man who had two wives. I had talked to him, and he promised to put away one, and to be married to the other,

but he had supposed it was some dreadful thing to be married English way, and ran away, at a previous time, when I went to marry him. Now I explained the nature of Christian marriage, through an interpreter, and married them. When done, he said, "Is *this* all? This all I have dreaded so much, and ran into the bush last night to hide myself, so that you could not find me? I felt much fear, but now I feel joy in my heart—feel glad it is done," &c.

4th. At 10 o'clock I preached, showing the principles of Christianity, as contrasted with heathenism. Bunyan interpreted.

A good meeting this evening, four men exhorted in Mendi, and one old woman said she gave up all country fashion for Christ.

### A DISTRESSING CASE.

On returning from York Island, I found that two of my boys had been lying—but what made it peculiarly distressing was, they were both church members, and two of my most hopeful members—to punish them was like tearing my heart out, but I felt that duty and love to them and to God required it, so after talking to, and praying with them, I punished them. Sure it requires nerve, decision, and faith, not to falter in my situation.

On the next day, I preached on lying, showing its nature, guilt, and effect, and punishment—and the preciousness of truth at all times. I avoided all conversation with the two boys, that they might think. They manifested solemnity and deep study, sitting alone as one in deep affliction and sorrow. I continued to pray earnestly for them, and before Sunday-school they both came into my room, and confessed, with weeping, their *sin against* CHRIST—were sorry, not because I punished them, but because they had sinned against JESUS CHRIST. They begged my forgiveness, which I, with tears, rejoiced to give, and we all prayed. I asked, "What sin do you feel you have done?" "Telling lies." "You think I did wrong in punishing you?" "No." "You feel hard towards me for it?" "No, you did it to make us more sorry for our sin—you did it for our good." "Yes, I did it because I love you."

Then they went to Bunyan and confessed, weeping, and plead for his forgiveness. Also to Walker the same. And then confessed to the whole Sabbath-school, which forgave them, and they were restored to their standing, deeply humbled by the occurrence. I trust the event was overruled greatly for their and the general good.

In the evening, an old Mendi woman exhorted others to come to Christ.

### TALK WITH A MAHOMEDAN CHIEF.

14th. Rode to Barmah in canoe, to redeem a carpenter boy, taken in the war, but the high price prevented.

There saw four men in chains—one with a slaveholding shackle on his ankles, another with a great log swinging between his legs, suspended from his neck, and all fast together by a chain around the neck! I asked, "What have these men done bad?" "Nothing—they are my enemies, taken in the war, and given to me for a debt, and I shall sell them." "Mr. Kalifah, God will remember that and bring you into judgment for it—God will remember it." "God no go remember it to me for bad, but for good." "No, sir, for bad, because you break His laws." "They are my enemies, and would destroy us all." "No matter, God commands you to love your enemies." "If I did not do so, they would run away." "Is that loving your enemies? Should any one treat you so would you think he loved you? *You are breaking the command of God.*" "O, I do not go by *your* book." "I see you do not, or you would not do so." "Come in and see my book. (A large pile of the *Koran*, in Arabic manuscript, lay on the table.) *All dat live in my head.* (A shame to me, and to all who know so little of the Bible.) The *Alkorana* is the best book in the world—better than *all the rest.* Your book, (the Arabic Testament,) has *good palaver* in it—it tell about every thing, but I am a *Mahomedan* and *nothing can turn me,*" &c.

He is reading the Arabic Testament through the fourth time, and cannot the *Spirit of the Lord* use its own sword to slay his enmity? Yes, verily. And if such strong,

leading Mahomedans are willing to read the New Testament, should not the church furnish it to them, since they will not hear preaching?

### A MAHOMEDAN LAW.

That they must not eat a fowl unless they kill it themselves. Some observe it more strictly than others. Some will not eat it unless they themselves cut its throat. Others told me that they were allowed to eat it if any minister killed it—if I killed it, they could eat it. Others say, if they give orders to have it killed, and see it killed, they can eat it, &c.

At one time (17th,) Kalifah came, and I cooked for him. When about to kill the fowl Maria said, "If *you* kill it, he will not eat it except he kill it himself." So the fowl was handed to him and he cut its throat. At other times I have asked him to eat when I had everything ready before he came, and he always refused.

At another time I had a room full of chiefs and others, among whom were three Mahomedans, and I cooked largely for them. When killing the fowls, I was again told that the three men would not eat them if I killed them. I answered, "Very well, let them go without them. I shall not honor their superstitious notion." The dinner was all ready, and they sat down. These three sat together. The first thing was, "Who killed this fowl?" "I killed it myself," and they refused to touch it, and called for palm oil to put on their rice! I did it to try them.

Again, four or five Mahomedans came to see me, and wished me to cook for them. I said jocosely, "If I kill a fowl you will not eat it." "O, well, catch it, and let us kill it." "I can't catch one easily now, they are out of the pen. Will you eat it if I shoot one?" "Yes, if you let us see you kill it." So I shot one, and one of the men jumped on it as eagerly as a wolf, and cut its throat! though it was dead and did not bleed any!

They ate an immense quantity of rice, and when done, and looking at the large pan they had emptied, they said, "We Mandingoes no play for eat rice; that is our food."

They thanked me much, and when ready to leave, one of them offered prayers for me in the piazza.

At other times I have cooked for Mahomedans, and when I told them I killed the fowl, they made no objection to eating with me.

I think the same law applies to the killing of any animal.

18th. At 10 preached from Deut. 32 : 47. Came home and went to bed—had a chill, and sick night. In the night a small boy had the croup, and I got up and gave him emetics. They did not operate upon him, but in my weakness vomited me; however, he got better. Have but little appetite for anything.

20th. Sweet season in class. Walker joined. The spirit seems to be working more and more deeply. Many, old and young, are confessing their sins. O! Lord carry on Thy work in power, and save the purchase of Thy blood.

21st. This evening two girls came to pray. I had to say, "I cannot this evening; you must come again." That night fever.

22d. Some came and confessed their sins, and to ask counsel and prayers. Others came to pray.

### FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

23d. At three met those who wished to join the church, and there was such a rush it almost startled me. My room was too small, and we went to the chapel, where they prayed, and I questioned them. I fear many of them are like foolish sheep which follow because one goes ahead, even if it is over a precipice. The sympathetic feeling is strong among all classes of people, but much more so among ignorant heathens. I deeply feel my inability to judge between them—to say who loves God, and who does not. I am liable to receive those who do not, and to exclude those who do. O! my God, teach me—give me a wise and understanding heart. O! Jesus, remember and fulfill that glorious word, "Lo, *I am with you.*"

26th. Two men came to confess. One confessed he stole two pair of shoes and other things, when coming on the

schooner the first time. The other stole tobacco, fowls, yams, &c., from Mr. Raymond. They wished me to pray with, and forgive them, which I did. Many confessed stealing from Mr. Raymond. I attended meeting in the evening, and instructed church candidates till nine o'clock.

27th, 29th, 31st. Chill and fever. Sick nights. Try to keep still, but cannot, there is so much business, and so many, many, constantly here, that I overdo myself, and nature has no chance to get up, and I cannot help it.

### GREAT CONFESSIONS—ADMISSIONS TO THE CHURCH.

April 1, '49. "And many that believed, came and confessed, and showed their deeds."

In the morning quite unwell, but studied a sermon from Prov. 28 : 13, on *confessing sins*, and went to bed till meeting time; then went from my bed, and sat in chair to preach. Deep silence and close attention. Came home and took quinine to keep off a chill till I could perform the duties of P. M., and went to bed again. After all had gone to Sabbath-school, a woman came and awoke me, saying, "God has shown me more of my sins, and I wish to tell you my heart." And she confessed frequent stealing, &c., in ——, and in Africa; all before *conversion*. I talked, and we prayed. She wept much, and begged of God. "Show me all my sins, that I may confess and put them away." Many have confessed adultery, fornication, &c.

After Sabbath-school many of them came to my room to confess. One man who was to join the church said, "I cannot be baptized till I confess my sin," and he confessed *stealing* from Raymond, and from me, lying, &c. Others confessed. One boy, a member of the church, confessed telling me a lie yesterday, to get a new shirt! Amazing! I said, "I forgive you, and pray God will also, but you cannot come to the Lord's supper till we see signs of true repentance. You deserve to be punished, but I'd rather be whipped myself than punish a member of the church. "Here L. give me ten *hard* for D," which I received on my hand, while all looked on, and some *wept*. "There D., that's for *you*."

Others wished to confess, but the bell rang, and I could not wait. But as my boy Wm. T. had the bread and cup in his hand, all ready to go, he lingered and said, "I cannot eat of this till I confess." "Well, confess right here if you wish." And he, weeping, confessed taking some very small things, even a piece of ginger as small as a pea, without asking me! Thus, evincing a tenderness of conscience, which I was very glad to see.

I went to meeting, and talked considerably, explaining baptism, &c., and then baptized, and received ten males and two females, and administered Sacrament, &c., &c. I told the church of D.'s case, and bid them take warning and examine and watch themselves. All the Amistads here, (four,) now belong to the church.

I felt to bless God for strength to perform my solemn duties. In the evening had my big chair taken and sat therein, opened the meeting, and gave opportunity for speaking. Many confessed stealing tobacco, cassada, groundnuts, fowls, ducks, &c., &c., from Raymond, Bunyan, and myself. It is amazing what quantities were stolen from the Mission before Mr. Raymond's death, and since, before I came. O! what things are now brought out! How wonderful that God has not long ago sunk the place! But the PRAYERS of thousands prevailed. Glory and praise to a long-suffering, merciful JEHOVAH.

### SECOND JOURNEY TO FREETOWN—THE WAR.

April 2d. I started in a large canoe with five men and three passengers. Staid at Bendoo and took breakfast with Caulker—saw Kissicummah there. That night could not pass Yenkin, where the war had builded again; so my men, contrary to orders, dropped back some distance out of sight. Next morning I roused, and told them to start. They did not wish to pass Yenkin by day-light. I said, "If you had done as I told you last night, we might have been past now. I cannot wait all day." It took two or three hours to gain lost ground, but we drew near, and knowing the fate of canoes at that place, I resolved on the bold step of landing and throwing myself on them as a friend, as my safest

course. One of my passengers had formerly lived there, and deserted to the enemy. He was much afraid, and begged I would not land, for they would kill him. I said, "There is no other way." Then he begged I would hide him under the mats. I said, "If they find you it will be worse for you, and bad for me; but we buried him in the bottom of the canoe, and came as close as we could for the mud. As I swung my hat, one cried out, "Good morning, Captain." "Good morning. Send a canoe for me," I answered. They shoved it on the soft mud a long distance, took me in, and shoved it back. Many came out of the barricade with muskets, with whom I shook hands, and all seemed glad to see a friend. They called out the "head war man," whose hand I "shook" with one country cloth. He said, "As you are a minister of the country and I a king, this is not enough. You must give two. "Sir, this is all I have, and this is the one I use myself." He was satisfied and thanked me, and said, "If you call when you come back, God will bless you." I said, "I have been sick, and would like some pine apples." He offered to get a large quantity, but as they were some distance I told him I could not wait. So, he begged his people, "If any of you have any, let me have them for him, that the white man may not go away shame," and they gave me three fine ones. I bought two large fish, and they shoved me back again. *Not a cross word was spoken to me or my men, and not a man got inside my canoe!!* Whereas, had I attempted to pass softly, without calling, and they had seen me, I should have been robbed, and my men, perhaps, taken as slaves. Indeed, the head man told me, "We *chase every canoe* that passes without calling."

It was new to them to be treated thus, and every heart seemed to be touched, (as I had prayed,) and every arm unstrung. Behold the power of kindness on enemies! A Yenkin canoe which had been to the main land for cassada, and was returning, saw us, and had a long hard pull to come to us for plunder. It had ten men in, but when I told them I had called at Yenkin, and had shaken the head man's hand, they could not say much, but begged a little something to satisfy them. So I gave them six fowls, and they gave us

some cassada. (The passenger had again gone under the mats.) Thus we were again saved from their fury, by calling as I did; for, had these men learned that I had not called, doubtless we should have been plundered, or taken prisoners, as was their universal custom.

On the 6th, we were driven in near the shore, and while lying at anchor, a canoe came to us, which belonged to the same war—Kanaribah's. My passenger had again to go under, and lay there a long time. In the canoe were some of Harry Tucker's people, with whom my men were acquainted. They said, "We came to see if you had any Soo-soo people aboard, for we take all we can find, but we do not trouble Sierraleone people." The Soo-soos had burned one of their towns. I went ashore with three of my men to get water. Saw Kanaribah's sister, and some of Tucker's people. They are all in the same war. As I was ready to come away, some begged for tobacco. I said, "I have none." The sister stepped up and said, "You need not stay for that. You be Harry Tucker's friend, and you are therefore our friend. We are glad to see you," &c. We had much difficulty in getting along, from head winds, and I was sick considerably.

### KENT—CAPE SHILLING.

April 8th. Tried hard to get in last night, but the Sabbath morning only found us "in the deep." Having no water, no fire, nothing that I could eat, and having been twenty-four hours without eating, I felt it right to get to land, and pulled ashore this morning, and walked up to Mr. Boultman's, Church Missionary at Kent. Found brother B. absent to Bananas to preach, but Mrs. B. soon obtained for me some refreshment, and I went to meeting. Chapel large and strong. Audience large and well dressed. Services conducted by two colored men. P. M. Brother B. returned, and seemed glad to see me. They are Germans. That evening he gave his farewell sermon, expecting to go to England. As a general thing the German Missionaries are very slack about the Sabbath.

*Kent* is truly a delightful place—a fine situation, and

healthy—a splendid country seat. The constant breeze from sea or land is very invigorating.

On Monday morning, Mr. Young came to take Mr. B.'s place. He has been in Africa about twenty years, and is a very pleasant, agreeable, and kind old man. That day I called at York, and had a very pleasant interview with brother Decker.

Arrived at town on the 11th, having been ten days on the passage! Put up with brother Beal, who was ready with open arms to receive me. Found letters from America, which were a sumptuous feast to my hungry soul. But they informed me that nothing had been heard from me since I went to the Mission! and it was now more than a year since I left New York. No word had been received from the Mission since the letter that brought the news of brother R.'s death; a space of nearly one and a half years! It must have been a trying time to the patience and faith of the committee and friends, knowing that we were surrounded by war, famine, &c., and no doubt many anxious cogitations exercised their breasts, as to what had become of the Mission and their Missionaries, for they had not yet heard of brother Carter's death. I felt that it was all right, because the Lord had so ordered events, and the language of my heart was, "*It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.*"

## THE MISSIONARIES' MAIL.

Friends in America wonder why we in Africa don't write oftener, and often feel to almost censure our negligence; but after reading the following, they need wonder no more that they do not get letters regularly by every mail, or at least every month, from their Missionaries on foreign shores; for they have no mail coaches, cars or steamboats; no post offices at their doors to receive or deliver their letters with speed and punctuality, but only send letters when they *can*, and get them *when they are put into their hand*—many being *lost* both ways. At the Mission I began to write letters as soon and as fast as I could, till I was taken sick; then after two months' delay I began again,

before I could see or dress myself, and wrote with all and more than my power; often writing myself into a chill, and to bed, for nearly two months more, before any opportunity offered to send my letters to town. I sent a large bundle, and again kept on writing. The next month sent another bundle, and again kept on writing to committee, parents, wife, and many friends, till December, when I went to town with a third bundle. On my arrival in town, I found nearly *all my letters there still!** So I put them all in one bundle, and gave them myself to E. R. W., with a box to take to New York. I returned to the Mission, and continued writing two or three months, and sent another bundle to town—wrote away till April, and brought another bundle, but lo! I found the whole in town yet!! None had been sent, and I gave them to Captain Taylor, with the box, after they had been lying in town about five months, and then they had about four thousand miles to go.† And many times have I come to town and found letters there still, which I had sent months before; either there being no opportunity to send them, or no one having interest enough in the matter to send them. Let not the Missionaries be charged any more with negligence, or laziness in letter writing, because, forsooth, you do not get letters from them. For while you are complaining, "Why don't our brethren write?" "How strange it is they do not write oftener!" "Do write every month;" supposing, of course, they do not write—while you may be thus unjustly and uncharitably, and unbelievingly imputing to them the neglect of duty, they are almost killing themselves to keep you fully acquainted with their state and wants.

Let the above be a sufficient apology for the lone, crushed Missionary.

14th. This evening addressed brother B.'s students on

* The first bundle was sent by the "Ohio," but it was a long time before she was heard from, and fears were had that she was lost. However, the letters were received about a year after my leaving New York.

† This bundle of letters was received at New York about two and a half years after it was finally started from Africa! It contained about seventy sheets. I had been home nearly a year before the letters arrived.

the Missionary subject. O! that many efficient laborers may go forth from this Colony.

15th. Heard brother B. preach. At 2 o'clock, attended the large Sabbath-school, which I addressed from James 4. Evening, preached at Kissy Road, from Matthew 16 : 24.

17th. Conducted brother B.'s large class of candidates for baptism, &c.

### SUBSCRIPTION PAPER.

Had much running about on business from day to day, which much wearied me. And on the 20th I drew up a subscription paper for the Mendi Mission, and spent two or three days in calling on the leading men of Sierra Leone to help me, as I had already overrun my appropriation, and needed sundry things for the Mission, which I did not wish to run in debt for, to the Association. In Freetown and York, I obtained a little upwards of $100, with which I paid all my expenses, and returned, without leaving any debts behind, to trouble me. I found some who took a warm interest in the Mission, especially the chief justice, JOHN CARR, who voluntarily said he would renew his subscription (a doubloon, $15,36), which he since paid. He has since presented the Mission with a *Cotton Gin*, which we intend to use in introducing the culture of cotton. Cotton grows wild, and can be cultivated to very good advantage. The natives will need a start.

21st. Dined with brother Rhodes, Church Missionary (since stationed at Wilberforce).

Evening, gave the students another Missionary lecture.

22d. Heard brother B. preach in the morning, and I preached this evening.

A Miss Heehen gave me a quantity of tracts, and sundries for the school.

### ANOTHER SLAVER.

While in town, another *slaver* was brought in on Saturday night, and stranded on the "middle grounds." On the Sabbath, they were brought ashore—five hundred and

ninety-eight. When taken, there were upwards of six hundred. Dear me, what *fiendish* mouthfuls the demon does take!

DEPARTURE.

23d. After seeing the Governor, and obtaining his consent (as also that of the Chief Justice and Collector of customs), to my putting a school at York Island, and also a promise of his cordial assistance, I went to the custom house, and had a season of prayer with brother McCormack, and left in the evening. Had a very narrow escape from being dashed to pieces on the "Carpenters" (rocks), through the laziness of my men. Called at York, and at Bananas, and arrived at York Island on the 26th, before day, passing Yenkin by night. Next day very sick, vomited ten times—much bile. Arrived safely—all glad to see me.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WAR—PEACE.

April 28th, 1850. A busy day, as I always have, on returning from town, opening, arranging, and bringing up back accounts, waiting on visitors, who always haste to the Mission, when they hear of the return of the schooner, or a canoe from town.

Before I came to Africa, four of the Mission canoes were forcibly taken to Barmah, by Kalifah's order, as was said—two of which we afterwards obtained, but the best and the large canoe, we never could get. I spoke to Kalifah about his paying for them, but he denied having any hand in taking them away, and refused to pay, so I dropped the matter.

30th. Busy day. In class a lively state of feeling, very cheering to my soul.

May. During this month I was frequently overdone, and had chill and fever for one day or night at a time, but no continued, regular intermittent. Generally a bath, and going without a meal or two, cured me, till I again over-exerted myself—and I was so easily overdone, I sometimes said to myself, "Truly, I am a poor, weak, worthless stick in God's building—a slight breeze breaks me. O! will the Lord work through such weakness? All glory shall be to His name."

I frequently exercised myself in gardening, morning and evening, walking, &c. Could not attend all the classes, but at times was so strengthened as to attend all the meetings, daily and nightly, for a week—and then would exclaim, "What a blessing is health, if rightly improved! And what a mercy is sickness, if rightly improved!"

My days generally taken up with business, workmen, visitors, writing, &c.

3d. A workman wished to be married to a woman who had slaves. I said, "I cannot marry you unless you will pro-

mise faithfully, to have nothing to do with those slaves—that they shall not work for you without pay," &c. He talked with the woman, and said, "She is not willing to give up the slaves." "Very well. I have but one word." He thought he could give up the woman, rather than leave the Mission, but the woman prevailed.

5th. Staked off little "farms," for the boys to work in spare hours, for benevolent purposes.

6th. Preached from 1st Cor. 15 : 3-8. At four, preached on the Lord's supper, and administered it.

This morning, a man brought rice, and wished to unload it and to pass on. I told him, "we cannot unload your rice to-day, you had better stop till to-morrow, and go to meeting," and he is doing so.

### A PALAVER WITH A CHIEF.

4th and 7th. The carpenter boy I spoke of trying to redeem, at Barmah, ran away with a man who stole my small canoe. On the evening of the 4th, a company armed with guns, &c., came from Barmah to the mission about bedtime, inquiring for the boy. I answered that I knew nothing of him—that some one had stolen my canoe, &c. On the 7th, Kalifah came over, and charged me, 1st, with "spoiling his name," because I complained of him to Kissicummah, about the canoe matter—which I answered. 2d, with "catching him," by keeping his canoe which I had borrowed, to pay for the ones he lost—but I soon showed him I was only keeping it a day or two to caulk it good for him, without a thought of "catching him," by seizing on his property. 3d, with "assisting the boy to run away!" his proof—I wished to redeem the boy—he had frequently been at the Mission—(sent by Kalifah,) I had given him things to eat, (when he begged for it,) and he had gone in my canoe. We told him we knew nothing whatever about it, till his men came the other night; and I showed him the fallacy and invalidity of his proofs, and he dropped the palaver.

9th. Have much care and trouble to follow, look after, and watch over the workmen. They are naturally so lazy,

and have so little idea of speed and energy in work—so careless, indifferent, and so unaccustomed to order, or any provident notions, or reflections about the future. It wears on my mind. True confidence I can place in none—no one seems to feel any responsibility about the Mission such as is very desirable, or that I might hope to expect. But I must remember that they have not had my training, or advantage, or light, and bear with patience, teaching them the right way by little and little—by precept and example, as I can.

11th. A workman was accused of committing adultery with a man's wife, in his absence. O! these cases almost tear my soul out of me, to be obliged to decide on them. It is a painful task, but duty to God and man, in my double relation of minister and magistrate, compel me forward, or else I must abandon the place to the devil. Justice and mercy both unite in the cry, "Let him be punished," and act I must.

In the evening, improved the subject, in talking to the people.

20th. Preached from John 13 : 34, 35. Many country people present. In evening, from Luke 15 : 7, 10, about the soul—importance of its salvation, its value, the interest concerning it in heaven, the duty of the sinner and the Christian respecting it. A number talked, confessing their sins, and professing to give up all the heart to Christ.

21st. In class, three new cases, quite interesting—two of them from up the river. They say they have given their hearts to God. May the Lord work among the heathen.

23d. Heretofore I have fed all my workmen, but there is often dissatisfaction, because they cannot have fish, oil, &c., when the Mission has none—and having so much difficulty in procuring food for so many people, I met the workmen to-day, and agreed to give them 3 bars ($1,44) a month more on their wages, and they feed themselves—thus ridding myself of one load of care and anxiety.

In the afternoon, married one of the workmen to a schoolgirl.

27th. Preached from Luke 16 : 10–12. In evening from Mal. 3 : 8, 9, after which many prayed and talked. After-

wards learned that the truth cut on all sides, like a sharp sword.

Last evening, in prayer-meeting, Mrs. Bunyan prayed earnestly—went home, and presented her husband with a son. She was about again to-day.

"SODOMY!"

28th. Rom. 1 : 27; 1st Tim. 1 : 10, 2d clause; Gen. 19 : 5; Judg. 19 : 22; Lev. 19 : 22. Found 13 boys guilty of the above crime, but they knew nothing about its guilt, as they said, "we thought it was only play." They knew not that God had said anything against such a sinful, abominable practice, and how could they know? Such things are represented as common among the heathen, but this was the first of my coming in contact with it. I talked to them about its nature and guilt, and asked, "Do you think I shall do right to punish you all, for your good?" They answered, "Yes." And all were punished lightly, but the one (a large boy) who drew all the rest into it, was punished more severely. I then prayed with them all, and feel that a salutary impression was made on their minds. They obtained new ideas, which I hope will do them good. O! the importance of learning to read, understandingly, that they may know the Bible for themselves.

June. During this month, I was variously occupied, in my common round of duties, hearing palavers, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, receiving outcasts, &c. I was unable to attend to all the classes, on account of quite frequent attacks of fever and ague, in which I used my usual remedies, water and diet. Some severe trials pressed upon me, but God brought me through unhurt.

1st. Bought a quantity of oysters and mangoes. Very good. The oysters all grow on the *bushes*, overhanging, and in the edge of the water. With a cutlass, the branches which have the best ones on are cut off, and they are brought all still attached to the wood.

3d. At ten, preached one hour, showing the truth of "It is more blessed to give than to receive." After meeting I went to bed. At four preached on "Christ our ran-

som," and administered the Lord's supper. Felt much like ague, but took quinine to keep off chill till I could preach again. Evening preached, sitting, one hour on the commands, promises, &c., relative to giving. Feel much fatigued. The Lord help me.

### WAR NEAR—HARNHOO, &C., DESTROYED.

4th. Yesterday the other side war came to Harnhoo, burned it, killed many, took prisoners, &c. They then passed quickly to the smaller towns around, and destroyed some five or six of them, spreading desolation in their train. Two of my men happened to be up the river at the time, and had to jump into the river, and canoe, and pull for life. From Small Boom river, the war passed rapidly to Big Boom, (see the Map,) almost before the news could fly before them, (so that there were no preparations made to meet them,) and burned four towns, some large ones. At Harnhoo they built a barricade for their defense, but before a war could be made up to go against them, they burned their barricade, took *Karmokoo,* the old king, and returned.

A person from the other side told me, that when Kanaribah sent the war, he gave a piece of white baft to the Generals, saying, "If you catch any king, do not put rope on his neck, as you do the other prisoners, but dress him with this white cloth." Surely this was honorable, if there is any such thing as honor about war.

When a war comes thus on a place, the people, if they have any warning, leave their houses, take what few things they can, and flee to the bush, where they will conceal themselves, and live for weeks, till they can hear of the war going away, and then they come out again, and build up their houses. At this time, many took to the bush, and many ran to the Mission for protection, food, and clothes.

On the 4th, John Dixon, a friendly trader, came with only his life. He had a large canoe all full of Palm oil, ready for town, and other goods, but had to leave all, jump in the river, and swim for life, while a number of guns were fired

at him. His canoe was all cut and broken, to get the iron about it—his anchor, &c., taken—his casks broken up to get the iron hoops, while the oil, it was said, floated on the water six or eight inches thick! He lost all but the hulk of his canoe, which he afterward got. I gave him shirt, pantaloons, &c.

Soon, a large canoe, with sixteen in it, came and begged for help. Others continued to come—some remained with us, and some went to other places. Many of the country people, near us, were afraid the war would come, and took over all their things into the bush. It was confusion and alarm. Two men came to me, with the mark of the cutlass on them, which they received in their escape. I was told that the war burned the dead bodies.

7th. Saw a man with six full toes on each foot! (I have since seen others.)

8th. Received letters from America—a rich feast to a "hungry soul"—but nothing yet heard of brother Carter's death, or my first letters from the Mission! Well, "It is the LORD," and therefore it is all good, and just as it should be. Amen.

10th. At ten, preached from Eph. 4 : 36. I now preach through an interpreter, that every body may understand the truth. Lewis Johnson (Kinna) is chosen as my interpreter, because he is most ready, and expert at the business.

In the afternoon had an interesting conversation with Lango, an old redeemed man. He gives hopeful evidence of being changed.

Walker preached in Sherbro, a kind of farewell in the evening, as he intends being absent some months. A number of prayers and exhortations.

14th. Bunyan has established a class in his room, of those who cannot understand English well, whom he meets, when I am able to meet my classes. I am pleased with his plan. Many attend.

### THE FOOT RACE, AND WEIGHTS.

While eating supper, I thought of an expedient to gain attention to, and impress truth on the minds of the people

—so I at once sent word around to have every man, woman, and child, come to the Mission house "one time," i.e., without delay. When all were collected, I said, "I want some boys to run a race." Two presented themselves, and, at the word, ran—the larger one beat. I then took him and wound two chains around his body, arms, &c., and tied a tackle block to each leg, and they ran again, amid the shouts, and clapping of hands of the crowd of spectators—but he soon lagged, gave up and turned back.

All was wonder and amazement, at what Mr. Thompson could mean by such things. They were pleased, and laughed, and talked, but no one could guess the design of such a strange movement. I gave no explanation, but only said, "All come to the chapel to-morrow, at ten o'clock, and, if God gives me strength, I will tell you what it means." O! O! for the wisdom to "win souls"—to "catch men"—to "feed the lambs"—to "find out acceptable words"—a "word in season."

At ten, I preached from Heb. 12 : 1, about the Christian "race," the "weights," &c., and used my race the evening before, to show them how a man can run without weights, and how weights hinder, and cause him to lose the race entirely—that if they would run the Christian race, they must "lay aside" all their sins, and old evil ways, which would not only retard their progress, but finally cause them to lose their souls—they were "weights," to bind us fast to earth, to prevent us from rising upward, and to sink us to hell.

From the visible illustration I had given them, they were much interested in the sermon, and understood my meaning much better than without it. They would remember, and often be reminded of the great truth, to the profit of their souls.

That afternoon, an old Mendi woman, and the wife of L. Johnson, came to talk about joining the church. They talked well. When Johnson was converted, his wife opposed him, and tried to turn him back; reproached him with leaving the religion of their parents, would not stay in the house while he prayed, acted very contrary, and tried to harass him, but he bore all patiently, and continued

to pray for her. After a few days she humbled herself, confessed to him, and they prayed together, and we hope she gave herself wholly to God. I accepted the two women

That evening I preached sitting in my chair, with a chill on me, from "Wilt thou be made whole?" Showed how man is soul-sick, the signs, and that none but Jesus could cure them. Left them to go on with the meeting, came home, and went to bed.

20th. Last night one of my workmen died. To-day, at five o'clock, assembled the people and preached a funeral sermon from Eccl. 7 : 2. Could not go to the grave.

### PEACE PROPOSED—THE AMBASSADRESS.

In the night a woman arrived from Moh-kelli, the other side of the war, from which place they sent the war, which took Karmokoo, and where he was kept.

She was sent to "the white man," with strict injunctions to go nowhere else, to no town, or chief, but to remain at the Mission until she got her answer. The reason assigned was, "There is so much rogue among the country people, they will put bad word in your head." Again, the Mission was the only place that was neutral, having nothing to do with the war, and as I was a "true man, and would say true word for the woman to carry back," it was thought I was the only one that could "go between them, or "hold the war."

It is a custom in Africa, at least in that part of the country, to fight till they can, if possible, catch some king, which is conquering, and then propose to "make peace on him." So in this case, they proposed "peace on Karmokoo." I was requested to call all my side chiefs together, and try for the peace.

The woman was instructed to demand, as a condition of peace, "a gun, cutlass, and white country cloth." (Keep this in mind, to better understand things ahead.)

### FIRST PEACE MEETING.

Many came to see the woman, and there were many and

long "bisia, bisia, bisia." (Thank you, i.e., for coming.) I immediately dispatched messengers in various directions, calling for a meeting at once. They were some time in collecting, but on the 23d many were present. I cooked one peck of rice, and gave dinner to twenty; then had the peace meeting.

I opened with prayer, and made a short speech, to which they all agreed. "That word very good, we glad for hear it." Then the woman made her "*conany*," (made known her object in coming, and delivered her message.) All were glad to hear it, and willing for peace, but as all the chiefs were not present, they could not give answer then, but sent to call them, and agreed to meet again on Monday, (25th.)

### MY "FRIEND."

After the peace meeting, a woman came to me with a very young babe in her arms to show me, saying, "This is your friend." Said I, "If you make a peace man of him, he is my friend." She answered, "He is no war man." (True enough.) So I gave her cloth to dress it, with which she was pleased.

At another time, in the country, a woman brought her babe to show me, and said, "This is your wife!" I said, "She is too small for a wife, I shall have to wait a long time." "O, she will soon grow, soon grow, little while."

24th. My liberty birthday, 3 years ago. In the morning, preached from John 3: 20, 21. Could not stand, but had to preach sitting. Many country people present.

After meeting, Mrs. L. came to converse. Says she has left all country, fashion, &c., to serve God alone, prays and talks to others about God. While talking to some they would answer, "Where is my old mother, father, and friends, who have died and gone? They gone to hell? Then we will go there too. We cannot leave their ways," &c.

Went to bed two or three hours, and then called the Ambassadress, and talked to her. She confessed the knowledge of some truths, and asked, "What must I do to be saved?" I tried to explain the way of salvation to her. She seems

to be a candid inquirer after truth. May the Lord lead her to Himself. Why is she sent here, if not that she may be converted, and return with the news of peace through Christ?

In the evening had my big chair carried, and sat therein. Bunyan and others talked, and the two women above mentioned, publicly renounced their sins, and promised to serve the Lord.

### SECOND PEACE MEETING.

On Monday, 25th, the day appointed, about twenty delegates were present from Harnhoo and vicinity, and a company from Bendoo, but none present of those who met on Saturday, and promised to be there on Monday! So much for depending on a countryman's word. First, one large company comes, and waits long for the other, they go, and the other, a larger one, comes, and waits long for the first, and thus I have to feed a great company day after day, just because of their laziness in getting together! O! for patience.

Toward noon of the 26th, Sycummah and the Mongray delegates came, and we met. After prayer, in Mendi, and a few remarks, they rehearsed the matter to those not present at the first meeting, but would not answer, because Kalifah was absent! I opposed their waiting for him, since he had been sent for so many times, but they all said, "Be patient a little. A man who makes peace, must not get vexed, but be patient." Very good advice, and much needed by me; but truly, the natural indolence of this people must be a trial to any one's patience, who has been accustomed to energy and punctuality all his life. God grant me patience.

Next day Kalifah came, and wished to hear the woman for himself, so she went over her story again. Then he and others talked. They said, "We cannot give the gun, cutlass, and country cloth, nor a man to go back with the woman; for it would be bowing at our enemies' feet, confessing we were conquered, and begging them."

I did not then, as after, understand the general significa-

tion of this giving a gun, &c., to an opposing party, or I should not have urged it, but in my simplicity and desire for peace, and thinking the conditions were so easy, I, with all kindness, tried to hold up the evils of war, and importance of peace, and begged them to give the gun, &c., but Kalifah only became vexed, and spoke fiery, and passionately, and charged me with doing bad. I knew not what else to do; these were the conditions sent to me, and being wholly unacquainted, as I was, with their ways of making peace, I requested them to give their own answer to the woman, such as they pleased. They answered, "No, you are the man, she is your 'stranger,' and you must answer to her."

I said, "I shall send a man back with her." They wished to see him, and to know what I gave and said to him, so I called the man before them.

I said, "I cannot give large money to either side." They were quite vexed and impatient with me at this declaration, and I did not know what to do, (as I now do.) I wanted peace, but my plans only vexed them; so, as I sat, silently considering, Bunyan collected my men, and called me into my room, and said, if I wanted peace, I should give each side something; that if I would give them two pieces of white baft, they thought it would do. So I gave each side one piece ($3,00), and they seemed quite well pleased, and soon dispersed.

Next morning, I gave the woman, and my messenger, their charge—wrote a letter to Si-si-woo-roo, and started them, with prayer for the divine guidance and blessing, to give favor, and bring about peace. Three others came with the woman, who returned.

30th. Was informed that two cannons were heard on Si-si-woo-roo's side, supposed to be for joy at the return of their messenger, and the arrival of mine.

July 1st, 1849. Morning, preached from John 3: 14, 15. At 4, talked, baptized and received three persons, and administered Lord's Supper. In the evening, began "Monthly Concert," and talked about the heathen. After me, seven persons talked, two of them for the first time.

VISIT TO BENDOO—THE GOVERNOR'S PEACE.

A remarkable coincidence. Just while I was thus engaged in effecting a peace in the country, the Governor appeared in his "Man of War," at Bendoo, on the coast, to settle matters there. The line of war was all one, but the Governor's movements were principally with Caulker and Kanaribah, who lived on the coast, as their wars were continually plundering Sierra Leone canoes, &c. Caulker had previously been called to town, and had to pay much money to those whose canoes had been robbed by his war; and the Governor said if I had been there at the time, with my claim, he would have made Caulker pay it all.

June 25th, he arrived at Bendoo, and told Caulker he must come aboard, and go with him to meet Kanaribah, his enemy, and make peace. He hesitated, and the Commodore said, "Mr. Caulker, make haste, and come aboard, or I'll blow up Bendoo," and he took his trunk and went aboard. They left, promising to be back in three or four days. I came to Bendoo, July 3d, hoping to meet the Governor, as we had formerly agreed. Found many chiefs there awaiting his return; glad to see me.

But wishing to make the most of my time while waiting, I started that evening in my canoe, to see So-gon-er-moo-sa, who I supposed lived near, but we had a long, crooked, blind, difficult road, and in the night, so that it was midnight before we arrived. Lay in a hammock the rest of the night.

In the morning, he showed me his large farm, much rice, cassada, &c., and gave a history of Joseph, mixed up with many of the Koran superstitions.

After breakfast, we returned to the pine-apple swamp, (pine-apples grow wild in immense quantities,) gathered a supply, and came back to Bendoo about 4 o'clock, but no governor yet, though his time was more than up.

The next day I waited. It was very rainy. I had to be out, and got wet. Felt considerably unwell, chilly, diarrhea, &c. Ate many pine-apples.

The people of Bendoo and York Island, mostly live on pine-apples during the season of them. They brought them in by the canoe load, and had not much else.

The next day, (6th,) feeling that I could not wait longer, I returned to the Mission, through much rain, but arrived safely, and all glad to see me again. (If I was only gone two days, they would all gather around me, on my return, to get hold of my hand, and say, "Master, you come—you come?" They would run to meet me with smiling faces, and sparkling eyes, with all the eagerness of children to a father.)

That same day, after I left Bendoo, the "Man of War" returned, but the Governor, on account of the rains, went on to Freetown. Respecting his movements, I learned the following.

He and the Commodore went ashore, and found Kanaribah and Harry Tucker together, in one town, just consulting, and planning to send a war to my side, I think to Barmah. He told them he wanted their presence aboard his vessel, and they had to go, for the Governor had plenty of soldiers to "force a peace," if necessary. He brought them to Caulker, and made them shake hands, and agree to peace at once, without any objections, palavers, "ifs or ands," about it. He went ashore, and made them sign their names, and swear over the graves of their forefathers, to live in peace, &c.

The commodore brought Henry Tucker to Bendoo, where he met all his brothers, and others, against whom he had been fighting. There he made them all shake hands together. If any one began to speak of any difficulty and object, he would force them to shake hands, saying, "I come to make peace, and not to hear your palavers. If you will for peace, very well, if not, I'll bring my soldiers and compel you to peace. I want peace now, right here."

A big dinner was provided, and they ate a peace-dinner together. To satisfy them a little, he gave muskets, powder, &c., to a considerable amount, and made all the chiefs sign a paper to have no more to do with the slave-trade.

Domestic slavery among them was tolerated.

It is said, that the women of Bendoo danced two days and nights for joy, and there was "great joy" all over the country. Though they had been fighting so many years, Caulker said to me, "I do not know what we are fighting about!"

It was a forced peace, but if it only lasts, let us rejoice and praise the Lord.

### EXCOMMUNICATION.

9th. One of the members of the church was accused of, and confessed fornication. I brought his case before the church, explained the Bible direction in such cases, and he was excommunicated, which was all the church could do with him, but he had broken the civil law, and by that he was punished.

On the same day one of the workmen, a country man, was accused and convicted of stealing. He was punished, and I ordered him to leave the place. He hung around the next day, and came to me, confessed his guilt, begged pardon, promised good conduct, and wished to be received again to his work. He said, "I do not feel hard towards you, you did right, and if I do so again, you must whip me 200. I should only feel hard of myself. I want you to watch me close, as I wish to serve the Lord true true. Last night I prayed to God that if I should be punished, the man might receive me again." In both of the above cases the punishment seemed to be very salutary for their good. I received the workman; and the church member, after some months of great solemnity and reflection, made public confession, professed repentance, and was restored to church fellowship.

The responsibility of *pastor* and *judge*, is too great for any mortal, and much oppressed me in body and soul. May the Lord work such changes that another may never be called to go through what I have. But, His "grace is sufficient."

### RETURN OF MY PEACE MESSENGER.

On the 14th, the man I sent with the ambassadress, returned, after an absence of seventeen days. On the way, they lost their path, and were four days in the bush, without any fire, in the rains. He was received very kindly.

They thanked me plenty for my trouble, and for the

piece of cloth, but were vexed with the chiefs, because they would not give the gun, &c. They only wanted these articles merely as a pledge, and the war was done. They, themselves, would cut a big road and bring back Karmokoo. They wished me to appoint a place where both sides could meet, and talk for the peace. They sent back the woman and one of their chiefs, and I was desired to call another meeting, to see what could be done.

On that side they had plenty of rice, cassada, &c., but no salt and tobacco, which traders bring. They were anxious for trade, and wanted the war done. They said, "Tell the white man he must not get tired in trying to hold this war" (stop the war). I sent messengers to call for another meeting.

THIRD PEACE MEETING.

18th. Many present awaiting the arrival of the king. About noon he came, and we soon got together. After prayer in Mendi, and remarks, by myself, they talked a little, and decided to send and wait for Kalifah, as he was absent again. I hoped they would go ahead without him, but all seemed afraid of him. The messenger reported he could not come till the morrow, and I had the large company to feed again. Gave dinner to about twenty.

On the next day Kalifah and his brother came, and we again assembled. They came, and kept coming, till the large room was crowded, and the piazzas full. After prayer, my messenger made his report, the ambassador chief made his speech, and said they wanted the gun, &c. Others talked, all with kind feelings. The chief was received by them, with much joy. The chief and woman retired a little for them to consult together, whether they would give the gun, &c. The majority were in favor, and I thought the thing would go yet, but the two Kalifahs opposed, and turned the scale. They were willing to give anything else to a large amount, but not the gun, &c.

The king made a speech to me, saying, "If any good luck comes, it must come through you. Our hearts all depend on you alone to make this peace, to hold this war. We

can't give you the gun, cutlass, and country cloth." I talked some time, directing them to GOD, as the source of all our good. By various illustrations and arguments, I tried to get them willing to give the gun, &c. Made a personal appeal to them in behalf of Karmokoo. "He is one of your kings, a strong man, who has long fought with you to defend this country. He is now a prisoner, and can be redeemed, and brought back again, by the payment of only a gun, &c. He begs you to give them, and if you were in his place, would you not wish the same? He may be killed, and war continue, if you do not give them. Will you give?"

They confessed the force of the appeal, but would not yield the point. Kalifah said, "You may give a gun, &c., if you like." I replied, "Lay down a gun, &c., here on the table, and I will buy them, and give. But are you all willing, with one word, that I should give this gun, &c., to the other side?" "Yes, we are all willing." And I bought a gun for six bars ($2,88), supplying my own cutlass and country cloth, and hoped that point was settled.

I said, "I want you to give a 'gentleman' (a head, influential man), to send back with this chief, and woman." They gave one. "Will you not give at least one ton ($19,20) for him to 'shake the chief's hands' on the other side?" They would not decide then, but appointed Saturday to meet again, "to do manners to the chief who came." (Doing manners, is to make a friend a present, when he leaves).

None were willing to shoulder any responsibility; all tried to roll it on the king; but he, knowing he had no power, money or influence, shrank away from it, and all united in rolling it upon me. They all kept in good humor, and it was truly a delightful scene to see chiefs who had been fighting each other for so many years, talk and laugh, and embrace one another, as old friends. I "thanked God, and took courage."

At the appointed time a few met—many of the most influential did not come. Their "manners" amounted to but very little. Kalifah sent two bars (eight yards white cotton), three others, that way, promised a bar apiece. The

king promised two bars, and others promised to give something. I brought out the gun, cutlass, and cloth, and laid them on the table. The ambassador thanked me very much, but my chiefs said, "You must give both sides alike, as you did before." I tried to reason the case, but all in vain, they must have the same. "We cannot give a gun, &c., because that would be taking down our flag. (This is the difficult point, which I never understood before.) We have not taken it down yet. Karmokoo has taken down his, but we have not." I asked, "Will you take down your flag, and promise to fight no more, if I give you the same as the other side?" All answered, "Yes, we will." So I got cloth, and red caps, to the same amount of the gun, cutlass, &c., and gave them.

They talked long, and wanted a gun, the same as the other side. I said, "bring a gun, and I will buy it and give you." They talked again, counted over the goods, and said, "Take back the gun, and give us all English cloth." I replied, "I cannot do it. All the chiefs with one word, willed I should give it, and I bought it on purpose, and now do you few who are here attempt to change this? I can't take it back."

Again they talked, and even the woman took up the gun to hand to me. I said, "The other day you all willed for this, and just now you were all willing; what has changed you so quick? If you say one thing one minute, and another the next, how can I know where to find you? How can I trust you? Who can believe you, when you walk such a crooked road? I got the gun for this purpose, and I shall not take it back." They then left that point. The other side chief talked well for me.

They were then intending to send their messenger "behind me," (without my seeing and hearing his instructions.) I demanded to know what he was going for, and what they said to him, as I stood between the parties. So they agreed to meet at the Mission again on Monday. After much caucussing together, the king asked me for two pieces of cloth more, to send with their messenger to shake the hands of the chiefs on the other side. I answered, "Who will feed my children?" (At this time I had but few yards on hand,

or my wisdom would have been to have given the cloth at once.) Again they urged. I said, "Who is there here among you, then, that will come and cut cabbage for me?" They were vexed because I thus answered, and then I tried to shame them by illustration. "If any one should come here and rob the children of their food, or take my dinner off my table from me, what would you think of him? Well, when you take that piece of cloth, &c., (which I gave before,) it is just the same as if you took the cassada out of our mouths, or took my food from my table. But I know the king does not mean bad, it is because he does not know the state of the Mission. Did you know the condition of the Mission as I do, no one would be willing to take that piece of cloth. If I had plenty, I could give, but now I cannot. You say I am a white man, and go between you to hold this war, therefore you ask these things, but I have not now to give." One man said, "Take what he has given and be content," so they dispersed.

On Monday they met again—a few more things were given and they begun the old palaver, and said I must give a gun to each side. I said "I have no gun to give. Do you think I can dig one out of the ground? Bring me a gun and I will buy it." They said, "Well, let us send the gun back to K., and get the money again." "No, no; you cannot do it." "Well, we will take all to Kissicummah, and see what he says." "Did not Kissicummah say that whatever Sycummah and Kalifah said, that was his word?" "Yes." "Did not Sycummah and Kalifah, and all the chiefs, have one word, in saying I could give the gun?" "Yes." "I have, then, the consent of all to this thing—here John, (my messenger,) do you take this gun, cutlass, and cloth and give them, yourself, to Barkelli. If they stop the gun at Mongray, do you come back. Tell them that this side have taken down their flag, and they must all fight no more, but make peace, true, true.

I offered again and again to take back the cloth, and buy a gun as soon as I could find one, and give to the king, but nothing would satisfy; and so I thought best to cut the matter short, and said, "You talk here and there, and all about, so that I know not where you are: you do not talk

one word, and I cannot deal with such men. Sycummah can make his own peace." And I went into my room. The king came in and said, "You must not blame me, for I can't help it." I answered, "You can help it. You are a king; and it is your business to walk a straight road, to do right, let others do as they will."

If I had had goods, and known then what I have since learned about peace-making, I could have easily pleased them; but I then neither understood their customs, nor had the money, and this made the palaver difficult.

On Tuesday, July 24th, started my messenger, in company with about a dozen others, for the Timeny side. More particulars in their place.

## CHAPTER X.

### JOURNAL—PALAVERS—INCIDENTS.

Mr. Raymond had a swarm of bees in a puncheon of about 100 galls. They had been there two years and upwards. One day they swarmed, and supposing the cask must be full of honey, I made great preparation in providing things to contain it. We took it up, when lo! the cask was full of old dry comb, and perhaps we got in all 2 qts. of honey!! No wonder the bees were swarming, they were "starved out." The old cask was headed up and placed in the piazza. The next day the bees tried to swarm in the large tool chest, but I drove them out, and they went into a large box in the piazza, where I let them remain. Another large swarm came into the cask again, and we had a fair prospect of increasing our stock. When we thought the large box was full of honey, we opened it, and got perhaps 2 galls. The bees went back next day, but in a day or two they swarmed in the yard, and next, away they went, because I did not know how to secure them in a good hive. And I heard that brother Brooks also lost the large swarm in the puncheon, when he took that up. So much for our success in honey manufacture. However, there is always plenty of new honey to be bought from country people, who get it wild in the bush. We get it two gallons for a bar, which is 48 cents.

#### HARRY TUCKER'S MEN.

July 19th. A canoe of Harry Tucker's people arrived at the Mission. A month ago, they would not have dared, or been allowed to come, but this looks as if there was peace, indeed, since they can now pass and repass unmolested. They brought a letter from Tucker, requesting a long list of things, just as if I kept every thing, wholesale and retail. His bill amounted to about $60; the most of which I re-

fused to supply, without the pay, and much of it I had not. I thought it a kind of index to the manner he had been formerly indulged by brother R., or he would never have had the brazen face to make such a demand at the outset of his dealings with me, just as if he could have anything his heart craved from the Mission, of course ; and that, too, when we had been struggling so hard to keep ourselves in existence, in consequence of his leaving the Mission and country, and sending his war to trouble, plunder, and destroy !

22d. Preached at ten, from Eph. 4 : 31, 32. At four, held a meeting for all the married people, and preached a sermon on the marriage relation, showing the nature, objects, and duties of the relation, which the country people do not very well understand, or I should not have so many palavers to settle between man and wife. O ! for wisdom to bring forth just such truth as they need.

24th. Sent five men with large canoe, for cassada, to Harry Tucker's place—eighty miles.

29th. Preached twice. Had to get up last night to doctor my William for ear ache.

Aug. 1, 1849. Many come and wish to take goods on trust. It troubles me much to know what to do. Their importunity overcomes me. I know not how far to refuse and offend. O ! for heavenly guidance.

2d. One of the large boys disobeyed, and lied to me. I called, and talked to him, and let him pronounce his own sentence. He confessed his guilt, and said I must make him work two weeks. So I marked off a piece of ground where he worked Saturdays and evenings, besides his daily Mission-labor with the other boys.

Three of the Tuckers brought each a little rice, which was seasonable. But unless people owe me, I do not care to see rice come, because I have not the means to buy it—wish to use what few goods I have in buying cassada, because that will go farther in feeding my hungry family.

3d. Made up my mind to take children, all I can get, and trust the Lord for help. There is no hope of getting parents to feed their own children ; and we must have children, for in them is the great hope of doing good to this

people. I do not believe the churches will leave us to starve—and henceforth I shall sound the call, everywhere, for children.

### MY PEOPLE GIVING.

5th. Felt quite unwell, but preached, and went to bed. At four, Lord's Supper. In the evening I lectured on Africa, from a rough map of the same, which I drew on a foolscap sheet, and pinned it up where all could see. They crowded close around, with great interest, while I pointed out various places, and told them what missionaries were doing for the salvation of their country. At the close of the meeting they subscribed country cloths, potatoes, work, &c. About $3, for the month of August, and during the month I received from them about $7. The little girls and boys brought their little baskets of potatoes which they had raised; others brought eatables; others worked Saturdays; others, when their friends brought them rice, would give it to the Mission.

I tried to impress the obligation on them to do something themselves, to spread that Gospel they loved so much—that if they gave a bushel of potatoes, &c., to the Mission, it was just the same as if some one in America gave that amount, and helped us to spread the Gospel.

### THE DRIVERS.

As I was going to bed, I found my room full of these troublesome animals, and was well nigh "driven" out—but calling Bunyan and the boys to my aid, we, with fire and water, made such a "charge" upon them, they were glad to look for other quarters. I had not before had experience of their troublesomeness.

They are very peculiar in their movements—are black ants, from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch long, and go in untold, unaccountable myriads, with all the regularity, order, and discipline of soldiers. They may be seen for days, crossing a path, without any cessation, in a black line, five or six deep, covered over and defended by a living arch

of the larger ones. Upon the least disturbance, they all rush for the enemy, with jaws extended, and manifest all the ferocity of tigers—if found, they unanimously seize on it with dreadful savageness—so that they will kill birds, fowls, goats, and larger animals, if confined in a pen. We have had to get up in the night and take the goats out of their pen to save them. In a house they are not to be laughed at. When brother and sister Brooks were sick, they had to be moved a number of times, to get away from these creatures. No one, who has not seen them, can form much of an idea of them.

THE BUG-A-BUG, OR WHITE ANT HILL.*

Ants, of various kinds, are very numerous and annoying in Africa. 1. The small, common, house ant, about quarter of an inch long—enters every article of food and drink, even to a tumbler of pure water. They are very officious intermeddlers. 2. The white ant, or bug-a-bug, which builds large hills, eats down houses, destroys clothing, food, boats, casks, trunks, &c.—a great enemy.

* NOTE.—The Bug-a-bug is a wonderful little creature—about one-fourth of an inch long, extremely frail and delicate, slow in their movements, but very sagacious, ingenious, industrious, and as well trained and orderly in their operations as were ever a company of soldiers or workmen. Their houses, as above, are built of small separate particles of well tempered mud, brought in their mouths, and laid down by rule, so that it is very hard, firm, and thoroughly water proof.

3. A large red ant, half inch long, as ferocious as a leopard—everywhere, and severe. 4. A black kind, one inch long, which bites with great power. And other kinds I cannot describe. They are no inconsiderable trial to the patience of any one living in Africa. But they are useful and needed.

9th. People from Timeny side, say they will for peace, and are going to clean a Road.

10th. Overworked myself, and brought on a chill—(frequently the case in this month.)

A small boy was brought to me for breaking the Sabbath, after talking to him about his sin, I said, "I will leave it to you to say what I shall do. I will do just as you say." "You must flog me that I may not do so any more." "How many?" "One dozen." His frankness pleased me. So I often let them give their own sentence, which is frequently more severe than I would have pronounced myself.

12th. My birthday—32 years old. The past year one of sickness, care, toil, and joy.

### THE HARLOT—THE WOMAN STEALER—MY ERROR.

On the 13th, a War man, from Mongray, came to the

The hills are from six to ten feet high, and eight or ten feet across the base. They are filled with small apartments or cells, connected by passage ways, and in the middle, is a large hall, sufficiently capacious to contain a *man*. The right hand cut, above, shows the *interior*, and the left hand the *exterior* view of these palaces, which are every where very numerous in Western Africa.

MAHOMMAH, who lived near the River Niger, told me that "these hills were numerous there, and that the natives frequently *excavated*, or dug out the inside, and *lived in them;* building their fire in the middle, as in other houses!" A new specimen of house builders, who work for nothing! These ant hills are often *larger* than many of the huts of the natives.

The Bug-a-bug is one of the most troublesome and destructive creatures of tropical climes. Wherever they work, on a post, a tub, a barrel, in a trunk, on a shelf of clothes, on a floor, in a heap of rice, &c., they always *cover* themselves and their operations with a *mud arch*, so that they are entirely hid from view, till the slender arch is broken.

No wood is hard enough to withstand them, and they cut off the posts of houses, destroy casks, floors, trunks, &c., unless they are frequently looked after and watched.

Mission, with his wife, on a "woman palaver," as they call it in Africa. His wife left him, and had been running all about the country "playing the harlot with many lovers—not being seduced, or forced by others, but seducing men, in many towns and places, to commit adultery with her—saying she had no husband, and wished to marry them, &c., —then to reconcile herself again to her husband, went and gave him the names of all these men, that he might go and make a palaver about it, and get plenty of money out of the affair.

Among others she called the names of two of my workmen, and he came to get pay for a "woman palaver." I told him we had no law to pay people for such wickedness, but to *punish* them. If his wife had been acting thus with my men on the Mission ground, she must be *punished*, and not paid for it. This he did not like, and declared his wife should not be punished; and as he was a war man, and had his long sword on him, and his wife clung close to him, we could do nothing with her. They went away, crossing over the river that night, and I supposed they were gone. But the next morning, when my girls, and the Mission women, went over to fish, he was there in the bush, and caught a school girl, and a woman living at the Mission, and carried them to Mongray, the woman leaving a sucking babe.

Early that morning, before hearing of the catching of the women, I dispatched Bunyan with a letter to Kissicummah requesting him to send the man and the woman to me for punishment; feeling it very important as a prevention of similar cases in future, and as a warning to all country people visiting the Mission—and telling him that if such things were countenanced by the chiefs we should leave the country.

As soon as I heard of the stealing affair, I wrote another letter, and dispatched a footman, post-haste, to get there before Bunyan should leave, so that he could interpret it to the king, demanding the man and his wife, for punishment, and the return of the two women, or I should write to the Governor, (whom I knew they all feared)

The next day Bunyan returned with the two women, but not the man and wife. When the mother stepped on shore

she wept aloud for joy. She had suffered much from her breasts, and rejoiced to embrace her infant once more.

Kissicummah was very much displeased at the conduct of the man, and said, "The Mission is my stranger, and *this is all the same as if you had stolen the woman from me.* Any one who attempts to injure the Mission does it against me." And he made the man pay one slave to himself for it. The people of the town met, as soon as they heard of it, and manifested much indignation at the man, and were for flogging him at once, but the king chose to enrich himself a little out of the affair.

He would not send the man to me, saying I had no right to make laws for *country people* without the *chiefs* knowing it—that in case of a "woman palaver," all over the country, the adulterer had to pay *money* to the husband, and if this case had occurred at any other place than the Mission, the men would have had to pay.

I answered, "The men did not take this man's wife, but *she took them,* and ought to be punished as a warning to others. And as long as we *pay the rent,* we have a right to make laws for the place, and *no one else* has any right. We pay $100, a year, for that right. Give the ground *rent free,* and then the chiefs can make laws for the place. The payment of a slave to the king, does not help the matter at all. The king had no right to make him pay a slave, nor to *hold one himself.* Unless the king sends the man and his wife, for punishment, he will, by his refusal, say to all the country people, 'Go there and commit adultery as much as you please, and they shall not hurt you,' and thus the standard of *rebellion* and *adultery* will be fully set up among us, if we cannot enforce our laws against such abominations."

The king was right in saying I had no right to make laws for country people without the knowledge of the chiefs, but this was not a law for country people, but for my own, or for the Mission premises—for any who did the deed at the Mission. And had this case been known at the time, doubtless the woman would have been punished, but months had elapsed, and her husband, a war man, was there to defend her. In pressing the case of her and his punishment as I did, I erred, though I acted honestly, and with a pure desire

to maintain the purity of the place and the glory of God. I felt that the standard of rebellion against our rules, and of adultery, was in danger of being established, unless prompt and decisive measures should be employed, and this, together with my inexperience, and burning zeal of God "not according to knowledge," urged me on, with the purest motives, to the above course. I should have complained to Kissicummah of the conduct of this war man and his wife, and left the case with him, when I found the opposition of the husband to his harlot-wife's being punished. May God and the church forgive my rashness.

I do not think it wrong, under the then existing circumstances to make laws for ourselves, against such crimes—we had to do it—there was no chief to interfere with our internal affairs—but I was hasty in threatening to write to the Governor.

I cannot feel that I did wrong in refusing to suffer a demand of payment from my men, in such a case, as is the common country custom; for this custom of making the adulterer pay for "woman palaver," while the adulteress was allowed to go free, and seduce as many as she pleased, is only encouraging the numerous wives of chiefs to do so, to enrich and gain their husbands' favor. While, on the other hand, if both should be punished, as God commanded, wives would be afraid thus to hire other lovers than their husbands.

This very custom of wives acting thus, with impunity, is frequently a source of war, and I was desirous of breaking it up, by setting a different example.

I believe good resulted from the palaver, on the whole.

My men were punished and discharged from the Mission.

### THE BIG ROAD.

On the 25th the Ambassadress returned, with a son of Kissicummah, who had been taken by the war, but now permitted to come home.

She said, "The chiefs there, thank you plenty. They have agreed to peace, and the day is set for both sides to cut a big road between the countries, and then John will come

before that side, in the name of the white man, and I go before this side, and all meet at Mongray, to shake hands."

### REFUSAL TO SHAKE THE KING'S HAND.

I learned that the gun was not sent after all, and that Sycummah had it in his possession! On the 17th he came, with his company to see me. I determined to give him a rebuke for his double dealing, and deceiving me, and refused to shake hands, or speak with him. I went into my room and they waited, and waited a long time. I sent him word I could not speak with him, on account of his treatment of me, about the gun. He sent for me again and again, to see me, but I refused. He said, "Tell him to come out—he shall not play with me." I returned answer, "I wish to show him that I do not intend to play with him." Again he sent Bunyan, and charged me with "cursing him," because I would not speak to him; calling him a "little boy," &c. But I refused to go out. They talked and vexed themselves some time, and went away. I was complained of to the chiefs, and a considerable sensation seemed to be produced. It went all over the country that "The white man refused to shake the king's hand," and I did not know but they would bring a palaver on me for it, but feeling I had right on my side, I said, "I shall be glad to talk the matter over before all the chiefs, and if they do not 'give me right,' I shall be disappointed."

The matter ran on, till after some months, the king came, on Sabbath evening, while we were in meeting, "to see if I would shake the king's hand yet." On returning from meeting, I found him sitting in the piazza. In the morning he wanted to "trust" a number of pieces of cloth. I said "I cannot let you have any thing till you settle that gun palaver. It is very easy for you. I ask no money to 'make my heart cold.' All that is necessary for you is to humble yourself, confess your wrong, and beg my pardon, and the palaver will be done." He said "I cannot talk that palaver, myself, I have put it into the hands of the chiefs, and it will be just as they say."

Then he wanted the goods, and let them go on the rent

account. "Sir, I can trust you nothing, till that matter is settled." He wanted a little salt, &c., to eat, which I gave him—if he was sick, or in real want of any necessary, I was always ready to let him have it.

Some time after, when there was a big meeting at Mongray, I talked over the matter before Kissicummah, and a room full—told them wherein I was injured—not because they refused to give a gun, &c.—if they had told me I must not give any, there would have been no palaver—but that they all gave their consent, and then refused to send it after I had bought it, was what hurt me—that I could not shake the king's hand, not because I hated him, but because I wanted to make him reflect, and feel he did wrong. Kissicummah replied, "I give you *right*. All the chiefs at your place did wrong, and you did right. I shall give Sycummah wrong. You are right." Then the man who acted as Sycummah's mouth, arose and gave me his hand, saying, "I give you right." One of Kissicummah's delegates tried to clear himself from the charge that "all who were present, with one word, gave their consent to my giving the gun," by saying that he did not say so. I asked, "Did you say 'No,' when I asked you all?" He confessed he only kept silence, and the king gave him wrong.

I told them I was satisfied—that palaver was settled.

I talked about their "walking such crooked roads," and that if they wished to deal with me they must "walk a straight road," "talk one word," &c. The king said, "You must have patience with them; they no sabby book, and cannot be brought to white man's way all at once; you must draw them softly, little and little. You have the Book, that tells you every thing you should do, and what you say is right."

In this whole matter of the *gun*, I wished to teach them the importance of speaking what they meant, speaking the truth, and of standing to their word. I believe a most salutary impression resulted from the course I pursued.

19th. Preached, at 10, from Num. 10: 29. P. M., unwell; at dark a chill, and such a coldness of the limbs I rarely ever felt in an ague. It seemed almost as if they

would freeze: all circulation seemed dead. Had a restless, wild, sick night.

For a number of days, kept still as much as I could, and dieted: but to keep still was impossible; so many to wait on, trading, palavers, &c.

26th. Preached, at 10, and in the evening. Many others talked and prayed. In P. M. talked with J. C., from Papaw—he has lived in Freetown and can read.

27th. In reading "Lander's Travels in Africa," I was much disgusted with their hypocrisy and wickedness. They speak contemptuously and reproachfully of the black man, his dress, smell, looks, &c.—gave plenty of rum, brandy, &c., to the natives, to make them drunk; then ridiculed their noise and folly, and then prayed that God would be with and guide them! Read the "church service," to the crowd on Sabbath morning and called it worship, then pursued their journey in the afternoon! &c. Thus they scattered the deadly poison along their path, and *prayed to God!* Better, a thousand times, the NIGER had never been discovered.

### A "CHARM," "GREEGREE," OR "AMULET," OPENED.

28th. This morning, a young man gave up his country gods. I examined them. They consisted of two bags. One contained three strips of bark, written on one side with Arabic, tightly rolled and wrapped in cotton yarn, and enclosed in a tight envelope. Connected with it was a little horn, and two small, round substances. The other bag contained an image of something, two inches long and one inch in diameter, a hole through the middle, and a little wooden hook tied to each corner, and three strings eight feet long, attached to it! These were tied to a string and worn about the neck! O! the delusions of Satan!

30th William S. Tucker came with rice. Occupied all day with visitors. One of the large boys (Samuel Skinner), has been sick some time, I think with pleurisy, and looks very bad; but having no doctor, I was obliged to let his friends take him home, as is frequently the case.

It is too bad that we should thus be compelled to send

our sick to the *heathen* to be cured. We should rather have a good physician, so that the heathen would be drawn here to get bodies and souls cured.

Mr. Tucker also took his little boy home to cure a sore foot—and by small children thus being among the heathen a few weeks, we lose much we had gained on them. We need it so that none shall have cause to leave for any such reasons. O! that God may incline the right men to come here.

Sept. 1, 1849. Took a ride in a canoe, up a small river, leading across to Big Boom. Found, and talked to an old man, who had an *ant hill* for his god and place of worship!

2d. At ten, preached from, "We would see Jesus." At four, consecration of a child, and the Lord's Supper. Evening, monthly concert. Many talked and prayed, then subscribed, but many gave *all* last month, and must wait for more to *grow*, before they can give again.

8th. Letters from America. My first bundle has at last been received. Have had a luscious feast in reading—encouragement to expect laborers. They all take it for granted I do not write, because they do not hear.

9th. Preached from Matt. 5 : 20, then read considerably, and talked and prayed with an old man and his wife, who desire to join the church.

10th. Repairing the schooner, and other business.

### COUNTRY MARRIAGE—A TRIAL.

One of my workmen married a school girl. To satisfy the man who pretended to be her father, he gave a piece of cloth, and some other things, to the amount of three or four dollars, so that he was married both ways, country and English.

Another workman married her sister, who was redeemed by brother R. The friends wanted money, according to the country custom, but I said no, unless they would pay the mission what had been expended for the redemption and support of the girl.

About these girls was some dispute between the pre-

tended step-father and the young Clevelands, the latter claiming that the girls belonged to their father, that he put them in school, gave them a name, &c.

On the evening of the 10th, they all three came to the Mission, to talk with me. The Clevelands asked, "How much money did you give the old man on Nancy's account?" "Six bars." "Was this considered as *marrying* her?" "Country people think so—that is their custom—but we do not consider it marriage. They were married English fashion." "Six bars does not marry them after the country fashion even—to marry a wife true true, the man has to give much more, *large money*. Six bars would only get her as a 'sweet heart,' and the children would all belong to the girl's parents—if the girl should run home, the man could not get her again without paying more money. If he paid large money first, then the children would be his, and he could get his wife any time she ran away, without paying for her again." "The girl Nancy belonged to Mr. Cleveland, and she is *not married* yet. I would like to have her married, and have this business settled at once" (*i. e.* give him large money). I answered, "The girl is married, by country fashion, and English." "The girl is not married." "She is all she will be here." "We want no palaver, only we want the matter settled." "The matter was settled with the old man. He said he was the father, and the girls said so too. We did the business with him, and he consented to let N. have the girl as a wife—he was 'paid for the girl's head,' and gave his consent to the marriage—now if there is any palaver it is between you and him, and not with N., or the Mission." I then added, "When you came this evening, I had a good opinion of you both; I thought you were fine young men; in my mind you stood at the *top* of the ladder, but by this one word ('we want the girl married'), you have fallen to the *bottom*. When you pay me 3½ tons for our trouble for the girl, then we will let her be married country fashion, according as you say." "Is that the Mission law?" "I make that law. People did not send their children here to learn country fashion, but English. Has there not been war at Papaw?" "Yes." "The town destroyed and many killed and taken

prisoners?" "Yes." "We saved the girl from that trouble?" "Yes." "We have fed her?" "Yes." "Clothed, and given her books?" "Yes." "And been much troubled to keep her from the war, from starving, &c.; now after all this, don't you feel ashamed to come and try to get more money out of the Mission? I should think you would not be able to look me in the face. Have you no gratitude? After we have given you more than one ton a year, for the girl, does all go for nothing? You should be ashamed to ask even a bar, and so should the old man. My heart cannot feel cold at such meanness." "We did not come here to ask for money." "You DID ask for money, and it is of no use to deny it—and this one word shows something wrong in your heart."

They seemed to feel ashamed, and desired to retreat, but in vain. My soul was indignant at such a specimen of depravity, especially in men who try hard to ape the English fashion. They asked, "How far have we fallen on the ladder?" "From the *top* to the *bottom*."

Then they asked about Mary, the sister. I answered, "The Mission redeemed her, and until you pay back this money, I cannot consent to have any more paid for her marriage." Bunyan was called, as witness, and he told how many bars Mr. Raymond paid for her. And they asked for no more money.

I then talked a long time about America, Africa, the earth, sun, summer, winter, &c.—prayed with them, and we separated, quite late.

11th. Many interruptions. Repairing the schooner. Gave William C. a Bible.

12th. Worked hard, on the jump all day, from morning till night.

Called two boys, and asked if they could split me some inch boards, with the *pit-saw*. One said, "It is the carpenter's work"—the other, "We no able to do it." "Did you ever try?" "No." "Then you don't know"—so I lined five boards on the edge, and offered a small reward, and they made the finest boards I have seen from a pit-saw. Fixing the schooner—the greatest day's work I have done in Africa—much wearied.

13th. Commenced early shoving my planes, worked till 1 o'clock, and had to lie down some hours—then at it again till night.

14th. All day on schooner—part of the time in hot sun, then in rain, and in the water, fixing the rudder irons. A country blacksmith at work for me.

15th. Morning, on schooner. Afternoon, reading, writing, and preparing to start my men.

16th. Preached at 10. Afternoon, reading Moffatt. The sufferings of many of the brethren in South Africa were great—"from hunger and thirst, cold and heat," sun and rain, sandy deserts, lions, hyenas, panthers, hippopotami, wicked men, &c., &c. All I have endured is not worth a thought, in comparison. May I praise the Lord and be thankful. In the evening, preached again, after which others talked, and prayed, confessed, &c. My teeth are a great trouble to me, ache very much, and no doctor to pull them.

### SENT THE SCHOONER TO TOWN.

17th. I started my men with the schooner to town, for goods. I went a little way with them, and had much trouble. Our tow line broke, and the tide drove us hard into the bush, in the mouth of Barmah River. By both anchors and rope, we succeeded in pulling ourselves out beyond the suction of Barmah River, and I left them and returned. Afternoon, took a long walk. Evening, talking to visitors.

My letters brought the news of a large quantity of goods arrived for the Mission, and I sent the schooner on purpose for them, with an order to a friend to put all aboard, and send them by my men. I wished to have all the goods brought, so that when the missionaries came, I could bring them and their baggage at one trip. The schooner was gone more than thirty-six days, had much difficulty on the way, and finally returned with a small trifle, which a trader would have brought freely, and I should not have sent the schooner at all, had I known the result. The whole trip, with all its trouble and expense was just for nothing! Of

the goods I sent especially for, he sent none, and wrote that he could not send them till I came after them myself; for as there were many, he did not know which to send!—when I sent an order for all! I could not but feel that he had acted very bad, in so disappointing me, and making us so much trouble, and expense, all for nothing, and I prayed, "O! Lord, preserve my spirit from vexing against Thy providences, and give me that which is good."

19th. Went over and had an interesting talk with old Lango and wife—a good time. The woman said "I feel it sweet to love God. If I lie down, I think of God; if I work I think of Him. When I lie down I pray; when I arise I pray! in the farm I pray; in the bush I pray. God has done very much for me, and I can never leave Him."

### THE STUBBORN BOYS.

A number of my large boys had given me much trouble by their unruliness and stubbornness—taking their own course, staying away from school, and abstaining from work when they pleased. Their example and influence was very bad on the small scholars. On the 20th, A. M., three of them went away, all without any excuse but willfulness. I called, and gave them their choice of three things. [1,] To leave the Mission; [2,] be punished; [3,] or attend school and give me no more trouble. They chose the first; and I said, "Leave, at once, then, and don't come back again." And they packed up and started! Though they were all *members of the church*, I felt I must not tolerate their wickedness, but rebuke sin in all, though I little expected such a thing as their leaving. Poor souls! They knew not what they did. The step they took of *turning back to the heathen*, was a fearful one, the nature of which they little understood, or they never could have done it. I followed them with many prayers, and did not despair of their repentance and return.

The boys went to where Samuel Skinner was sick, and told him I drove them away. He did not believe it, and talked faithfully to them of their sin, foolishness and danger, in thus leaving the gospel influences and returning again

to heathenism. They confessed they were wrong, but were afraid, or ashamed to come back and meet me, and sent Samuel to me, saying, "You go beg for us to master, that we may be allowed to return." I said, "No one can beg for them, they must come and beg for themselves; confess, humble, and amend, and I am ready to forgive and receive them."

In a day or two, two of them came and begged me to take them back to the Mission—confessed their wrong, fully, begged pardon, and promised amendment. As soon as opportunity offered, they confessed publicly, fully and frankly, to my satisfaction, and all the church expressed forgiveness. Many talked *most excellently* on the occasion, men and women, which did me much good. A church meeting was held relative to the one who did not return. Said S. S., "Though he is my own brother, if he will not confess his sin, it is not fit he should live here."

I appointed a committee to labor with him, but they never got the chance to talk to him—he went back to heathenism, and was afterwards excommunicated. He never would confess any wrong. The two seemed thoroughly humbled, ashamed, and sorry.

22d. Towards night I walked to the thief village; talked to them, and invited them to come to meeting on the Sabbath.

23d. At ten, preached from Luke 9 : 62, about putting the hand to the plow and looking back. Had much freedom; felt that God blessed the truth. A number from the thief village—promised to come again. In P.M., walked round and talked with various brethren, about their going out to hold meetings in the villages around—plan approved of.

### PLASTERING THE MISSION HOUSE.

The house stands on many posts, about three feet from the ground. There is a large parlor, or public room, three bed rooms, (and a fourth intended,)—wide piazza on a part of each side. I found the rooms lathed, and covered over inside with mats; which made a great hiding place for troops of rats, and innumerable, troublesome insects.

I was, for a long time, desirous to have the house plastered, and bought trowels for that purpose; but then I had no lime and knew of no limestone in the country. I tried to burn oyster shells, but did not succeed in getting much lime. Then I tried to plaster with common clay mud; but it did not do good. I heard of white clay up the river, took my canoe and men and went in search. We had about half a day's pull to reach the place, and then the clay was three feet under water, which they loosened with spades, and dove to bring up.

After obtaining a sufficiency, we ate supper, and then I preached to the people of the town. They listened attentively, and when done, the head woman exclaimed, "Thanke, daddy, thanke," while they all clapped their hands expressive of joy. Feel that good was done. Had a beautiful ride, and returned at eight o'clock, evening.

This white clay, when tempered up good, worked exactly similar to lime and sand mortar, and seemed to be of a very similar nature. It worked well, and easy; adhered well, and was as white as lime and sand mortar. And with good hair to put in it, I am free to pronounce it equal to lime and sand mortar. My men did not understand tempering it good, but I plastered the whole Mission house, two coats. and some parts three, in parts of eight days. It was hard work, but God strengthened me to go through. Then, of the oyster shells, I made some poor white wash, which made the house much more pleasant and comfortable. The insects were routed, and the rats were much circumscribed in their races. Before, they were a great pest and annoyance, but this made things comparatively quiet and peaceable.

The country people, as well as my own, heard of something new at the Mission house, and many came, day after day, to see what the white man was doing. Their surprise was great, to see me put on the clay so smooth and even. They never saw anything like it before, and many thanked me plenty. They could put mud on with their hands, but had never seen any such work as this done, and exclaimed, "white man's fashion pass us. We no sabby (understand) that. We no able for do that way." It was very amusing

to see their astonishment, and hear their expressions of amazement at what they saw.

I found it much cheaper than the mats—and surely more pleasant, healthy and comfortable, in the rains.

### MANY FOLD.

Counted the grains of rice which proceeded from one grain. I counted 880, but many were lost. There must have been upwards of 1,000! Dug one hill of coco,* which filled a half bushel, well heaped! I dug one hill of potatoes, which about filled one peck. Three crops of potatoes can be raised in one year, by watering and care. Also of corn, &c. Yams, are "cut under," when they are grown, and another crop is produced the same season. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and could be made to produce astonishing quantities; but as I have not been able to make many experiments, I cannot give numerous specimens.

* Coco is a vegetable, and forms a very good substitute for the Irish potato—the leaf and stem exactly resembling the Ethiopian Lily, so common in our country.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOURNAL—VARIOUS INCIDENTS, TOURS, &c.

Sept. 27, 1849. This evening began meetings at the little town. A number of the church members, with some children to sing, went and conducted the meeting. L. Johnson talked to them from John 15 : 5 ; after whom, others talked and prayed. They had a good meeting. We feel that we must carry the gospel to the people, where they do not seem inclined to come where it is regularly preached.

28th. A canoe from Mendi, with rice ; but I cannot buy it, [1] because I have not sufficient goods, [2] They want cash, and that I can't get—so they go to town, to sell it, which will be better for them.

#### DESIRE TO LEARN TO READ.

30th. I preached a sermon from Prov. 4 : 5–9, on Wisdom ; showing the great importance of knowledge, temporally and spiritually. House full, many strangers present. I specially urged that all, old and young, should learn to read the Bible. In the Sabbath-school was an interesting sight. One class of six married persons learning to read, and a class of four, (two old women,) learning A, B, C. I encouraged them, and gave primers, in which the children daily taught them. I am anxious to get a reading people scattered over the country.

In P.M. preached to a number of visitors in the piazza. They gave the closest attention, while I tried to teach them the nature of the soul, its destiny, the plan of salvation, &c. The Lord bless the truth.

Oct. 1st. As I walked to the river, this evening, saw a pleasing sight. While the larger girls were fishing, three or four of the little ones were in a canoe, which was drawn on shore, all on their knees, and one of them praying. Encouraging!

2d. This evening began a reading and Bible class, in my room, to be held twice a week, to assist adults in reading correctly, and explaining the chapters read. They are much interested.

### AFRICAN BATS.

They are of three kinds, or sizes. 1. The common small house bat, as in America. 2. A larger size, some of which I shot, and can describe them. Their bodies are from 8 to 10 inches long, and as large as a gray squirrel; the fore parts heavy; hinder, light, of a yellowish brown color; webbed wings, dark color, measuring from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet. The web extends from the neck to the hinder foot, which is attached to the lower extremity of the body, and similar to a squirrel's foot. They cannot walk, but draw themselves along by a single claw, attached to each wing about midway. Head like a dog; nose, mouth and teeth like a wolf; ears like a squirrel. Very fine fur. Small, short tail, like a ground mole; very large eyes. Fly in the night, and in the day time all hang in a compact bunch, close to the head of the palm tree leaves. The natives eat them very eagerly. They are very numerous. 3. Then there is a still larger size, which I have not closely seen, but from the accounts of others, their bodies must be as large as a small cat, and their wings from 4 to 5 feet in length. I have seen them flying in the night only.

### MY GOATS.

On the 4th, I bought a fine goat with two kids, which gave me milk, a most grateful feast; the first I had since leaving America. I had bought a goat previous to this, but it died suddenly. I bought another superior one, with three kids, so that I had an abundance of milk for some time, which was very conducive to my health—but by some means I could not keep goats long before they died. They would appear as well and as lively as ever one hour, and the next be found dead. We never could account for it, except by supposing that they ate some poisonous weed or

bush on the premises. I lost, in this way, nearly a dozen goats, and finally concluded it was useless to try to have milk in that way, for it kept me all the time buying new goats. To keep goats we must clear off every bush from a field, &c., and seed it with good grass, fence it, and keep them up—which I was not able to accomplish before I left.

### THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

A colored man wrote to me to buy from him a pair of large steelyards, as he was poor, sick, and in want—and signed himself E. G., "An American." I went to see him, and learned he came from America twenty-nine years ago, as a sailor, in a vessel bound for Africa. Before landing he found out the vessel intended to load with slaves, and he immediately demanded to be put ashore, as he could not remain in a vessel engaged in that business.

He was left at the Gallinas, where he lived and traded many years. The Spaniards hated him, accused him of giving information to the English "men-of-war" of their operations, and put him in prison, where they beat him almost to death! He lived five years in Freetown, where he was employed in various offices of government, he having a good education.

When I found him he had been suffering with sore legs, which he had tried every means to cure, but all in vain, for eleven or twelve years. I told him if he would come to the Mission, and stop, I would see if anything could be done for his relief. He came, and I engaged a country doctor for him; but without any permanent success. He continued on for months, in about the same way, till brother Brooks came, who recommended keeping them wet with bandages, day and night. He did so, and in about one week his legs were cured up, so that he walked about with alacrity and great delight. Being well acquainted with country people and ways, able to talk the Sherbro language, and accustomed to business, we engaged him as a general helper, about the Mission, to trade, oversee workmen, keep accounts, and look after things, which took a heavy load from the crushed missionary.

I found him a wicked man, self-righteous, and ignorant of real gospel truth, though he said he "said his prayers every day." I conversed much and close with him, and showed him that he was guilty of breaking many of the laws of God, and consequently stood before Him as a condemned sinner. He confessed many things as true. I lent him Baxter's Call, which he read, with weeping and prayer. The Lord opened his eyes to see his condition, and he professed to submit himself to God. I frequently heard him in importuning prayer. He read much, and signed the Temperance pledge—seemed to take a deep interest in the affairs of the Mission, and gave fair hope of making himself very useful to the Mission, and a great help to the Missionary.* He is sixty years old and quite intelligent.

### THE CHILDREN'S CRIME, COURT, &C.

I gave the boys some fish—some roguish fellows "carpooed" (snatched) them; and others, unwilling to lose all, tried to snatch from them: and altogether, they had quite a little "row," about it.

Some complained to me, and I had all called to my room, and an investigation of the affair. I constituted them all into a court and jury. One and another was charged with snatching, and others gave their testimony in the case—till five were proved guilty of the first snatching, seven of the secondary. Then came the sentence. The whole were a jury on each case, and no sentence was allowed till they were unanimous, and had but "one word" about it. They sentenced the five, from twenty to twenty-four stripes on the hand; and the seven, sixteen each, which was inflicted by the teacher.

The whole was conducted with good humor—though the necessity of such things was always very distressing to me.

7th. At ten o'clock, preached from Rom. 8 : 9. In the afternoon, talked and prayed with numbers in my room. At four, baptized and received an old man and his wife to

* Since I left he has been discharged from the Mission, because he would drink Palm wine, though he had signed the pledge not to do it.

the church, talked and administered the Lord's Supper. Talked about Tahiti, in the evening, before and after the gospel. They were very much interested, and many talked and prayed.

### DIFFICULTY BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

8th. A day of palavers, and much business. In the evening, after prayers, had a church meeting to settle a difficulty between a man and his wife. First, the husband stated all his grievances—that his wife would not work, cook for, or pray with him. Then she answered that besides being sick and unable to work, she had nothing to work, or cook with, and, at times, her heart was so grieved at his conduct, that she could not pray with him.

The brethren, very faithfully and kindly pointed out to each their sins, which reproofs were kindly received. I talked to them some time, showing them their wrong, and pointing out distinctly the duties of husband and wife. All was received in a good spirit—they confessed to each their wrong and begged pardon of one another—came forward, took hold of hands, and promised to love each other, and live in peace. We prayed, and parted, feeling that God had been with us, indeed. I was happily disappointed in such a peaceful termination of the affair. My own spirit was softened, and great benefit to my soul the result.

9th. Reading. "Night of toil."* Truly it was such. Sixteen years without a convert! And only one man, the king, learned to write! But how gloriously did the morn dispel all those gloomy clouds! Oh! how the idols were despised and burned! How a "nation was born in a day!!" This evening, an interesting reading class, explaining the scriptures.

10th. Quite unwell—slept considerably. Began teaching the children to sing by note. They were very quick to read tunes, and answer questions. They learn much quicker than I did.

14th. Preached from 1st Cor. 6 : 19, 20. House well

* History of missionary operations in "*Tahiti*," &c., South Sea Island.

filled—a canoe load from a town, from which they never came before. God helped me. In the Sunday-school it was interesting to see the old woman class of A, B, C, and to hear children repeat chapters of the New Testament.

In the evening, preached short sermon—many prayers followed, and nine or ten spoke. Two new cases of professed conversion: one, a mother of one of the boys, who lives some distance off, came to see her son, attended meeting, and publicly renounced her heathen ways, to serve the Lord. One said, "I have left all sin." Another, "I begin anew to serve God," &c. O! for the power of God.

### WRITING MENDI.

16th. I began to prepare a primer in Mendi, and continued it, all the time I could get, for one week, but made very slow progress for three reasons: 1st, my own ignorance of Mendi; 2d, my interpreter's ignorance of English; 3d, the great deficiency of the English in expressing sounds. *Phonotypy* is the thing needed. How important, in beginning a mission, that *it* should be understood, and applied, instead of our lame, and crippled, and bungling English! The application of mind was too much for me; it brought on fever, and I was obliged to abandon the project.

18th. Began female prayer meetings, conducted by S. and M.

In the night was waked up by something in my ear. The sensation was like something digging furiously right into my head. I worked at it some time alone, but accomplished nothing, then called for my native teacher, and a light—he could see nothing, though I could feel it so dreadfully. He worked some time with a pin, and began to bring out pieces of legs and wings, and after a long time succeeded in extracting the fore-half of a large cockroach! How so large an object could ever enter the ear so far, was wonderful, and I felt grateful for my relief.

### ANGLE WORMS.

In Africa worms grow to an astonishing size, even to two and a half feet long! They are numerous, and the natives

are very much afraid of them. Whenever they hoe up one, they manifest all the fear that persons would of a deadly reptile, will go round, or run from it. One day the workmen hoed up one, and were standing at a distance from it, when I took it in my hand, and held it fast. They screamed with horror, and ran as if pursued by a leopard, expecting to see some dreadful thing happen to me. I held and carried it, to convince them that there was no danger, that their fright was all foolish. They were filled with amazement, but saw no evil happen to me.

21st. Blessed Sabbath! A. M. preached from Gen. 39 : 9. The Lord helped me. In the evening, preached from the parable of the Prodigal son—twelve came forward, as desiring salvation. They all, and many others, prayed and talked. A very precious season, which much refreshed my soul, and strengthened my body.

### KINGS MUST DO RIGHT.

On returning from meeting found king Sycummah sitting on my piazza, waiting to see me. He was not aware of its being Sunday, till he came and found us all in meeting. I took him in, and gave him my own bed, and slept myself on the floor.

Some circumstances of this meeting are mentioned in a previous page, under head of "Refusal to shake the king's hand." He wished me to trust him. I said, "You have 'played the rogue' with me once, and now I can trust you no more till confession is made. Your being a king, is no justification of your conduct. Kings are bound to do right as well as poor people, and if the king is allowed to play rogue with us, it makes a *law* for every body to do the same toward the Mission, as much as they please. I cannot trust you any thing till that palaver is settled." He went away, a little chagrined, but I felt it important to teach him that he could not be indulged in whatever his fancy desired, at the Mission's expense.

22d. After evening prayers, fourteen children came to my room to converse and pray. They made many confessions. All said they had previously confessed to God, and begged

His pardon, and forsaken all their sins. I could not see their hearts. O! for wisdom to *probe* and *feed* them, that all may be truly converted to God.

25th. Tried to keep still, but pressing business compelled me to be active.

26th. Tried to read, but could not endure the application of mind. Many present—some to sell, some to buy, some to beg, some to trust. No rest.

28th. Preached—reading—unwell. Bunyan holds meetings in different places, three times a week, and I hope will do much good. In our evening meeting, three new cases of professed conversion. Many prayed.

29th. In the evening, church meeting to examine candidates for admission to the church. Sixteen offered themselves, but only one was accepted.

30th. A chief, and others from Mendi country. Braw wrote me a letter, begging for teachers, in which is this language, "I am weak in body, but strong in the faith of a glorious Redeemer." Said that God had afflicted him for his good. His heart is known only to God, but his son states a fact which is encouraging—viz., that his father would *feed, and treat kindly, his enemies*, who had been seeking his life! I had written to Braw about loving his enemies, and he professed to receive my words.

In the evening, talked to the old American colored man, with me; he said, "I am sure I have given up my heart and every thing to God, and that nothing can get from me what I feel. I have no desire for earth any more. The Lord has showed me great things, and I am not ashamed of Christ. I love you, like a man loves his wife, and wish never to part from you till death. You have been the means of all I have felt, and seen of myself," &c. He seems to pray and sing, with energy and earnestness. His outward appearance is quite changed, but the heart is known to God.

31st. Nearly all day hearing, and settling a disagreeable old palaver between two persons from the interior—finally they shook hands as friends, and made up their differences.

Nov. 1, 1849. A chief came here and said, "*We can't sell slaves any more, in this region*," so they are looking round

for some other way to get money. O! the importance of just now introducing the arts among them.

4th. Unwell all day. Preached from Matt. 3: 8. Attended Sabbath-school and talked. P. M., Lord's Supper. In the evening, lectured on missions. One man from the country talked with great energy, confessing lying, stealing, adultery, idolatry, &c., and professed to forsake all, and give his heart to God.

### A TRIP TO BIG BOOM. (*See the Map.*)

Having a desire to see more of the country, and explore my field in some measure, I started in a canoe, on the fifth of November, for Big Boom river. In the latter part of the rains canoes can pass from Small to Big Boom, through a small creek, connecting them, at that season of the year, but which is dry on the upper end, during half the year. Through this, Big Boom can be reached in one and a half days, at a point which it takes six and seven days to reach, by going round by Sea-bar, the common route.

The creek, where it empties into Small Boom, is about four or five rods wide, and holds nearly the same width, half way, except that in places, the high water-grass stretched from the opposite sides, leaving merely room for the canoe to pass. The upper half grew narrower, till at the upper end it was only one rod wide, with high, bold banks, on both sides, showing considerable elevation of country, in the distance. Most of the way, the water was deep enough to float a large steamboat—but running through a heavy timbered country, the creek was much filled with brush, bushes, fallen trees, &c., which made us much work to get along.

On this small stream we passed twenty towns, which had been destroyed by the war. Not one was left—every thing had been swept clean—but they had already begun to rebuild some of them. In a time of peace this small creek is a place of much trade in rice and palm oil.*

* NOTE.—Palm oil constitutes the most prominent article of commerce with Africa. Immense quantities of it are exported to England and America.

It is made from the *palm nut*, which grows in bunches as large as

MANNER OF CLIMBING A PALM TREE.

To see an African climb a palm tree is a singular sight. With their cane-rope hoop, they will walk up a tree 80 or 100 feet high, without a limb, as fast as a lame man can walk on the ground! They thus climb, to get the palm nut, palm wine,* (by tapping the head of the tree, and attaching a calabash,) and sometimes palm cabbage.

The cabbage is the *head* of the palm tree, or the germ of new leaves, a bunch about as large as a cabbage head, and similar in taste to cabbage.

It is obtained with much labor.

The hoop is an oval oblong. The two ends, when it is put round the tree, are lashed together, so that the man braces himself in the other end, with feet against the tree. He throws up the hoop and steps up two steps, &c.

The bunch of *palm nuts* is seen in the top of the tree, on the right side.

This small creek, with some little work, might be cleared out, so as to be navigable the most of the year, which would greatly benefit much interior country. The first half day

a peck measure; each nut about the size of a white walnut. The nut is covered with a red, oily skin, which, when mashed and boiled, furnishes the palm oil. The bunch grows in the top of the palm tree, and is obtained by *climbing* the tree, as in the cut above.

The natives make great use of palm oil, with their food, and daily anoint their bodies with the same. It is good to cook with, but the "nut oil," which is made from the *meat* of the nut, is superior for cooking—equal to lard. Strangers very soon become fond of both kinds, for culinary purposes.

* Palm wine, when first drawn, is sweet and pleasant, but soon ferments, and then it is intoxicating. They put in it bitter roots to render it more intoxicating, saying, "Sweet wine is only fit for women to drink—men need something strong."

we had no special difficulty, except hard rain. That night we stopped at a new town, just begun. I tried to sleep on my chest, while the wind and rain blew upon me, there being no sides to our shelter. About three o'clock we arose, had prayers, and started, by moon light, and worked hard till after dark before reaching Big Boom. There being many trees across the stream, the men had frequently to be in the water, to get the canoe along. At one log, which perfectly blockaded the whole stream, we worked for several hours, before we could get over. I was obliged to be in the water much, to assist. Frequently we had to pull ourselves along by the overhanging bushes—at times, to back out, and try another place—chop, lift, pull, push, and paddle. Such another day's ride I never had. Such boating I never saw. That day we were fifteen hours, hard tugging, to get through the snags and bush, against a very rapid current, pouring out of Big Boom, which we reached about seven o'clock.

The sight was grand. A broad rapid river, much larger than the Ohio, pouring its mighty flood through a rich and beautiful country into the Atlantic.

We crossed to the opposite side, and halted at a town, called Sabby, for the night. The people had never seen a white man, and soon crowded around to have a view of me. A house was allotted to my company, which was soon filled with spectators. Though I was much fatigued with my day's work, I felt that I could not sleep till I had told them of "Jesus, and Him crucified." My interpreter spoke to the king, and soon the people were collected in front of the house to hear me. I hung up my lamp, that all might see me. My man prayed, in Mendi, and I preached, he interpreting to an attentive, interesting audience, about the great salvation. As I spoke much of sin, one asked "What is sin?" Which I answered in various ways. I asked, "would you rather see a man come here with a canoe full of goods, to give you, or a man to tell you about God, and the way to be saved?" They all answered promptly, "We would rather see the man to tell us about God." I told them the object of my coming to them, and they thanked me very much.

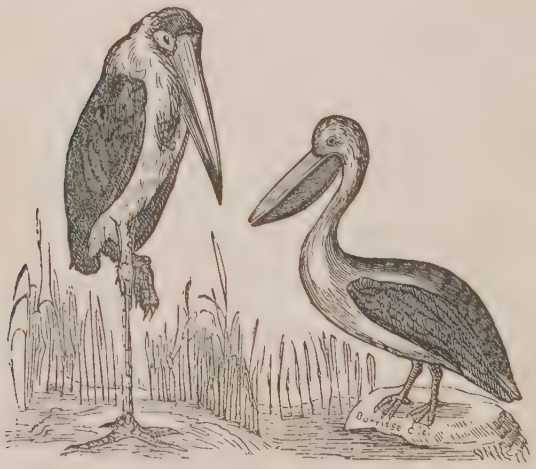
Few meetings had I ever enjoyed better. I felt that good

was done. All dancing, drumming, and noise was stopped, to hear the Word of God. Retired to rest on my hard bed, very much fatigued.

In the morning they thanked me again, for what they had heard, promised to tell it to others, and wished me to come again. As I cried out "Moo-gen-dah-ha," (all you, good bye,) to the crowd, they laughed heartily, and were much pleased.

Abut seven o'clock we pushed out on the broad, smooth surface, and glided rapidly with the swift current. The prospect was enchanting. Much of the country, each side, extended prairies. The large cotton trees, which studded the banks, were loaded with pelicans, cranes, storks, herons, eagles, hawks, &c. Towns numerous. Scenery most grand.

MARABOU CRANE—PELICAN



These large birds are exceedingly numerous along the Big Boom River. Many of the large cotton trees are perfectly loaded with them, and their large nests made of twigs. They are very tame. A person with a rifle might stand

under a tree full of them, and shoot all day without driving them away. Some would fly up, at the crack of the gun, and others would not.

The flesh, feathers, size, form, and general appearance, of the pelican, except the long bill and pouch, is very similar to the goose.

The crane is larger, and tall, and exceeds in voracity any thing I ever saw. It will catch, when thrown to it, a bone as large as a man's fist, and swallow it down at once.

Called at Bah-man-ne, a large town, which had been burned by the war, a short time previous, and was again being rebuilt. The chief talks a little English. He said, "You know we only beg for God, and white man." Also at Man-nah, which had been burned down and was partly built up. This town belonged to a brother of Harry Tucker our landlord, and here I saw three or four of his brothers, all of whom talk English. Passed the place where hippopotami live, and heard their bellowing.

The next day about noon arrived at the town of a Mahomedan chief, who was owing me, and took a canoe load of boards on account.

Late in the night we arrived at Bendoo, much wearied. Not wishing to disturb the people, we lay down in the canoe, on the boards, till morning; then talked, and took breakfast with Thomas Caulker, the chief, and started for the Mission, where we arrived at sundown. We came through Barmah River, in which I had never been before, and found it a fine river, having on it four towns, and four had been destroyed. Had heavy showers, and became considerably wet..

In the trip we went round a large tract of country, in our canoe, which presents a wide and open field for the gospel—for schools, or for itinerancy. Found things progressing at the Mission, and rejoiced in God for his goodness.

16th. At four P. M., had all the people assembled for prayer and conversation. Many prayed, and eighteen talked —evidence of some deep feeling. In the evening met again for the same purpose. The long meetings again brought on a chill. Frequent chills the week past.

17th. Busy loading the schooner. J. S. came, and confessed fully his waywardness, and begged pardon. It was granted, and we had a precious season of prayer together.

### GOOD NEWS—A WONDERFUL WORK.

Nov. 18th. I preached in the forenoon on sins of omission. In the evening, on the heart, as the fountain. To have the streams pure, we must make the fountain pure.

After meeting was commenced, a canoe came down the river, and two Mandingoes came in "to hear," as they said. At the close, they told us that a man who spent a Sabbath at the Mission a short time before, and professed to be converted, went home and began to talk to the people of his town, about the Savior, and to pray with them. "And now, all the town, old and young, meet on the Sabbath to pray; all kneel down. On Saturday, the town is swept clean, rice is cooked, and everything is got ready for Sunday*—none are allowed to work!!" He added, "You will get the power in all this river. Go on, with this *book* palaver. *I* can't leave *Mahommdoo* (Mahomed), but I am glad to see all the country people turn to you."

I exclaimed, "Are these things so?" Then truly God does not need a learned man to carry on His work. This news is almost too good to believe; "but with God, nothing is impossible."

I told L. J., "You must take a canoe, and go there, next Saturday, to see if these things are true, and pray with, and instruct them. Bring T. here, and instruct him further in the principles of the gospel."

He went, and spent a Sabbath with them. They were very glad to see him, and begged much for some one to come and live among them who could teach them. He talked to them from, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." They assented to the truth, and brought their idols and gregrees, and cast before him, a large pile of them,

* Reader, do you spend God's holy day in cooking many fine dishes to pamper the flesh, or in doing any unnecessary work? Think of the conduct of these heathen, and let them not rise up in the judgment, to condemn you. Get ready for the Sabbath.

saying, "Take them, they have deceived us, we will have them no more." He brought them part of the way, and sunk them in the river, with a large stone, not knowing I would have been glad to get such trophies of the power of the gospel.

He went there afterwards, and talked to them. The people around had become jealous, separated from them, accused them of "turning white man," complained of them to the king (Karmokoo), and did all they could to injure them. The king forbade them planting any more rice on his lands, and the last I heard, seemed quite determined to make them pay heavily, for introducing a new religion without his consent. I talked plainly to him, but he thought he was right.

Some of the professed converts were frightened, and renounced their new belief, while others remained steadfast, declaring they would suffer anything, before they would forsake the Savior. May the Lord help them.

### THIRD JOURNEY TO FREETOWN.

Being in expectation of missionaries from America, I prepared my schooner to go to town, if haply I might meet them there, and be ready to bring them at once to the Mission—expecting my long absent wife among the number. Accordingly, on the 19th November I started, towed by 10 paddles. Had some difficulty from the laziness of the hands—was sick the first night—had frequent tornadoes—head winds—and had to anchor frequently, while many canoes, with oars, passed us.

In the night of the 23d I lay down, and went to sleep, leaving a man at the helm, who understood the compass. Soon he left the helm to one who did not understand it, and we went where the wind took us. Some time in the night, I came on deck, and found ourselves going almost directly back from whence we came. It being cloudy, and the man not knowing one point of the compass from the other, he merely held the rudder, and let it go, where it would. I righted our course, and kept up till morning;

then found we were not ahead much from where we were the previous evening, on account of our lost distance.

We tried hard to come to land that day, but calms prevented. Towards night I took the canoe, and let the men pull me ashore, to see old Mr. Young, at Cape Shilling, and to spend the Sabbath with him. All day Sunday the schooner lay at anchor. I had a precious day, with old father Young: he is a fatherly, sociable, interesting, spiritual, laborious and lovely man. At 5 o'clock I preached for him, from John 1 : 43, to a large congregation. He has been in Sierra Leone about twenty years, and is beloved by every one. On Monday, he insisted on my spending the day with him, and paid my men for their time. We had a pleasant and profitable day together.

Next day got to York, with some difficulty, and preached in the evening for George H. Decker, with much freedom, after my toils and loss of sleep.

Next day, went ashore at Sussex, saw the teacher, and had pleasant moments. Just as we left, a hard, long tornado came on, before which we drove, under half sail. I stood at the rudder, and had much difficulty to keep my balance.

The next day had tornado and rain, in which I was obliged to be. Arrived at Freetown in the evening, being ten days on the passage! That night, a hard, long, tornado, which took away our canoe, and we never saw it more.

At town, found letters of an old date, but no missionaries, as I expected. Our canoe being gone, I had to pay $1 to get the schooner towed in. On the Sabbath I attended meeting with brother Beale. In the afternoon he wished me to lecture to his large Sabbath-school, which I did, dwelling mostly on temperance. I endeavored to be plain, sparing neither the governor, missionaries, merchants, grog bruisers, nor wine topers. There was a crowded house, and great interest. They stared, and some nodded assent, while others shook the head. Many who loved the "good creature," were very much enraged, and busily circulated false reports of what I said, endeavoring to injure me, but truth spread and triumphed.

Monday, repairing the schooner. In the evening, gave a history of Mendi Mission, at a missionary meeting. Saw some American captains, and gave letters to one of them for America.

Dec. 4th. Saw and consulted with Chief Justice Carr. In the evening, bought Arabic Testaments and school books. Staid at Thomas Raston's. A sick child, not expected to live, was brought to be baptized! Mr. H. went into the chapel and baptized it! But they said, "If the child should get well, it will have to be baptized again—this will go for nothing!" If the child dies, it will be efficacious; if it lives, ineffectual! What folly! What papistical abomination!

5th. Two young men applied to me as teachers. One was too ignorant, and the other ungodly; so they were both rejected.

6th. Considerable business. In the evening, preached for brother Beale, from 1st Thess. 5 : 22, and again bore down on their drinking customs.

A number of other young men applied to be engaged as teachers, but did not suit.

8th. Did business. Visited brother Raymond's grave. Towards night walked to *Kissy*, and had three teeth pulled. Spent the Sabbath with brother Schmid, and Miss Helhen. The chapel was large and well filled. I think it is one of the oldest stations in the colony. The singing was excellent. A friend applied to Mr. Schmid to let me preach. He replied, "I cannot, he is of *another denomination!*" I took tracts and went to the hospital, had the inmates collected, and preached to them. In the hospital there are 190. At times there are 400, or 500. Distressing objects! They were treated very roughly. In the evening, sweet converse. Miss Helhen had a large infant school, a very interesting sight.

While in town I had 1000 cards, headed "*Grog Shops*," struck off; and also 1000 headed "*Alcoholic Drinks*," for circulation. They were scattered over the colony thoroughly; the common people received, and inquired after them eagerly, while the grog-sellers and wine drinkers gnashed their teeth, hated and threatened; but I suffered

no violence at their hands. A good effect seemed to be produced.

11th. Engaged a young man with a wife and one child, to go to the Mission as a teacher. He was brought up in the established church, but thought he could come into our ways easily.

In the afternoon, rode with brother Beale and wife to Chief Justice Carr's, where Judge McCormack met us. We took supper, and spent the evening in discussing and preparing a kind of Constitution for a system of laws for the Sherbro country: [1,] for a general government; [2,] for a town government.

12th. Finished up business and started out about seven o'clock in the evening. We made slow progress, night and day, keeping out from land because we had no canoe. In the night of the 14th. struck sand banks a number of times, but succeeded in getting off. Next day, stuck fast, and had to wait for tide to take us off. At 10, Saturday night, we anchored off Yenkin, and there spent the Sabbath, having exercises on board. Monday morning started, and arrived at the mission about 2 P. M. on Tuesday, 18th. Had a number of very hard showers, a very uncommon thing in December. Somewhat disappointed in not getting missionaries; but returned grateful for mercies received, and feeling assured that God would send laborers in His good time.

## CHAPTER XII.

### VARIOUS INCIDENTS—ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

We had long been expecting a "big road" cut out between the two countries, and then a big meeting of *both sides*, to settle all things satisfactorily. The people of Timeny side turned out and cut their half of the road, and the people of my side were drafted from far and near to meet them. The large meeting was to be held at Mongray, (see map,) as that was the most central place. While returning from town, I learned that they were already in meeting, and hastened home with all possible speed, that I might reach there before they separated. For, as I was acknowledged to be their *daysman* or *mediator*, it was felt, by myself and others, very important I should be at that meeting.

#### FOURTH PEACE MEETING—KARMOKOO BROUGHT BACK.

Dec. 19, 1849. I arose early, ate and started on foot, with one man, for Mongray. The road crooked, bushy, and wet. I walked it in less than four hours, with but little weariness. Found the chiefs of both parties, and many others assembled, all glad to see me come. Old Karmokoo had been brought back, by those who took him prisoner, and was again presented to his people. He felt that his liberty and his life depended on me; that I had saved him, and been the means of his return. He was exceedingly overjoyed to see me again. I met him in a room full of his people, and talked to him of the goodness of God, and the folly of his idols, greegrees, &c., and prayed with them, in which they seemed to join with some warmth.

In the Barre, all "met up," and they went through the formality of presenting Karmokoo to his friends, and of receiving the thanks of the same. Many speeches were made and presents given, to thank the Timenies for returning the king, which were accepted, with speeches, on their part.

A singular custom prevailed, which I had not seen before. A man stood by the side of the speaker, and repeated his words, at the top of his voice, that all might hear, though they were far away from the Barre.

The speakers were very eloquent, and good humor pervaded the whole assembly. I gave them about $4, in goods, to thank them for making peace.

As Thomas Caulker, who understands English and English ways, was there, I read to him the Constitution and Laws, previously spoken of, which were drawn up in Freetown. He has great influence among them all, and it was thought best to try to introduce them through him. He approved of them, and promised to present them to the chiefs at a suitable time, when all should be met together on some future occasion. It was not deemed advisable to present them at that time, as the mind was so intensely occupied with the peace question, and other things. Accordingly I placed the papers in his hands.

Towards night I had chiefs and people called together, to the Barre, and there preached to them. Many kings, (Mahomedan and others,) were present and listened with much interest; and it is to be hoped that good was effected, that the Word reached their hearts.

The day previous, before my arrival, Bunyan preached to them, having a very interesting audience. He talked much with the people, and said, "They are all ready to hear the Gospel!" O! for laborers, just here, to reap a rich harvest.

In the evening a woman came to our room to hear us talk and pray. She professed to have given her heart to God—was in the habit of prayer, talking to the people and keeping the Sabbath. I conversed with her and she talked well. She obtained her light at the Mission, where she has a brother, belonging to the church. My soul involuntarily blessed God, for placing thus a "light" in the dense darkness. This woman, though living twelve or fifteen miles from the Mission, would walk through the bush to get to hear preaching, and converse with Christians. She came over on Saturday, and returned the next week. She afterwards joined the church, and appeared excellently.

The next day, (20th.) talked considerably with Kissicummah and others, and returned to the Mission, with Bunyan, in a canoe, greatly rejoicing to see hostilities all laid aside, and peace, sweet peace, again restored. All confessed they owed the peace to the Mission; that if I had not gone between them they could not have secured it. Give all praise to God, since he alone accomplished the blessed work.

### FORNICATION—EXCOMMUNICATION.

21st. All day busy, opening boxes, &c. In the evening, after prayers, had a church meeting to consider the case of a young man and girl, belonging to the church and school, who had been accused to me, on my return from town, of *fornication!* They were convicted of that and other sins, lying, &c. After they saw it was all out, they both confessed their deeds—that they had been thus sinning for a long time. I explained to the church the nature of their offences, the Bible direction in such cases, and they were both excommunicated from the church, and discharged from the Mission.

22d. From very early in the morning, a perfect press of care and business, so that I could not eat without shutting my doors, to keep out the crowd. A number of kings, begging and trading.

Last night we walked by a house in a farm, and saw a man lying on the ground, naked, alone, and apparently dying. He moved his eyes when we spoke to him, and looked at us, but no other muscle of his body could be seen to move. Not knowing any thing I could do for him, we sent word to the town, to which he belonged, and left him. Such is the treatment of heathenism towards its sick.

23d. Preached to a full house from "Remember Lot's wife." Considerable conversation with Y. from Mongray. She appeared well—like a true Christian. In the evening preached from "Will ye also go away?" referring to the cases before. About thirty came forward, and answered in the negative, and many prayed.

24th. In the evening examined candidates for the church. Twelve were accepted and others rejected.

25th. Pressed down with care and business, hearing palavers, &c. In the evening a church meeting, and a man excommunicated for *adultery* and turning back to the world. This is the man I sent as an ambassador to Timeny country. Being so long among the heathen alone, and praised by every body, he became proud, left God, took a heathen wife, abused his lawfully married, &c. A dear peace to him.

26th. A day of great trial. One man attempted to break down our laws, and another to stamp them under his feet with impunity. Fearing I should have trouble, I sent to the nearest chief, who sent his men, and our law was sustained and made honorable—and a salutary impression left on all around. I cooked dinner for the chief's men and made them a small present. They thanked me, and said, "Any time you want help let us know, and we will come by day or night." Felt that a great point had been gained.

27th. Some disputes to settle among the men. All agreed to forget and forgive the past, and be faithful in future, in watching over one another. In the evening, talking and praying with the church candidates.

29th. Sent an Arabic Bible to Kissicummah. Went to Barmah on business. The chief, a Mahomedan, said I could preach there any day I wished, by sending him word the day before, that he might give notice.

30th. Preached from Luke 16 : 2. Talked to candidates, explaining a church and its ordinances. One of the converts was the wife of a man who had another wife. She wished to know what she should do. I told her she must leave her husband unless he would put away the other, and take her as his wife. She told her husband she could not live with him, unless he put away his other wife, and he put her away, and took this woman as his wife.

Had considerable talk with some of the little boys, who had quarreled. They confessed to each other, and begged one another's forgiveness.

31st. 1849 is hasting away. A year of trials it has been—a year of rejoicing—a year of deliverances; and of great mercies. A year of great labor—of sowing and reaping. I praise the Lord, for all the way He has led me.

I fear I have made some, yea, many crooked steps—that I have not been that true, and constant example I should have been. The Lord forgive me—and grant wisdom and grace for the future, and guide me into all truth.

Jan. 5th, 1850. A messenger sent from Mendi, pleading for me to come there, or send a teacher to commence a school. He pleads very hard. There seems to be a ripe field there calling for laborers. ☞ The King has reserved a place in his town for a Mission house, and is anxious that I should come and mark off a place, and farm, for the house, and he will build it himself. O! for laborers to send there. In the evening, a church meeting, to settle some difficulty between two brethren. After explanations, and confessions, everything was happily reconciled.

### ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

6th. Early in the morning, a canoe arrived, bringing letters from America, and the news of missionaries in town. JOHN S. and FIDELIA C. BROOKS, with MARGRU, arrived at Freetown two days after I left there, on the 14th of December. There they remained about two weeks or more; and came on to York, where Mrs. B. was taken sick with fever, which detained and caused them to send to me, to come for them in the schooner. Bless the Lord, for their safe arrival to these shores.

At ten I preached; house full; many strangers present. At three o'clock met again. Talked and explained the ordinances. Baptized and received to the church thirteen persons; and administered the Lord's Supper. In the evening talked about the heathen.

### FOURTH JOURNEY TO FREETOWN—MRS. BROOKS'S DEATH.

7th. I made up my mind to go again to town for the missionaries. But the more I needed quiet, to think, and arrange, the more people rushed to me for business, so that I had to be on a keen jump all day, and became very much wearied; but succeeded in fixing the schooner, and getting ready.

The next morning early, a canoe brought a load of brother Brooks's things, which we unloaded; and at nine o'clock I started with ten paddles towing the schooner. On my way, spent much of my time in writing letters to America. Did not have very favorable winds, but got ahead slowly. On the night of the 10th, I arose, and found the rudder again in the hands of a man who did not understand the compass, and the schooner was going back, towards York Island, from whence we came. Felt somewhat vexed, but begged God to preserve me from sinful feelings; and teach me how to conduct myself. Such carelessness and disregard, on the part of the workmen, is one of the trials of the missionary, among the ignorant and degraded.

12th, P.M. We arrived at York, where brother and sister Brooks had stayed. As I approached the house, Sarah (Margru) ran to meet me, exclaiming, "O Mr. Thompson, how glad I am to see you! How glad I am! But Mrs. Brooks is dead: she died yesterday, and was buried to-day!!" And brother Brooks had had fever for six days, and was then in very high fever!

Truly, God's ways are not our ways, but blessed be His name for the sweet confidence He gives us, that all He does is RIGHT and BEST.

Here, also, we see the foolishness of man's wisdom.—Nearly every one thought that Fidelia C. Brooks was peculiarly adapted for the African field, and that none would stand the climate better: but lo! she falls sooner than any one who has been sent to the Mission! She lives not to reach the Mission!! But it is proper to remark, that neither myself nor brother Brooks feel that she died from the effects of the climate; we rather feel that her death was caused by other influences entirely separate and distinct. [1,] she had a high brain fever forty-two days, every day of the passage, during which time she suffered unaccountably, but patiently, enough, we might suppose, to kill almost any common person—the greater wonder being that she did not die before reaching Africa—so that she was landed in an extremely weak and emaciated condition. She gained strength and appeared to be doing well, [2,] but for some imprudence, growing out of her large benevolence of soul, and her de-

sire to accommodate, and administer to the wants of others, even to the sacrifice of her own health, convenience and comfort.

She was importuned to do some work in Freetown, for a lady, and not wishing to refuse, she did work beyond her strength, so that her dear husband was frequently obliged to kindly take the work from her hands, and lay it up. What effect this over exertion had in again bringing on fever we know not, but feel that it was imprudent. And some think she walked too far, daily, for exercise—but my own opinion is, such morning walks were conducive to health and vigor.

[3.] She could not endure the salt water, or its breeze, to touch her, and when she again went on the water in the canoe, her fever again came on, so that she was obliged to stop at York. [4.] And during the last days of her sickness, her husband was unable to attend upon her, being taken with fever himself, so that she did not have the attention necessary. What would have been the result had she received the undivided care of her husband, we know not. She chose, and was treated with, the water treatment, till brother Brooks was taken sick, after which there was no one to be with her, who understood it.

But it is useless to be treating of "ifs" and "buts," and "had it been so and so," &c. She died: such was God's will; and such was right, and such was best—for her, her husband, Africa, and the world. This much we know for a certainty; and with the dispensations of a kind Father we are satisfied, and say, "It is the LORD, let Him do as seemeth Him good."

The husband, though he deeply and keenly felt his loss, could not wish it otherwise, but said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

They loved each other with a strength and purity of affection not often seen among men; but the separation was borne with the meekness, submission and fortitude of a Christian.

For the last two or three days, she was almost wholly destitute of fever, and appeared to die of exhaustion. She never regretted coming to Africa. She felt she had follow-

ed the leadings of Providence, and was in the path of duty, and rejoiced in each and all the dispensations of her kind and heavenly Father.

I remained with brother Brooks nearly five days, doing what I could for his comfort and restoration. He used the water treatment, giving all the directions and prescriptions himself. Frequent and daily bathing, taking the wet sheet, lying under dripping sheets, rubbing, wet sheet, &c.,—which course was very soothing, refreshing, bracing and invigorating, so that he had his reason through the whole, and was able to get off and on his bed without assistance; and came through safely, easily, and with comparatively little loss of strength.

While with him I was considerably unwell myself—wrote many letters, preached in the Wesleyan chapel, talked, read, sung, &c.

Had sent the schooner on to town before me, and on the 17th I started on foot with one or two of my men, for Freetown, distance twenty-five or thirty miles on the sand beach. I walked fast and without stopping, for nine hours, which stiffened me very much, and I was glad to stop at Wilberforce, about two miles from Freetown.

### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

At Goodrich, a pleasant little incident occurred. I bought one cent's worth of bananas, and passed on. After I left, the company were talking about my preaching there two years before, and the woman who sold me the fruit learned that she had sold her bananas to a minister. I had passed on some distance, when I was arrested by the cry of "Daddy, daddy," and saw the woman running after me. She came up, and said, "I did not know that you belonged to the church. I can't take anything for the bananas. Here is your copper." I said, "Very well, I give it you." "Thank you daddy," and back she went. "Especially to those who are of the household of faith."

In town, did business, repaired and loaded the schooner, and mailed letters. On the 19th, I walked till I became very warm, then sat in the breeze, which brought on a chill

and fever, so that I did not go out on the Sabbath, but read a little. (For nearly two weeks after, I had a chill every fourth day, till we reached the Mission.) P. M., we started out, with twelve persons on board, and arrived at York about 11 A. M. of next day. Found brother Brooks getting better, but not quite able to go aboard the schooner, as he would have to walk half a mile to get to it: so we concluded to wait till Monday (four days,) for him to gain a little strength.

## SUICIDE.

On the 23d, a "West African Methodist" minister, in York, hung himself, which caused a great excitement throughout the town. Strong drink was the cause. I wrote two temperance cards on the occasion, but Thomas Raston refused to print them for love or money; as also the Government office in Freetown.

On the morning of the 26th, Saturday, brother Brooks and myself walked to the grave of his dear Fidelia, about three-quarters of a mile distant. He did not see her when she died, nor when they buried her, and it was hard to realize the fact of her death, till he sat by her grave, reflected, talked and prayed. But his soul was submissive.

On the Sabbath, I preached a temperance sermon. Brother Brooks and all went to the chapel. I showed how the Bible condemns the drinking customs of Sierra Leone. Some grog-sellers were present, who writhed sorely. P. M., brother Decker preached another temperance discourse, in another part of the town, which caused much agitation and stir in York. Brother Decker is a strong man in body and soul, and was much encouraged by our co-operation with him.

Early on Monday morning, 28th, we loaded and went aboard, for a start. A mattrass was prepared in the cabin, so that brother Brooks could lie down comfortably, and we weighed anchor. Sailed well, except that the captain again left the rudder in the hands of one who did not understand the compass, and we went out to sea, far out of our way, and got among the banks and shallows, on the shoals of St. Ann—having considerable trouble to get again on our course.

But the Lord helped us, and we reached the Mission Feb. 1, 1850, at three-and-a-half o'clock in the morning.

Much joy was manifested at our arrival—multitudes crowded to shake our hands; and though it was yet dark, when we went ashore, we found the boys ranged in a long line, as orderly as a company of soldiers, to shake our hands as we passed along. It was a pleasing sight. The meeting of Margru and Teme, (the two Amistad girls,) was a joyful one. They now met, not only as former fellow-sufferers, but as sisters in the bonds of the gospel. Brother Brooks exclaimed, as he reached the Mission-house, "I feel happy, as if I had got home." Many, old and young, embraced me with warm affection. There were plenty of people on hand to help, and we soon had the schooner unloaded, and began to arrange matters as seemed necessary.

### VISIT TO MONGRAY—MANDINGO SCHOOL.

In the time of the war, Mr. Raymond redeemed a boy, with the condition that he should be sent out of the country, and he accordingly sent him to Sierra Leone. The boy lived with Geo. H. Decker till this time, and since the war was done, and as the boy wished to live at the Mission, we brought him back, but felt it necessary to see Kissicummah about him, to save any future palaver. Therefore, Bunyan and myself started for Mongray the same day of our arrival, on foot. Found the king perfectly willing that the boy should return. He remarked, "That palaver all done. When he was taken away, that was *war-heart*, now it *all peace*."

Talked over some other matters with Kissicummah. He asked about my wife, if she had come, &c.; and appeared pleased that more missionaries had come to the country; inquired the name, very particularly, pronounced it, and tried to get it fixed in his mind.

In the evening, saw a Mandingo school. The scholars were all seated on the ground, around a fire of small sticks; each one had a board, on which his lesson was written in Arabic. All read aloud, and appeared to apply themselves closely to their tasks. Some seemed to be learning A, B,

C, or first rudiments, and others reading on their boards, and others copying new lessons from the book of their teacher. It was quite an interesting sight, and continued with zeal, till after I went to sleep—and began again in the morning before I awoke.

They wrote expertly, and workmanlike. Their inkstand, a small earthen pot of native manufacture; their pen, a large stalk of grass, roughly made; their books, smooth boards. When a lesson was thoroughly learned, it was rubbed off with sand, or a rough leaf, and a new lesson written. Mandingo teachers are quite numerous; and in many towns they have schools, in which are taught the Mahomedan prayers, reading Arabic, &c. No doubt, God will make great use of these schools, in the conversion of Africa. They enable the people to read the New Testament in Arabic.

On the 2d, returned by the way of Pa-paw (see map), where they promised to build me a chapel, to have preaching, as often as we could come for that purpose. In the evening, attended meeting, and talked to the people.

3d. Preached from John 3: 16, to a crowded house. After meeting I was unwell. At four o'clock, administered the Lord's Supper, with a fever upon me, and had quite an interesting season.

4th. In the evening, brother Brooks was quite unwell—sour stomach, cholic, &c. Hours passed before he obtained relief; and the next day he had chill and fever.

6th. Much company to see the new missionary, and a press of care and business. About 11 A. M., I went to bed, till night, and sweat profusely to forestall a chill. Brother B. much troubled with disordered stomach, &c., again.

7th. Engaged L. J. (Kinna) as a Mission visitor. We have long felt the need of such help, since our own time and strength are so occupied, that we have but little time for such an all-essential part of the missionary work. He is to oversee the boys at their work, from seven to nine o'clock; then visit till three; then again be with the boys from three till five.

9th. Started two men to go up the river to talk to the people there.

12th. Brother Brooks went into the school, and was much pleased with what he saw. Towards night we walked around the farm.

14th. We rode in canoe to Barmah, on some business, and to let brother Brooks see the place. Walked about the town, heard the Mandingo teacher read, saw his school, large books of manuscript, &c.

Last night had a tornado, thunder, and rain, a thing very unusual for this season of the year, it being the dry season. (The dry season is from November to May. The rainy, from May to November, in frequent hard showers.)

17th. Preached twice. Truth seemed to be carried right to the heart, and pleasing evidences were given of its happy effects. In the evening, many talked, and prayed, and we had a blessed meeting. The fire began to burn anew.

### JOURNEY TO HARNHOO.

21st. Being very unwell for a number of days with bowel complaint, and having but little chance for rest or quietness at the Mission, we thought it might do us both good to take a ride, and relax our care-pressed minds a little, and took canoe for Harnhoo (see map), the residence of king Karmokoo, who had been brought back from captivity.

The ride wearied me much. The king seemed very glad to see us. He had been back but a few weeks, and the people were yet dramming, and dancing for joy, day and night. It was kept up all night, and the next morning: such was the general delight to see their king again among them. We could sleep but little. I was very unwell all night, and obliged to be up and down many times.

In the morning, talked over some matters to the king, reproved him sharply for an offensive, persecuting edict he had issued against some of his people who had embraced the gospel *without asking him!* Showed him the nature of his conduct—that he was setting himself up against God, by forbidding his people to obey their Maker, unless they first asked him whether they might do it!

He acknowledged he had forbidden them to plant rice, &c., on account of their praying, and bringing the gospel within his dominion without his permission.

Now Karmokoo had always appeared peculiarly friendly to the Mission, and claims to have saved it from destruction during the war, and had actually set apart a place for a Mission, near his own town—but because some of his people came to the Mission, were converted, and went home to exhort their brethren—because the town renounced their idols, kept the Sabbath, prayed, &c., without first consulting him, he was stirred up against them, by vile, envious, designing, crafty counselors, perhaps by Mahomedans, to punish them as above. Some, in the furnace, renounced the Savior, but others remained *firm*, declaring that nothing, that no one, should make them leave Jesus. We hope that a leaven has been cast among them, which will soon spread through the whole community, and leaven it for God.

### SIMPLE NATURE'S VIEWS OF PRAYER-READING.

My second school-teacher was educated in Sierra Leone, a Churchman, and had always been accustomed to read prayers. When I engaged him I told him plainly that we had no prayer-reading at the Mission, and I did not wish him to try to introduce the custom. If he could not pray in the school extempore, call on the children and they could pray.

When we returned from Harnhoo, he came to me with a long complaint against a number of the scholars, and others, for improper conduct—laughing, irreverence for the worship of God, and going out at chapel prayers. I heard his story, and thought they were greatly culpable, and deserving of punishment; but I called the boys and others, and heard their account of the matter. They confessed they did laugh, go out, &c.—but they were so disgusted by seeing him cover his face in his hands, and read his prayers out of a book, in the chair, that they could feel no reverence or sobriety at the time of such worship. Some looked about, some would not kneel, some giggled, and some left the house in disgust, at such unusual, unheard of practices in the house of God. They had only known of such prayer as the heart dictated. No one ever told them of prayer-

books, or such kind of worship, so that their opposition did not arise from prejudice, or education, or sectarian feeling. It was the pure judgment of the unbiassed reason, of nature in her simplicity. For myself I was rather pleased at the exhibition of feeling. And while I told the children wherein they acted improperly, I said to the teacher, "You are to blame in the matter, and not the children. You had no right to try to introduce such a custom, especially as I had expressly prohibited that very thing. These children have more sense than to try to worship God in such a manner."

He acknowledged his wrong, and at the evening meeting brother Brooks spoke to the children, explaining the force of education, and tried to reconcile their feelings towards their teacher. They were ready to overlook the matter and treat him with respect and obedience.

### SETTING UP THE PRESS.

27th. In the morning unwell, and did but little. In the afternoon opened the box which contained our printing press. I brought it to Africa with me, nearly two years before; but brother Carter dying, who understood printing, and I knowing nothing about it, I never ventured to open the box, and it sat in the same place, on the piazza, till now; brother Brooks being a genius, we concluded to *try*, and succeeded in putting the various parts together. I have much felt the need of a printing press for the good of our school. May the Lord incline printers, as well as preachers, to engage in the good work. Africa needs books, prepared *especially* for the use of the children, suited to their case.

### VISIT OF BROTHER JAMES BEALE.

As I stood at the wharf, in the evening of the 28th, I heard the splashing of oars. I waited till the canoe came up, and in the dark directed them into the wharf, when, lo! my beloved friend from Freetown, James Beale, came ashore, and was received with great joy to the humble accommodations of our bachelor hall. It was the first visit I had received of any white man at the Mission, and it was truly

refreshing to us, in our exiled state. He had started on an exploring tour to look out a situation for a new Mission, having the *Gallinas* especially in view. And perhaps a place could not be found, where a Mission is more urgently demanded for the good of Africa. I should have taken possession of that important post, long before, could I have obtained teachers; but I could not, and we rejoiced to see any Christian denomination ready and able to enter the field.

Brother Beale remained with us that night, and the next day till noon, and then continued his journey.

I afterwards learned that he arrived there safely, and found the chiefs willing that he should establish a mission among them; but they could not then stop to make arrangements with him, as they were engaged in war with a colony of fugitive slaves, who had collected in large numbers in fortified towns, in a situation very difficult of access. When the war should be over he could come, make all needful arrangements, and begin among them. He preached to them frequently, and was listened to with great attention.

His journey, of a number of weeks, was very important and interesting; in making discoveries, selecting sites for missions, correcting and preparing a map of that part of the country, &c.

He is a *teetotaller*, drank no wines, or liquors, and enjoyed excellent health, while others of his brethren, touring in other parts, at the same time, drank wine, brandy, &c., and were ill all the time. This fact should speak volumes against the "drinking customs" of Sierra Leone, and of some *American* missionaries, too.

March 2d. Gave an Arabic Testament to a Mahomedan minister, who read it with ease and delight. He wrote for me two Arabic manuscript books, containing the sacred sentences which they put in their charms.

4th. Brother B. had another turn of cholic, vomiting, &c. Kissicummah's son came to see me—brought a Mandingo book he had been writing for me. It is composed of the Arabic pieces which are used in their greegrees and charms, to keep off all evil from the person who wears them. They call it a "*medicine* Book"—each greegree, or charm, is

called "*medicine.*"* In the evening brother B. and myself attended class, that he might get acquainted with the members, and be prepared to conduct the same classes in my absence, at any time.

A Mendi chief, Bea Bungo came, who had the small pox, at Bendoo, and recovered. He said, "Your salts cured me. I prayed plenty for God to heal me, and He heard me, and now I want to serve Him."

In the evening we attended class again, and had a blessed season. God was there. A number confessed, and talked well. Some wished to join the church. Bea Bungo attended, and talked well. He said, "I have left all my wicked ways, and now wish to serve God and do good. I am thankful plenty, for the mercy of God, and wish to learn to do His will."

One of the church members accused Bunyan of certain faults. I called them together, and heard the case. There being no proof of anything, but only accusation and prejudice, Bunyan was exonerated, and at a church meeting in the evening, a committee appointed to wait on the accusing brother. They talked and prayed with him after meeting. He humbled himself, confessed his sins to them, to Bunyan, to me, &c., and begged pardon, which was granted.

Brother B. and I again attended class. The lambs evince their need of constant feeding and watch-care.

The two boys in my room also made confessions to me,

* These Arabic sentences are enclosed in goats' horns, in leather cases, in cloth bags, &c.; to be worn around the neck, body, wrists, ankles, in the hair, on the garments—to protect them from all evil—from enemies, wild beasts, witches, sickness, war—to make people love them, to get money quick, to have good luck, to kill enemies, to keep a bullet from hurting them—to make it rain, to make the weather good, &c. They are hung up in the house, to keep all evil spirits from entering—in the farm, to keep beasts from destroying their crops, to keep away locusts, birds, &c.

Sometimes, the "medicine" is written on a board, washed off in a basin, and *drank*, to cure diseases of various kinds. The people, generally, who are able to get them, wear and trust in them. They are mostly made by Mahomedans. Many have given them up, and all are willing to hear. They only want the light and truth. Shall they have it? "Who will go for us?"

after meeting, and we prayed together. I fear I have not been so tender towards them as the gospel requires—"*I was gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.*" "*Affectionately desirous*,"—"*with many tears*"—"*and now tell you even weeping*," &c. O! for this Paul-like tenderness—this gospel, soul-melting, lovely gentleness of a tender-hearted nurse. I feel my unfitness for a shepherd, but may God fit me, and magnify His grace through my awkwardness and unworthiness, and His shall be the praise.

I feel conscious of a growing roughness, perhaps sourness, of manner and spirit, arising out of my circumstances—alone, keeping bachelor's hall, constantly pressed with trials, surrounded only by heathen degradation, &c. I greatly feel the need of the *soothing, smoothing, mellowing, cheering, pruning, purifying, elevating, supporting* influence of my sympathising, loving WIFE. Surely they who refuse to missionaries this holy, meet, God-ordained influence, and say that they should never have a wife, "know not what they do;" may my "Father forgive them." Surely, if any man on earth needs this heaven-provided help, it is the missionary, situated as I am.

### THE YOUNG PREACHER.

At five o'clock, brother B. and myself walked to a small town to hear Bunyan preach, where it was his custom to go every Sabbath afternoon. When we arrived we found a company of school children, seated orderly, amid the collection of natives, and one of them preaching to the people! At our unexpected approach the boy was somewhat confused, but we said, "Go on," and he talked well to them, about the Savior, and how he felt in his own mind, and what the gospel would do for them, if they would embrace it, &c. I talked some, and closed the meeting.

### VISIT TO MONGRAY, ABOUT THE RENT.

11th. I arose early, cooked, and ate my breakfast, then, with Bunyan, started for Mongray, to see Kissicummah,

about the rent. We were four and a half hours walking the distance, through wet grass, and an excessively bad road. The fire had been through the grass fields (prairies), and the tall, thick, large grass, from fifteen to twenty feet high, had fallen crosswise, and was very much tangled, so that it was necessary to go bowed nearly double, much of the time, to get along at all. O! an African road!! No one who has not tried it can form any idea of the difficulty of traveling through an African "Bush." It was a hot day, and we bathed frequently in the streams, which was very bracing and invigorating. Saw plenty of deer. Found the old gentleman, glad to see me, and conversed with him. (See "*Mission rent*," page 92.)

We walked back, the same day, in a hot sun, "with a rush," and came through, a little after dark, much wearied, having walked about twenty-five miles. I was a little lame, and Bunyan, the next day, could scarcely walk.

On the 12th, the chiefs came again, and I paid them $100, in goods, and took their receipt, signed by Sycummah, Kalifah, Kissicummah's son, &c.—to February, 1850. They went over to *Te-boom*, where Sycummah was sick, gave him a share, and divided the rest among themselves.

It was a bustling day. In addition to the rent confusion, I was getting ready to start, the next day, for the Mendi country, and my people were all eager, not only to get their back pay, but to trust goods from me to pay them for months to come, while I should be absent. It was not enough for them that brother Brooks would be there to attend to them: they were not much acquainted with him yet, and wished to get advanced pay, before I left. Thus I was driven and pressed till bed time. The difficulty of dealing with an ignorant heathen people, cannot be known, till tried. There is abundant opportunity for patience.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JOURNEY TO TISSANA—A NEW STATION BEGUN.

There had long been calls from the interior, for the establishment of a Mission there, and I had long desired to go and explore the field, and begin a new station, but had no one to leave in my place, while absent.

I was advised not to enlarge operations till the increase of men and means would warrant such a movement. I longed, and prayed, and begged for such an increase, from the churches, but in vain. The field was perishing, and open for laborers, and we felt that God called on us imperiously to enlarge at once, and trust in Him for help. We dared not resist. I said, "We must begin in the interior. If the churches will not sustain such a movement, I will meet the expense myself. We MUST '*Go up at once, and possess the land.*' To resist the call would be to fight against the plain indications of God's providence, and His manifested will."

Accordingly, March 13th, 1850, with four men to paddle, Bunyan, as an interpreter, and one of my little boys, I started, in a canoe, for the Mendi country. (Follow me on the map.) Arrived at Bendoo, at sun set. The small pox had been, and was still raging, and many had died. While the men were cooking supper, I talked and prayed with Thomas Caulker. He rehearsed many of his narrow escapes from death, and especially his last, when two others were drowned.

While in a boat, he was upset in a tornado, and was in the water nearly two hours, holding, all the time, his little boy. He said, "While in that condition, I prayed in Sherbro, so that the others could understand. 'O, Lord, have mercy on us sinners; O, Lord, help us. O, Christ, help us' —and the *storm ceased immediately.*"

At one time, war came to take Bendoo, when he had only eight warriors in the town. They were much frightened, and

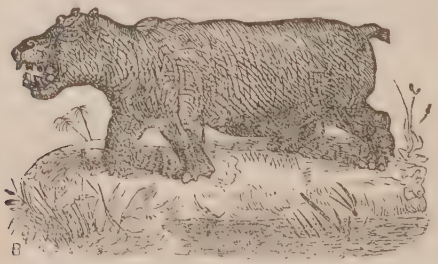
wanted to flee, but he encouraged them to trust in God, and chose twenty more, from the youth, placing them around the barricade to man the guns. At times, the barricade was beaten down, and they wished to run, but he said, "Be not afraid—trust in God, and you shall see," and they drove the enemy.

At times, when about to send his war off, they have asked him to give them *Mandingo charms*, such as others had, but he called one, had him kneel before him, laid his hand on his head, and said, "God be with you"—then another, and another, in like manner—then said to all, "God be with you all, my people," and they would go forth to drive their enemies.

About nine o'clock in the evening we passed on for a number of hours, and stopped to sleep on the sand a short time, and then proceeded till near noon—cooked, and passed on till night, to *Mbwap*. Another town was near, and the people of both towns were collected, and I preached to them. The little boy talked and prayed. We had an interesting meeting.

Started early, and pulled till four o'clock, to *Moh-cab-by*, where one of my men was taken sick, and I remained all night, and preached again to a house full.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



During the day, saw *Hippopotami* near us. Their snorting and looks were frightful. They are ponderous creatures.

This huge animal abounds in many of the African rivers. They have their *particular places*—as much as the natives

have their towns—so that we always know just where to go to find them. During the day, they go out on land to feed, and sleep in the high grass. Natives, who are familiar with their haunts, sometimes waylay, and kill them with spears and muskets.

In the night, they sometimes give chase to a canoe, especially if there is a light in it.

All the natives unite in saying to me that a Hippopotamus *cannot turn short about*, on land, to attack anything behind them.

I have had their tusks about one foot long. The body must be from eight to twelve feet long, and very large in proportion. Legs short, and very stout.

Next day proceeded, bathing in the river, on the beautiful sand banks, shooting pelicans for our food, &c., till near night, and stopped at Mah-ke-tah to spend the Sabbath. The men dressed our birds in the evening. We had a pleasant Sabbath. The people tried their best to please, and make us comfortable. On the Sabbath I preached in the forenoon, and Bunyan in the afternoon, to an interested people. They exclaimed, "Thank you—that's true—thank you." In the afternoon, I asked if they wished to say anything. They replied, "We no sabby book, and we don't know how to talk. We believe what you say, that God says we must work six days, and no work on the seventh. We believe it." "Will you do it?" "We will."

My bed had white clean sheets, as no other native ever furnished me, my water was in a fine gilt pitcher, and other comforts eagerly provided.

On Saturday, we passed and called at Bah-man-ne, a large town, and an important place for a station. The chief, Bah-mach, is very friendly. Numerous other towns were passed, without calling.

At Mah-ke-tah, trading canoes called, and finding we would not travel on the Sabbath, they also stopped, and attended our meeting.

On Monday, we started with setting poles, as the river frequently spread out, in a beautiful silver sheet, over fine gravel banks, and we could often make faster headway with poles than with paddles. The banks had now become

bold and high, and the current very strong. About nine o'clock, we called to cook breakfast, and found a canoe load of rice, &c., from Mendi, going to the Mission. As it was from the very town, and chief, to which we were going, they turned, and went back with us. That day, the scenery was fine: the banks increased in height, and hills became frequent. Towns thickly studded the shore all along.

We passed Sabby, mention of which is made in a former part of the work. The town had just been burned down, by the fire catching from the prairie, but the people remembered and were glad to see me again.

At Moh-ker-is, we spent the night, and had another meeting. They listened with great interest, and asked questions. They thanked me—believed my words—and wished me well.

Next day, the appearance along the river, was much like the scenery on American rivers; the country all high, rolling, and rocky.

Called at Ger-a-hoo and saw BAW-BAW, a head war man, whose name spreads terror among the enemy wherever heard. A fine situation.

At Kissi-haul, we cooked. It is a large town, high and pleasant.

Found another Kaw Mendi, with FABANNA, a great war man, as its chief. He received me with great demonstrations of joy—embraced me, took me to his house, gave me a country cloth, &c. And when we left, fired seven big guns to let the country know that the white man had come. Many did not understand the shooting, and were alarmed, supposing war had broken out again, but they soon found there was no danger.

At Lah-van-ah, they received us with much pleasure. The chief was very glad to see me, and gave me a fowl.

We passed many other towns, and at length came to Soom-bwe-a, a walled town, large, and "full of people"—the head-quarters of trade, on Big Boom river. The wall is composed of dry clay balls, about seven inches long, by three or four thick. About fifteen feet high, and three thick at the bottom, and one at top—holes left all around to shoot through. On the outside a deep ditch in shape of a V, so

that no man can stand at the foot of the wall. The gates are of a solid piece of wood, bolted inside. The ditch is crossed on a single log. This town was taken, a year or so before, and was all destroyed, but had been built up again, and was filled with people like a bee-hive.

It was here that brother Raymond once sent Bunyan to buy rice. Many came on Sunday to sell to him, but he refused to buy any till Monday. The other traders bought all they could on Sunday, but the most of the people kept their rice till Monday to sell to Bunyan: and he bought more in two or three days than all the other traders could buy in weeks.

They were surprised and rejoiced to see a white man, and many pressed to shake my hand, and even after we turned to go away, others saw us, and cried out, "Seno, Seno," (I am glad to see you,) and we had to stop and shake hands. Here, Bunyan and I left the canoe to go on, and we walked to Moh-bun-go, the town of Bea Bungo, spoken of before. This place had been destroyed by the war, but was again built up, without any wall. Another place for traders.

From thence we crossed the river to Tissana, the place of our destination, the town of Braw, Commander-in-chief of all the Boompeh war, and the one who had been pleading so long for a Mission at his place. His town had also been burned, but he was re-building it, and had reserved a place for a Mission establishment. I had given him encouragement that I would come, and he was looking for me, and had told around that the white man would surely come, for he had said so.

### MEETING OF BRAW.

On the wide sand beach he came down to meet me, old, gray headed, broken down by war, but with looks and motions indicative of what he once had been.

As he approached, I could hear him at a distance, and till he came to me, repeating with gestures significant, "*O, Ga-waw! O, Feara Gawaw! Feara Gawaw! O, Gawaw! Feara, Feara, Feara, Feara Gawaw!*" &c., which is

"thank God," many times repeated. He threw his arms around my neck, and embraced me with all the warmth of a long absent father, for some time. The scene was touching to my heart. The town was full of joy and rapture. All faces beamed gladness, as they crowded with shouting and clapping of hands, to get hold of my hand, saluting me with "*Seno, Seno.*"

The news of my arrival spread into the surrounding country as on the wings of the wind, and crowds assembled at Tissana, to see "Proo-moie," (the Mendi for white man,) so that I could do but little else, for days, than content myself to be put up to public gaze, shake hands from morning to night, hear their exclamations of wonder and amazement, and receive their thanks for coming to their country to teach them.

### THE RIVER—RAPIDS.

The river and country is beautiful—not to be excelled—current rapid, water fine and clear, and beautiful sand bottom. Here navigation ceases, on account of rocks, rapids, and cascades, which are grand, affording some of the finest mill seats in the world.

From this point, up as far as I went, rapids are of frequent occurrence, with short distances of smooth water between them. As far as I could hear anything about it, interior, they increased in number and height, till, (as I was told,) "they fell as high as a palm tree." Probably they continue to the source, which I suppose to be in the Kong mountains, from which elevation the river comes pitching and tumbling magnificently, over the huge masses of rocks, till it reaches Tissana. From which place, to the sea, it is smooth and navigable for steamboats of large size, three-fourths of the year. Big Boom varies in width from one-fourth to one-half mile, and during the rains especially, pours a mighty rushing flood of cold mountain water into the ocean; and probably the day is not far distant when its banks will be studded, adorned, and enriched by great cities, manufactories, mills, machinery, &c., and its bosom dotted with puffing steamers, as it now is with native

canoes. Such a river, and such a country, cannot long remain shut out from the lightning-speed improvements which are revolutionizing every country known to the civilized world.

### BRAW'S SUFFERINGS AND FEELINGS.

In the evening of our arrival, Bunyan, Braw, and myself, walked out, by moonlight, upon the broad, white sand-beach, and seated ourselves on the sand, where Braw gave us an account of his trials and sufferings.

He had been falsely accused of acting a traitor's part, or, as they term it, "being scandal for the war." They came upon him suddenly, bound and beat him most horribly, stamped upon him with their feet, and declared they would kill him, anyhow.

He says, "They tied my arms behind me, my feet together, and whipped me all day, till the blood ran plenty, and till I fainted and fell over. Then they cut the ropes, sharpened their cutlasses, rubbed them over my head, and said, 'To-morrow you must die.'" That evening he crawled into the grass and prayed, "O God, if I have acted rogue fashion for this war, let them kill me; but if I have not acted rogue fashion, let them not kill me. Save my life and protect me"—and he lives, a monument of God's mercy.

I asked, "How do you feel towards these men?" Ans. "I remembered the word you wrote to me, to do my enemies good, and leave them with God, and when one of them came here, I told him, 'The Book palaver live in my head, and I shan't mind anything about it. I leave it all with God.'"

His son, when once at the Mission, said, "My father acts foolish. When any of these men who beat him, come to his place, he cooks for them, and does them all the good he can!" Such foolishness gave me great joy.

In addition to the beating, they took away most of his wives, many of his people, and everything valuable they could find, so that he is now a poor man. From being the greatest in all that country, from being a stout, nimble,

driving, thundering warrior, his constitution (by his beating) is broken down, his spirit humbled, and he led to feel that he is a man, a sinful man, needing pardon, light, and peace from God; says he is sick of war, leaves it forever, and pleads to be taught in things of eternal consequence. His afflictions have been the means of leading him to think of his latter end, and I trust he will yet be saved.

He was anxious to show me the place he had reserved for the Mission premises—a fine situation near the town. I accepted it, and made necessary arrangements with him, in writing, to prevent future dispute.

### MEETING OF CHIEFS—CUSTOMS.

I went through the customary forms of the country in receiving a "stranger" among them. The chiefs around were called together, that he might "show me to them," and get their formal consent for me to live among them, and their promise to defend me. A place was cleared off in the bush for holding councils, and there they assembled. I met and "shook their hands," with a present of about twenty dollars worth of goods, at African prices. They accepted my "shake" with great pleasure, and many thanks. I was now received as the guest and friend of all. I had "shown myself to them." To "make known my business," to "show them what I came for," another present was necessary, according to the fashion of the country. For this I gave thirty or forty dollars worth of goods.

I talked to them, and made known what I came among them for—not to take money, nor to bring money, nor to get a name, but to teach them how to please God, and do His will, and to teach their children.

They accepted me as their "stranger," to live among them wherever Braw should give me a place, to do them all good. Braw talked, and opened the goods to show them, often repeating his expressions of thanks, "Gawaw feara, Gawaw feara, Feara Gawaw, Feara Gawaw, O, Gawaw!" He would place his hands on the cloth, and repeat the same —hold up a piece before them, kiss it, and repeat "Feara Gawaw." Then turning to me, he said, "*Feara-kah*,

*Feara-kah, Feara*-KAH, KAH, KAH, KAH." (The "kah" means *plenty*, and gives *intensity* to the "thank you." And where repeated as above, gives vehement significancy to their gratitude.)

The chiefs then made speeches to Braw, he often repeating "Gawaw, Feara Gawaw." Then turning to me would repeat very energetically, "*Feara-kah, Feara*-KAH, KAH." All seemed to be much pleased at seeing *Proo-moie*, and at my present before them.

One asked Braw, "What has your stranger come for—to trade?" Answer, "No, he came to talk God palaver, and to do us good."

I had now "shown myself to them," and been accepted as their "stranger." I had made known my business, and asked for "a place to sit down," which was granted, with the privilege of trade, teaching, and preaching.

I had paid about sixty dollars in goods, which secured the united protection of all the chiefs, so that if Braw, or his successor, at any time, should try to "drive" the Mission, the matter can be "showed" to the chiefs, and they are bound to stand by me. No rent is paid, it being thought an unwise plan. Land for tillage, house building materials, fire wood, and protection, are included in the term "stranger." Braw, or his successor, is to be civil Judge, so that the Missionary need no more be burdened with such things.

The following is a copy of the

AGREEMENT BETWEEN GEO. THOMPSON AND BRAW.

1st. Braw agrees, and hereby doth give to George Thompson and his successors, a place to sit down by him as his "stranger," for the purpose of establishing a Mission to teach school, and preach the gospel, for any length of time. He and his successors are to be the landlords of the Mission, which term includes the provision of land for a farm, firewood, timber for building, protection, hearing, and judging of palavers, and first making him (the landlord) acquainted with the plans of the Mission, before executing them, &c.

2d. He agrees to build a good house for the teacher, for an equivalent of twelve bars (six dollars), and also, a chapel, for an equivalent of twenty-four bars, (twelve dollars.)

3d. George Thompson and his successors agree to preach the gospel, and instruct the children, finding them books and clothing gratis, for ten years from date of this—supposing by that time the people will so value the blessings of education, as to be willing to do something to procure the same.

REQUIREMENT OF GEO. THOMPSON AND SUCCESSORS.

1st. All who send children to the school must feed the same, or give to the Mission an equivalent of two bars (one dollar), a month, in rice, country cloths, oil, or anything that can be used in, or disposed of by the Mission—in which case they will be taken into the Mission family and provided for.

2d. The Mission is to make its own school regulations and laws, without any interference from parents, guardians, or chiefs.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

(Signed) BRAW, HIS ⋈ MARK.

MAHOMMEDOO, HIS ⋈ MARK.

*Witnesses,* { BEA BUNGO, FAH-JAN-GAH.

TISSANA, Africa, May 28th, 1850.

This *Mahommedoo* is Braw's son, who, if he lives, will be his father's successor.

*Fa-jan-gah* is Braw's brother.

*Bea Bungo* is a chief, on the opposite side of the river, who takes a deep interest in the Mission, and gives me good encouragement to hope that his heart has been changed by the Spirit of God. More about him hereafter.

OTHER INCIDENTS AT TISSANA.

Braw said that a small boy was his accuser, and caused him all his suffering. When he accused him before the chiefs, Braw turned and said to him, "You say so and

so, when I have been fighting for this country so much. Very well, I leave it to God. *God will fight against you.*"

It is said the boy was struck sick suddenly, the same day, and remained thus, in great distress, till the time I left.

My house was crowded every day with spectators. Observing one woman approach, with apparent fear, I asked, as I shook hands, "Are you afraid?" "Yes." "Did you never see a white man before?" "No."

A Mandingo came, who could talk English, and seemed quite intelligent. He was a great talker, and gave me a little of his Mahomedan theory of things, and I gave him mine. I told him of Mahomet's rise and progress, of his fighting, &c. He replied, "So he begin, my book tell me so, you talk true word. Ah! this white man, he sabby book too much. I believe what he says. Mr. Raymond sabby book plenty, but this man pass him. Ah! this white man sabby book true, true," and so on—little dreaming of what an ignoramus he was talking with. I learned from him that the Mahomedan books treat of various mechanical arts, of astronomy, the changes of moon, figures, weeks, months, years, &c.

All Mahomedans are called "*Murry* men," and are looked up to as *teachers*. They called me a Murry man, which caused me to inquire of this man the meaning of the term. He said, "It means one who understands and practices *God palaver*, true, true. You are a true Murry man."

A woman came from Gon-gom-mah, who knew Mr. Raymond. She was a great talker, and offered to send me cow's milk, which came, and was a luscious feast.

### A PLEASING INCIDENT OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

A father came with his little boy, six years old, to see me. In the morning, the boy said to his papa, "Now, father, to-day I wish to go and see the *white man*, you and I." While with me, I spoke of putting the child to school. The father asked him, "Shall I give you to the white man to learn book?" The child very beautifully replied, "I no done ask *mammy* yet, wait till I ask her, and if she is willing, no palaver," (*i. e.*, I shall not object). It pleased

me much. Such regard for a mother's will is not common among children of that age, even in Christian countries. He was a remarkably smart and interesting child.

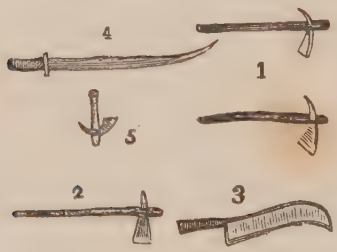
I asked a father, "Why is it that children are not afraid of me?" Ans. "Because they know you are a good man. Before, all were afraid of the Spaniards, and would run, because they caught and sold people."

### MY AXE.

Toward night, one day, I took my axe to exercise a little in chopping. The people gathered around in great amazement, and shouted, as I made the chips of a soft cotton tree fly, and split the sticks with a stroke. They had never seen our axes, nor any one cut wood at such a rate. My axe was a wonder to them. When I stopped, they cried, "*Bisia*, *bisia*," (thank you,) and clapped their hands.

At another time, I took one of my men and cleared out a mass of a tree top, and entangled vines, which had fallen across the path. They went *round* it, and probably would never have cleared it away. They were much pleased to see me do it, thanked me, and received some new ideas relative to improvement.

### AFRICAN FARMING UTENSILS.




The above cut represents the farming utensils of Western Africa. There are no plows, harrows, cultivators, horses,

oxen, wagons, or sleds, but all the work of clearing the land and cultivating the soil is done with the above implements.

(1) Represents their *hoes*—the upper one about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, the lower about $2\frac{1}{2}$. (2) Their *axe*—from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. (3) The *booker*, used for cutting brush and small sticks. (4) The *cutlass*, used to cut limbs and brush, to hew, (instead of a hatchet,) and also to fight with. (5) Their *adze*, used to dig out bowls, canoes, and in making many things.

### EXAMINED.

Day after day they crowded to see me, and many had to examine my legs, and praise their "beauty." Others took hold of my hand, turning it over and over, stroking and admiring it—and they must feel of my arms, and my hair, expressing their wonder and admiration.

### GIVING A WIFE.

It is a custom there, when a "stranger" comes to trade, or settle, if he is of wealth or note, for the landlord or king to offer him a wife, without "dowry." If he accepts of her the landlord feels a liberty to ask goods from his stranger, and frequent presents. If the stranger complains, or wants pay, or prosecutes him, the landlord very conveniently says, "I gave him a wife, and he never gave me anything for her. Let him pay me for her, and I will pay him." And he would be sure to set so high a price as to exceed the goods used, and thus the poor trader loses the whole.

In this way many traders (colored) from Freetown, who have wives there, go into the country, live with other women, and often leave their wifes altogether.

I have known some who nobly refused such offers, but where one remains stedfast, it is to be feared that many fall before the temptation.

They soon began to think of a wife for me, and seemed to be very much concerned for my welfare, when I told

them "I have one wife in America, and that is enough for me." They wondered how I could get along with only one wife, and she in another country. They thought the white man's law, in this respect, was very hard, and the women pitied me greatly!

When I first went among them they supposed my first object would be to get a wife; and the sable fair had many wonderings and queries among themselves which one of them should be so fortunate as to be chosen. Many attired themselves in their prettiest, and tripped around before me to gain my attention; and in various ways they tried to recommend themselves to my notice and favor. But whenever I saw any such manifestation, I studiously avoided them.

At one time, one of my men was questioned as follows: "What will your master do for a wife?" "He has a wife." "Where?" "In America." "Can't he have any in this country?" "No." "But will he have no wife here?" "No, he can't have any other."

I explained, from time to time, the gospel law of marriage, and feel that a good impression was made. The gospel, faithfully applied, will uproot and overturn all their polygamy, adultery and idolatry. God speed the day.

### A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

On one day Bunyan and I walked out into the back country some distance to observe. It was most beautiful—rolling and high—to all appearances one of the most splendid farming countries in the world. Soil rich, and in general gravelly, and the finest spring brooks warbling sweetly along the valleys.

With American cultivation, it might be made an earthly Paradise. And shall we not speedily introduce our knowledge and arts there? They are willing to learn—who is willing to go, or give, to teach them?

### GONGOMMAH.

Again we walked to Gon-gom-mah, a large barricaded

town, on an island of some twenty or thirty acres. It is so well fortified by nature and art, that the enemy have never been able to take it. There we found one cow, sheep and goats. There I met with a Mahomedan who talked English. Said he was born in Timbuctoo—had been to the West Indies. He had an old, well-worn Arabic testament, and wanted to get a new one. Was anxious to go to America with me. His whole demeanor was that of a gentleman. Wanted me to go with him to Timbuctoo.

I "shook the king's hand," with a few hooks, and they manifested great joy to see the white man in their town. They gave me milk, cooked rice for us, gave us a goat, mat and pea-nuts.

Near the town was a large rock, to which the poor deluded people sacrificed as their God! Rice, or a fowl, or a fish, is cooked, and placed before it in a bowl or on a plate. Bottles are also kept standing there. Such is their worship!

### BLESSED SABBATH.

In the morning I read till ten; then the people of Tissana, many from Mohbungo, and Soombwea, with many of the Sierra Leone traders, assembled in the "bush," seated on their mats, and I preached from "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." There was excellent attention and order. They confessed they were "glad tidings"—clapped their hands, exclaiming "*bah, bah,*" (thank you). A number of kings were present, and a good impression seemed to be made.

At two o'clock I left Bunyan to preach again at Tissana, and I went over the river to *Moh-bungo,* and preached to an interesting congregation. Then walked to *Soombwea,* where the king called the people together, and I preached again to a crowded "Barre." They exclaimed, "*bah, bah, Feara Kah.*"

The king (*Bul-li-sar-ki*), had made arrangements to go away, but hearing I was coming to preach, he remained. He followed me out of the town, and rehearsed some of his trials from another chief, who, he thought, had injured him.

I advised him to leave it all with God, and He would make it all right, and plead his cause. He said he would.

I returned to Tissana, much wearied, but greatly rejoicing in the privileges and occurrences of the day.

It was a new era in the history of that people.

A MISSIONARY PREACHING TO AFRICANS.

This cut is designed to give something of an idea of scenes of frequent occurrence in the life of a Missionary in Africa. The company is small, but sufficient to exhibit their dress, posture, and appearance.

At the left hand, is seen a plantain, or banana tree (for they are just alike, except that the plantain is a little the highest), which is very common in Africa, and furnishes a fruit much used for food. They grow separately, or in clusters, and are very easily cultivated.

SPINNING AND WEAVING.

Everywhere I went, I observed many of the women spinning, and the men weaving their country cloths.

A WOMAN SPINNING.

Their spinning apparatus is very simple: a mere large wooden spindle, with a round stone on the lower part to give

it force. It is whirled like a top with the right hand, while the cotton is held in the left, and the thread drawn out and twisted with astonishing evenness. It takes a woman about three weeks, with her other business, to spin enough for one common cloth, and a man three days to weave it, in a strip about six inches wide, and another man a day and a half to sew it together, to make a cloth about as large as a bed sheet, and this is sold for one bar! This cloth constitutes the full dress of the common people (see their dress in the preceding cut), though many cannot afford such a dress, but go with a small piece of cloth about their loins. (See other cuts.) They get but little for their labor. Traders often buy these cloths for a few leaves of tobacco, or a few beads, or some other worthless trinkets—then exchange them for rice, or palm oil, and make an immense profit.

We wish to introduce, as soon as possible, the wheel, and loom, and other improvements. They will eagerly grasp them, and seek to imitate us. It must be done gradually. At first, we must begin with such simple machinery that they can easily comprehend, and make for themselves, then more advanced. It will probably be impossible to introduce among them our improvements in the present advanced state. They must begin with A, B, C, and advance step by step.

On Monday, March 25th, I conversed with Braw. He wanted to learn A, B, C—tried to teach me Mendi words, and was much pleased when I could pronounce words after him good. I gave him a pair of pantaloons and a shirt, and lent him my coat to wear to the place of the peace meeting. He was greatly elated with white man's dress on, and his people were highly pleased to see him thus. A few years ago Bunyan was here trading. He asked Braw to call his people together that he might preach to them in Mendi. Braw refused, saying—"I am a *war* man, and am now fighting. If I call my people to hear God palaver, and then *go on fighting*, how will that look? If you wish to

talk to *me*, do so, but I can't call my people." Now, that same "war man" says he has left war forever. He has long called for the gospel to be preached to his people, calls them together, listens with them, and rejoices, and thanks God that he has lived to see such days! True, it was brought about by severe affliction and sore trouble, which made his very heart sick of war. But, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" He leads us often in ways we know not; but so long as He leads, we may rest assured, we shall come out right, though our pathway may be through storms, clouds, and darkness.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PEACE MISSION AND LABORS.

On the 26th of March, we left Tissana for the place of the meeting to make peace. We followed the river, crossing and re-crossing in canoes, till the middle of the afternoon, and stopped on an island, called *Beh-pee*, at a small town. Within half a mile there was another island, with a town on it.

The road was very bad—crooked, uneven, rocky, pebbly, sandy, rooty, bluffy and watery. It would require a goat to travel it well. The roots and stones were not very pleasant for my bare feet. (My feet became sore, so that for two months I could wear no shoes, and went bare foot.) We had bluffs and gulleys, where a mountain ass could not go. Our company consisted of about twenty—Braw and his attendants, myself, Bunyan, two of my men, and a boy.

Between Beh-pee and Tissana, I should think the river descends as much as fifty feet or more, in cascades. It is full of alligators, which frequently catch people, and make it very dangerous to go in the water. A man was caught the night before we started. At Gongommah one was taken, so large, that ten men could not move it, and if a man sat astride, on his back, his feet could not reach the ground. He must have been eighteen or twenty feet long. They are occasionally taken with large hooks, and sometimes shot, but many people, in different places, are killed by them.

Again and again, the natives have warned me against going into the water, and I have myself seen a large alligator coming for boys who were in swimming, but seeing him in time, they just saved themselves.

At Beh-pee, I had the people collected in the evening and talked to them. Good attention, and manifest interest. I could sleep but little that night, and in the morning the parrots surpassed anything I ever heard of the kind. The

air seemed to be full, alive, and vocal with them, which was not unpleasant, but rather charming.

THE PARROT.

We continued to follow the river to *Gerahoo*, where we rested awhile. Braw boasted that "no man white ever came to any king in all this country, but to Braw," and he took great pride in showing me wherever we went.

We arrived at He-ge-mah that night—a large town, with double walls, containing a perfect jam of houses, and people like bees. The war had not been able to take it, and they there had plenty of sheep and goats.

We sat down in the Barre, while the people were called to see Proo-moie. A great crowd assembled, and there was much joy and clapping of hands.

I desired to walk around between or outside the wall, to view the town, but was prohibited on pain of heavy fine, so we were conducted around inside. The object of the law is to prevent spies from examining the walls for the purpose of an attack. To get between the houses was difficult and unpleasant.

### A NOTE ON TOBACCO.

I here found, as elsewhere, that the name of a white man was associated in their minds with tobacco. They all

expect, wherever I go, that I have brought plenty of tobacco, and so far as my name has gone, the expectation of tobacco has gone with it, and when I tell them I have none, they will hardly believe it. They can't understand it. Why? 1st. White men bring ship loads of tobacco to their country, and all they get comes from the white man's country. 2d. All the white men they ever heard of as passing through their country had tobacco. 3d. All traders, who come from the white man's colony, bring tobacco. 4th. All Missionaries who have come to Africa, dealt in tobacco. The people never knew an exception, from the slave trader to the ambassador of heaven! Thus this shame is everywhere resting on me also. White man and tobacco are united in their minds—where the former is seen or heard of, the latter is expected of course!

I was assured by English Missionaries and others, that it would be impossible to carry on the Mission without tobacco. I answered, "I will try, anyhow"—and I have done it. I am aware that tobacco is their "coppers," and the nearest a "circulating medium" of anything they have, and that whatever else you give, if no tobacco is with it, they are not satisfied—but I do know that a missionary or a trader, can get along without tobacco, and do well, by making a little effort to supply them with other new and useful things. I have done so, and others can do so too. It will require some decision, for he will be continually importuned for tobacco, and he may lose a few trades, but never mind—I have been obliged to let food go away because I had no tobacco, when I and the children were hungry—never mind—remain firm to right principle, and provide useful things for them, and all that is needful can be obtained.

In all that part of Africa they have no money, or currency—but deal in barter altogether. Tobacco comes the nearest a general circulating medium. It is bought by the hogshead, and prepared, four leaves in a bunch, which is called "a head." Twelve of these heads make a "bar"—forty bars "a ton"—and these are the denominational terms used in speaking of the value of things. For example—when the price of any small thing is spoken of, it

is "so many for a leaf—so much for half a leaf—so many leaves for it—or so many heads—or bars, or tons. So many yards of cloth for a bar—so much rice, palm oil, work, &c., for a bar—so many fish-hooks, needles, locks, knives, looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, iron pots, bowls, plates, cups, &c., for a bar"—and every one going there has to become familiarized to this mode of reckoning.

Thus tobacco is spread all over the country. They are excessively fond of it for smoking or snuffing—both men and women—but I have never yet found the native African, who was so degraded, and lost to all sense of propriety and decency, as to chew tobacco. This is certainly one depth of pollution to which they have not yet sunken.

28th. Slept pretty well, amid much confusion and noise. All day, the multitude crowded around my door, gaping upon me when eating, sleeping, and reading. While eating breakfast, they stood around, making observations on me. "Why, the man can't eat. See, he only takes a knife with a little on it! Gentlemen of this country eat with their hand. Why, see, that rice is not enough for one man, and he only eats half of it." They generally eat with the hand—some have wooden spoons, and I have sold to them large numbers of iron spoons.*

In the afternoon, a fine looking woman came, looked in and saw me, and jumped back, raised her hands as in a fright, stretched her eyes in wild amaze, and drew a long "O—h! what thing is this?" She wanted to come and shake hands with me, but was afraid. "If I go and tell him how do, do, I no get a palaver for it?" "No, we all told him how do, do, yesterday. He will not hurt you." She spoke to one of my men. He came and said, "She wants to tell you how do, do." "Tell her I can hear Mendi—she can talk—I will not bite her," and she came in, fearful, hesitating, reaching forward as far as she could, and shook my hand, but hastened out again.

* NOTE.—I have seen the company seated around their bowl, on the ground, with one spoon for the whole, each taking a mouthful in turn. Like the ancient Pharisees, they generally "wash their hands" before and after eating.

Some are thus afraid of me, but most come right up and shake my hand, "Seno! Seno!" the reply to which is "bah," (thank you.)

29th. Bunyan and I walked a number of miles with our guns, but found no game. My feet quite sore and painful.

## THE "DEVIL" FARCE.

30th. In Africa they have their "Devil Bushes," and often it is reported that the devil appears, and all must honor him. Last night, in He-ge-mah, a scene of the kind occurred. They were dancing as usual, when news came that the devil had appeared in the bush. The women went into the houses, and the men into the bush, where they made a great noise. In the town all was still, till at length the devil came in and set up (in a dark house near mine) a whining, whimpering noise, such as can be made by blowing through a split goose quill, or an onion stalk, or whining in the big end of a horn or tunnel, resembling at times the bleating of a calf or goat, when frightened, then the noise of a black wasp when he comes to his nest—just as the deceiver blew softer or stronger, I suppose. When he bleated, then all in the town danced, and shouted, making the air ring, and the ground almost to shake. When the devil was still, all was silent in the town, but the moment the noise was heard, all simultaneously shouted, clapped their hands, and danced. This state of things continued for about one hour. There was evidently a dread, and fear, on most of the people, and I suppose their object was to propitiate the devil's favor.

I did not see the deceiver, but have no doubt it was some crafty, designing man, aspiring for influence and power. I arose and determined to go out and grapple with the devil, to undeceive the people, but my men were terrified at such a step, and so strongly expostulated with me not to go, "the people will make a palavar with you, and do you bad—all should keep still," &c., that I remained in my house, and took a quill and split it, then blew and imitated the noise. When the devil bellowed, I whined too,

and my men were very much alarmed lest we should all get into trouble. They begged me to desist—the little boy, trembling, entreated—Bunyan, (in another house,) sent to me, and others came to beseech me to keep quiet —"or the people will make you forfeit ten slaves, or take everything from you." I said, "I am ready for the palaver—it will surely give me a chance to speak"—but no palaver came.

### ARRIVAL AT SA-BWE-MAH.

About seven o'clock, we started in a large canoe—the river being smooth, mostly, to Sa-bwe-mah. We were twenty in number. For two or three hours the river was fine. At the mouth of Boompeh river, we had hard work to ascend some small rapids, then it was fair again to the place of our destination.

All along many people crowded the banks to get a view of the white man. The people in the canoe sung very loud and impetuously, making their song for the occasion, much after the manner of Southern slaves. One repeats a sentence, and they all join in with a chorus.

The following are some of the sentences they sung:— "White man go up the river—canoe carry white man," many times repeated. Then again, "Braw is a gentleman, Braw bring white man—Braw pass (is greater than) all other gentlemen—no white man come to any king in this country but *Braw*," &c., many times repeated, with their loud choruses.

We arrived at Sa-bwe-mah, where the chiefs of my side were collecting together—while the opposite party, or Tecon-goes, met on the other side of the river. We were received with great cordiality and warmth. The place was the site of an old town, destroyed long ago. There were no houses—merely small temporary booths, to shelter us from the sun and rain a little. They gave me one, about one hundred and fifty yards directly in the thick bush, retired from the noise of drums, dancing and palaver, just the place that suited me.

Braw came towards night and said, "I will go look a

house for you, you must not sleep here in the bush." I said, "This is just such a place as I like. I have been in the towns among the noise, and I could not sleep. I was glad when they gave me this place"—though there was no seat but the ground—no table, no dishes, no covering but heaven and the shady trees.

### LEOPARDS—THE PROMISES.

The forests were full of leopards, and other wild animals, roving and screaming about us, which aroused my fears a little, till I called to mind my protection. Job 5: 23, "The beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee." Hosea 2: 18, "I will make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, * * * and will make them to lie down safely." Eze. 34: 25, "They shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods." Enough, truly, to silence every fear, especially when joined with "The Lord is thy keeper." "Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Lord, it is enough. I will trust and "dwell safely." We spread our mats on the ground, and kept a fire burning all night. A number of animals which disturbed us in the night, we shot, and Bunyan always kept his gun handy by him.

### A MEMORABLE SABBATH.

In the morning, had a precious time studying the Bible. New light burst upon my mind, revealing a richness, fullness, and spirituality of meaning to 2d Cor. 5: 16, which I had never before thought of, with respect to "knowing man after the flesh," and "after the Spirit." "Christ after the flesh," and "after the Spirit"—the former expression denoting the feelings of all wicked men towards one another, and towards Christ—the latter, the feelings of the true Christian. As I was thus reading and musing, on my mat, a number came, to whom "I spake the word." About eleven o'clock, the chiefs and people were collected, and I preached, Bunyan interpreting. Took occasion from our meeting to make peace, to show the palaver between sinners and God, the importance of making peace with Him. Spoke of the written Laws of God, and those inscribed on every

man's heart—showed how we all had broken them, and needed pardon. Dwelt on, and illustrated the Sabbath law, much to their interest. They asked questions, and had considerable discussion about it among themselves. All gave excellent attention.

After I returned to my booth, a company from Tecongo side (the enemy,) came to see me—two of whom were chiefs. They approached me with great veneration, kneeling at my feet, and taking hold of my arm, just as a common man comes to the king, or a slave to his master—supposing I was some great personage. Hearing that I had been "talking God palaver," they wished me to tell them what I said; so I again went over the substance of my sermon. Others also came, and I preached to them. They thanked me much for "coming to hold the war," (stop the war,) and for the words I told them. They said, "All the people in the country will thank you. Your name has gone far up, and we came to see if you was here indeed, and report, that others may come and see you."

In the afternoon, we went over the river to Bow-mah, where Karmokoo resided, an old, nominal king of all that side of the river. The meeting of Karmokoo and Braw was very affecting. They had been fighting each other for many years, but now embraced, and fell on each other's necks for a long time, shook hands much, with many expressions of friendship and joy. It was a sight that well might make angels rejoice.

Next, the old man embraced me, with much feeling, for a long time, unwilling to let go of my hand. I should judge he must be one hundred years old—a skeleton, just on the brink of the grave. He seemed rejoiced at the prospect of peace before his death. It was proposed to talk "God palaver" to them, and the people were soon called together, many chiefs being present. Before them all I took old Karmokoo by the hand, saying, "I am glad to see you. God has spared you to be an old man. You can't live much longer, and now it is important that you try and be prepared for death. I rejoice that God has let you live till the gospel has come, that you may hear it once before you die. Bunyan is my 'mouth,' and what he speaks will be my word."

Bunyan prayed, and preached in a very interesting manner—judging from the fixed eye, the open mouth, and earnest countenance of every one. Every word seemed to be swallowed with avidity. They were "all attention," for new and "strange things were brought to their ears." When speaking of the Savior's death, they asked, "What made God's son die?" Explained. He spoke of prayer; they asked, "When shall we pray?" Answered. And at the close of his sermon, all said, "We will all begin, and go beg God for our sins." And many thanks were heaped upon us, with much clapping of hands. Let us pray that the seed thus "sown in weakness," may be watered by heavenly dews and "raised in power."

As we were coming away, one of Braw's daughters, who had long been a prisoner, and a slave, met and fell at his feet, weeping excessively for a long time—but nothing brought tears from the old warrior's heart. At length she became composed, and they conversed together, and parted again—(but while we were making peace, she often came to see her father, though she was yet a slave.) I returned to my booth, blessing the Lord for what I had seen and heard, feeling that it was well worth coming to Africa to enjoy such a glorious privilege. The field seemed emphatically "white for the harvest." O! for laborers.

April 1st. Waiting for chiefs to meet, reading, walking, &c. P. M., the chiefs here, assembled and discussed some matters, and I "shook their hand," according to custom, with eight bars (four dollars,) worth of handkerchiefs, caps, &c. The chiefs of the opposite parties are evidently afraid to trust each other, fearing there may be some treachery, or "rogue." Those on the other side, sent word for us to come and meet together in one of their walled towns, but the chiefs of this side are afraid, and I tell them "that looks like rogue fashion, true, true, I would not go—let all meet in some open place, where there will be no chance for trickery."

DRIVERS—DISCOURAGEMENT—ALARM

2d. Last night, before we lay down, the "drivers" came, and though we had on our side two guns, cutlasses, sticks,

fire and water, yet they drove us from our camp and sleeping-place. There were such innumerable quantities of them, and had so spread themselves all over the ground, that we had to sweep a new place in the leaves, build another fire, and spread our mats.

In the night, thunder, lightning, and rain. I heaped up my things, and sat on them, beneath my umbrella, till I was tired, then lay down with it over my head, while other parts were exposed to the rain. To-day, unwell, feet sore and inflamed.

It is difficult to get all the chiefs together, they are so suspicious and afraid of each other.

Not having come expecting to stay, and the prospect of a general meeting being rather discouraging, Bunyan became impatient, and wished to return to Tissana, to be planting his new farm before it should be too late. I said to him, "If we go now we lose all we came for. We must be patient, and wait. Send men to Tissana to cut and plant your farm." So, after many objections, he consented to stay, and we sent two men to do the work.

About dark, a messenger came to Braw, from Tissana, on express, saying, "You must not sleep there to-night; or if you do, you must surely leave early in the morning—for a 'rogue war' is made up, and coming to that place to break up the meeting, and the efforts for peace!" I feel that all is possible, but not probable. I believe that God will not suffer the haters of all good, "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," thus to triumph; that He is preparing the way for the rapid spread of the gospel through all this country, by quieting the tribes, and the country into peace, that thus His word may have "free course, and be glorified." This is my confidence.

3d. Rain again last night, which routed us. Feel better in my general health, but one of my tonsils has become very sore, so that swallowing is attended with great pain. Reading some. We caught some fine fish, which were a rich feast.

Bunyan went over to Bowmah to buy a fish line, but finding none made, he cut the palm leaf, and made for himself. Some of the people, learning we wanted such

an article, and being anxious to trade, hasted, and in a few hours after, came over with more than 200 feet of beautiful new-made line! It is all made from the fibres of the palm leaf, and twisted with the hand on the leg. In this way, they make small lines with astonishing rapidity. Indeed, I am almost led to believe that, taking it all around, a person will make more in this way, than a single person could from flax.

Received some cloth from the Mission, a blue coat for Braw, and a letter from brother Brooks. Braw put on his coat, and was very proud of it. He paced back and forth, exclaiming, "Feara-kah, feara-*kah*, feara-*kah!* O Feara Gagaw." Such was his pride and joy to get a blue coat, in which to appear before the chiefs.

### THE MESSENGER FROM TE-CONGO.

To-day, a man came, professing to be sent to the chiefs here by *Mahommedoo-te-congo*, the chief who has the power on the other side of the war. He says that Mahommedoo has directed all his chiefs to meet at *Bow-mah*, for the meeting; and the chiefs here said they were willing to meet there. I shook the messenger's hand with a red cap, told him my name, and sent a small present and address to Mahommedoo, of which the following is a copy.

### MESSAGE TO MAHOMMEDOO-TE-CONGO.

"This (the present) is to shake your hand. I heard much of this war in my country, and many people there sorry plenty for it, and want it to stop. I heard of it again at my place, and wished to try and have it stopped, and have come here for that purpose. One God made you, me, and all this people. You are all in one country, of one color, speak one tongue, children of one Father, brothers of one family. Is it good for such persons to fight? Is it right? Will God be pleased? No; and I beg you plenty to have this war stop. One side must not say, 'The other side has done the wrong, and I can't forgive them.' No. Both sides have done wrong. You must forget and for-

give all the past—let the war be done, and now love each other. This will be for the good of the country. Then teachers can come all over the country, teach all books, and talk God palaver. I have hold of your hand now, and wish to hold it strong, that you may fight no more. I want you to be my friend."

4th. Awoke with both tonsils very sore, and they have grown worse, so that I have been in much misery all day. Had considerable fever. In the afternoon went to the river, and had three men rub me well; then lay in a chief's hammock.

### THE FLUTE.

During the day, more people came from the other side to see me. They had a country flute, certainly superior to any fife, or flute, or clarionet I ever heard, with respect to strength, and sweetness, and variation of sound. I tried to buy it, but as it was the one he played on before the king, (Mahommedoo,) he would not sell it. He promised to make me one, but did not.

5th. Last night, as a shower was coming up, Braw came and insisted on my going to his booth, which was larger, and somewhat better than ours. I went, but such was the pain in my neck I could not sleep. Every motion of the head, every swallow, (which had to be often, on account of choking with phlegm,) and nearly every breath caused great misery. Have had a dreadful day, unable to lie down, and obliged to sit up to keep from strangling. Something like an asthmatic affection well nigh took my breath, till with great difficulty I drank warm water, and, with a feather, vomited all I could.

The chiefs and others pity me much, and wish to give their medicines, but I preferred not to take them. Braw often exclaims, "*Oh! Yoh!*" (O dear, O pity,) and to-day proposed to take me to Tissana, but I thought I should be no better off there, and refused to go.

To-day, to get me out of the noise, Bunyan and others built me a new booth, rather more comfortable than the old one, and large enough for two to sleep in; this evening

they moved me into it. We sleep on sticks, about one foot from the ground. I cannot speak loud at all, and in a whisper only with great pain. The people here are anxious to do all they can for my comfort; but how good it would be to have my *wife* here to help me! Stop, my soul. "The Lord shall give that which is good." Amen.

6th. Last night, rested a little without any sleep. To-day, some better. Ate a little rice-flour mush, with great difficulty, which did me good by loosening phlegm in great quantities.

Braw brought me a bitter bark, for tea to drink, saying, "Drink that; it will pull all that stuff in your throat out." I drank some, but I cannot say whether it helped me or not. From some cause I am much better, and begin to whisper a little. All praise to my great Physician.

This morning, started men for the Mission, writing to brother Brooks for a considerable quantity of goods, having determined to step boldly between the parties, God willing, and make the peace. It will take some goods, as presents, to each side, to effect it according to the common custom; but a little money could not be better spent—and I have observed that mere words without a present, have but little force here. Bunyan also went to spend the Sabbath at Tissana, and preach; so that I and my little boy are left alone among the heathen, in the bush, but have no fear, feeling that I am in *God's* work.

Towards night Braw came, and I told him how much better I felt, that I thought God had done it all. He said, "Yes, God did it all; and if He helps that medicine I gave you, it will make your neck well." Then he added, "Yesterday I went this way, (trembling from head to foot,) and I begged God—begged God plenty for you, to make you well."

I spoke about the Sabbath, and said, "If we obey God, and try to keep Him our friend, He will help us to make this peace good; but if we make Him angry, we can't make any peace, only war." He said, "Yes, only God. I think only of God in this thing. I think only of God." It is encouraging to see a heathen king thus confessing his entire dependence on God.

THANKFULNESS—TEMPTATION, AND VICTORY.

As I drank a good draught of water this evening, with comparative ease, I was so rejoiced in being able again to drink the precious beverage, that I involuntarily exclaimed, "Bless the Lord!" For two days I had been denied this cordial, except to torture me; now it refreshed and did me good. O! what a blessing is health! Truly, I am called upon for thankfulness to God. For two days and nights, I could not sleep, nor eat, nor drink, nor talk, for pain; nor could I swallow, or breathe but with great suffering! All these, in times of health, are sources of pleasure, but to me they were all turned into torture, so that Satan even thrust the thought into my mind, "Well, don't try to keep yourself alive in such misery; just let it choke you and die at once"—thinking to make this a temptation to me to sin against my Father!

Ah! Satan, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not receive evil?" "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou, in faithfulness hast afflicted me." And what saith the answer of God? "I know the thoughts that I think toward you—thoughts of *peace* and *not* of evil." Again, "*I am with thee, to save thee.* I will correct thee in measure, and not leave thee altogether unpunished."

What then? Why, while my heavenly Father is trying to "save" me, and give me "peace," Satan would have me think He is angry with me, and, like a rebellious, crazy child, would have me burst from Him, and rush into destruction by suicide! I will not call thee a fool, Satan, for *I* am the fool—but only say, "The Lord rebuke thee." O! Lord, what, when, where, how much, how long, or in what way *Thou wilt*, Thy grace shall be "sufficient," and I will rejoice.

GLORIOUS SABBATH!—SKELETON OF A SERMON.

7th. Last night slept a little; hard rain, and got considerably wet. It was with some difficulty I could audibly

speak this morning, but by effort, I succeeded. Had a soul-refreshing time, reading the Promises, &c., till ten o'clock. Numbers came to see me. Braw came with anxious solicitude, and asked if I slept last night. I said, "Yes." He exclaimed, "*Feara Gawaw!*" Another chief also thanked God.

At 11 o'clock, they assembled in the Barre, and a scene occurred for which I expect to praise the Lord forever.

I sat in my hammock, unable to stand, and my little boy, ten years old, interpreted; but such was their attention and interest, I never felt more delight in addressing a congregation. I gave a general, condensed view of the Savior, from the creation to His death. I showed that JESUS CHRIST (they repeated the name, to get it in their minds right), made the world 4000 years before He came to die; that He made man—Adam (they repeated it); gave the history of the fall, and that when man sinned, the Son, to save mankind, offered to "stand for them," and die as their substitute 4000 years hence—accepted—man was spared and multiplied, but the ground was cursed so that all had to work for a living; trouble followed as a consequence of sin. Spoke of Abraham (they repeated the name), as a progenitor of the Savior; his seed lived in Africa, were persecuted, the king of Egypt plagued, and they delivered, and led to their land. People began to look for the Savior —the shepherds—wise men, &c. The Savior born—why He became a man—could as easily take a body for *Himself*, as give *us* one—had to have a body that he might suffer, die, and rise—had no "man-father," God formed his body. Persecuted, driven to Africa, returned; did good, healed the sick, blind, deaf, dumb, and raised the dead, to show He was still GOD. He who had made all things, here had nothing; poor for us, sleep in bush, and pray all night. Did only good—no bad; preached the truth—yet the chiefs hated Him, told lies, and tried to injure Him in every way; they sent a "war," and bound Him. He could have killed them, but He came to be treated just so; had engaged 4000 years before, to come and thus suffer and die, therefore He yielded. They could prove nothing—but lied, condemned, and crucified Him—(showed how). He died

for us, not for Himself. On the cross they mocked Him, but He prayed for, and forgave them: then cried, "It is finished." The chiefs sent a "war" to watch the grave, but the third day he arose—staid forty days, and ascended to heaven, there to hear and forgive all who repent of their sins. O! let us all seek, love, and serve Him. The place where he lived and died, only about three days' walk from your country; if we had time to tramp, I could show you the place. "Will you go with us and show us the place?" they eagerly asked, ready to start right off. I said, "It is too far," and drew Africa on the ground, showing relative situations of our residence and Jerusalem.

After prayer, they arose, and, all through the Barre, thanked God, and went away, praying that God would bless them. During the sermon many questions were asked, and the most interesting attention.

When I said, "Jesus means Savior," they repeated, "*Bow-mwie*" which means any one who saves from trouble or death; thus one who redeems another—for example, Mr. Raymond—is called a Savior.

In the afternoon, about twenty came to my place, and I preached another sermon, illustrating the meaning of "*Bow-mwie*," and *Savior*, as applied to Jesus Christ; that their "Bow-mwie" only saves the body, while Christ saves the soul from sin and hell.

Among those who came, was the "head war-man" of the other side, who embraced Braw, for a long time, with much feeling. He had lost one eye in the war, and was now willing for peace.

This day has shown me that no doctrine of truth has more power to chain the mind, and interest the heart, even of a savage, than the same old, yet new, heaven-born word, "JESUS AND HIM CRUCIFIED." It has ever manifested this power from the days of Paul, and has lost none of its power since.

8th. Somewhat unwell again. More Te-congo people, and many others here to see me.

### THRILLING SCENES.

From day to day, I witness thrilling scenes of warriors

meeting, and falling on each other's necks; of chiefs, long enemies and seeking each other's blood, now shaking hands and embracing, with all the affection of long separated friends; sisters, wives, daughters, and friends, long captives, falling into each other's arms with great emotion, sinking on the ground and weeping long and loud before they can be quieted.

Now, a chief's daughter is seen running to embrace his feet, refusing to be torn from her hold; then a wife returns to embrace her husband and children, while the town join in the cry of rejoicing. To witness such scenes, day after day, who could help *shouting?* I will rejoice with them, and praise the Lord.

9th. Last night, restless and unwell; drank pepper tea to keep off chill; to-day, feverish, and neck very sore again. Have kept still and done but little of anything. Bunyan returned from Tissana.

10th. Last night slept some; much better; many to see me.

11th. Right tonsil, neck and throat affected with very acute pain; a restless night; a chill this morning, and a distressing day "of tossing to and fro," apparently as long as three days; continually choked with phlegm; to drink anything, strangling—to swallow, torturing; tried to vomit, but could not get relief. "Father, thy will be done."

12th. A long, sick, restless, rolling night; some relief from frequent vomiting; heavy, acute pain in my forehead and nose. I think my clothes are insufficient for the damp and cold, but I am far from home.

Many came to see me, from the other side, some of whom appeared like some head men, or "Gentlemen." One of them had on a fine English cloak, and another a cap, which had probably been taken in some of their wars.

It was very amusing to see the workings of their fear. Some would not venture to shake hands with me at all. Others would hesitate a long time, and then advance with trembling. Others seemed as if held back by some power, and to start required such an effort, that one man well-nigh pitched head-long as he broke away from the unseen

power which held him back. But some little children come and shake my hand with as much politeness and ease as an Englishman, giving me the peculiar *snap* of the finger* with great perfection.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

13th. Cannot sleep nights, why, I know not, after going without sleep so much.

For a number of days Braw has been gone to a neighboring town (while waiting for all the other side chiefs to get together), and this morning he sent his daughter to me, saying, "You are sick so much there in the bush, I want you to consent to come to *He-ge-mah*, and I will send a canoe for you."

The other chiefs soon gathered around to hear what word she brought from Braw, and blamed him much, both for going away himself, and trying to get me from the meeting. I said to them, "No fear for that. *I can't leave till this work is done.* I shall lie down here in the bush till it is accomplished. If Braw don't want me to live in the bush, let him come here that this palaver may be settled quick, and then I can go." For this word they thanked me much, all around. One chief came and knelt before me, saying, "Feara-kah, feara-*kah*, feara-KAH, bisia, bisia, *bisia*," (thank you, repeated with emphasis), and they wished God's blessing on me much. I was pleased to see their determination to stand by the meeting, and have peace.

Towards night my men returned from the Mission with about $100 worth of goods, with which I intend to "hold this war," by making presents to both parties.

Letter from brother Brooks. He is sick much of the time, and finds his labors too much for one feeble person. My own system is much unnerved, so that I could scarce shake hands with my men again, or read the letter with-

* Africans do not give a hearty *shake*, as we do, but take hold of hands very gently, often merely *touching* them together (as some of our wonderfully polite and refined *ladies*—heartless, repulsive); if long separated, they put their hands on each other's shoulders, draw them down each other's arms, and rub the hands together, always closing off with a very expressive *snap of the finger*.

out weeping freely. Much distress in my forehead and eyes.

14th. Last night slept well, and feel much better to-day. This morning a young man came here from Tecongo. He was born in Sierra Leone—is Bunyan's nephew, and is now living with Mahommedoo-te-congo. The war had taken from him his two Bibles, and other things, and he has lived in the country a year and a half without any book, a wild, wicked, smart youth. He consented to stay and keep the Sabbath with us, and read with us. I soon saw his mission training in his repeating the Lord's prayer, ten commandments, and the "Apostle's creed," which he learned in childhood.

About noon, we assembled, and I preached in weakness, on death, resurrection, and the judgment. Very great interest was manifested. They asked many questions, and promised to think on the subject. When Bunyan prayed in Mendi, many joined in, frequently crying, (in Mendi.) "O God! help us." They especially begged God for "this war to be done, that we may hold God palaver good fashion."

To all human appearance, they "receive the word with great joy"—how deep the root strikes, we cannot now decide—time must determine. At every place where I have preached, from the Mission to this, they appear to receive the word as "glad tidings of great joy," but the Holy Spirit must illume the mind, and apply the truth, or it will not save.

15th. Sent a present to Mahommedoo-te-congo. To-day the other side chiefs assembled, over the river, and sent to call the chiefs here. They went, but as Braw was not there, they could not talk palaver, as he is the head one of this side, (of the Boompehs.) They shook hands and talked awhile in friendship and parted.

16th. Waiting for Braw—a number of messengers despatched for him. Walked in the bush, and shot squirrels, very similar to the "gray squirrel." The people here never skin anything of the kind, but singe off the hair, and eat the rest, head and feet. To throw away the skin and feet is considered very wasteful.

17th. This morning, Braw came, and said that a sick son detained him, and he left him in a state not expected to live. Braw had sent a messenger to Boompeh, (the "head quarters" of the Boompehs,) to know if they were all with him, true, true, in this peace. The messenger returned, and answered: "we have no more to do with war. Have no fear about us. Go and talk for this peace, and what you say at the meeting, shall be our word." They had constituted him "commander-in-chief" of all their armies—put the country in his hands to defend, and if he thought it was best to make peace, they were ready to acquiesce.

Braw hired the chiefs of this country to assist him against the Tecongoes, and of course nothing can be done, without his pleasure, in making a peace. Many have told me, "the Boompehs can never cease war." I do not believe it. God can, and will subdue even them into peace.

### A SMALL TRIAL.

Kah-sam-mah is a walled town, on the Tecongo side. I had heard much about it, and seen many from there, and strongly desired to go and spend the night there, and preach. I thought there was nothing to prevent my going, and I wished to fill up my time to the best effect. We spoke to Braw about it, and he said, "you must not go, I wish to talk some with you before the meeting to-morrow." I pressed my cause, but without any success—Braw had something special to say, and Bunyan would not go, without Braw's willing assent, and I could not go alone, for I could not talk to the people.

I waited, somewhat impatiently, till Braw was through his engagement, and asked him what he wished of me. "I wish to know what you intend to shake the chiefs' hands with to-morrow!" "Is that all?" I asked. "Yes." "Well you have treated me very bad—as if I was your slave, and I shall not answer your question." When he saw I was displeased with him, he said, "You must go—I'll never say again you must not go to any place—go where you please—you must go!" "No, it is too late now."

The next morning, he came again to know what I was going to say, and give, at the meeting. I said, "I shall tell no one, till I talk—be there and you will hear and see." He spoke of being my landlord, and as having a right to know my plans. I answered: "I go to this meeting in my own name, not in yours. You can shake the chiefs' hands with what, and as much as you please, and I shall shake them with what I please. You need not try to lead me your country roads—let me walk my own road."

He was quite put out because he could not, as he expected, get money from me, as his "stranger," with which to shake the kings' hands, in his own name, and he have all the honor of it; but I felt that as I was going "between them" myself, I had better not be connected with any one.

He would gladly have introduced me to the meeting, as "his stranger," so that everything I gave and did, would go in his name, and he get the honor of giving largely, and making the peace. Had I consented to this, I could not have gone between them—I should then have been united to one side, and be looked upon by the other side as partial, and not fit to judge their cause. By going in my own name, I stood neutral, and could talk to one side as well as the other. I was not a party, and both sides consented that I should go between them and "hold the war."

As I have before said, Braw had lost everything by the war, and he was a poor man, and could shake the hands of kings with but a very small present; and as I was his "stranger," and had goods, he wished, according to their custom, to make credit over my shoulders. I felt, therefore the need of decision. I had to use much care and watchfulness, lest I should show partiality to either side, and give one occasion to say, "He gave them more than he gives us," and I felt my great responsibility, and urgent need of heavenly wisdom.

## FIRST MENDI PEACE MEETING.

18th. Towards noon we went over the river and found the Tecongo chiefs assembled in the bush, awaiting our ar-

rival. There were many of them, and they appeared like strong, energetic men, and more chief-like than ours.

I walked round and shook hands with them all, and the parties shook hands, talked and laughed together like friends, as if they had not been fighting for nine years. It was a joyful sight, and did me much good.

### KAW-TOO-BOO.

Kawtooboo is a singular man. He is a large, dignified, commanding personage, and the Demosthenes of the Tecongo people. He is the lawyer and judge of the whole country, who talks all great and important matters which concern the state, and by his decision of a case, they have been accustomed to abide. He has stubbed, or cloven feet, his hands are all drawn up, and parts of his fingers gone, and he has to be carried when going any distance. With a long cane, he can walk a little on smooth ground. I believe his present decrepitude is the result of sickness. His knowledge of the affairs of the country is remarkable. He seems to know everything that occurs—has all the particulars of the war, the various battles, changes, names of every warrior, and the circumstances of the country in his mind, and can talk them right off straight, from first to last. In all their palavers, he is the chief speaker, and what he says, is the word of all the chiefs.

He will frequently come in during the remaining history.

### "SHAKING HANDS"—AFRICAN CUSTOM.

When two persons, or parties meet, the one who comes from a distance to the other, gives some present, less or more, which is called "*shaking the hand.*" Thus, if a person is traveling, or passing a chief, he has to shake the hand of all he comes in contact with. If he goes to see a neighbor on some business, he has to shake his hand before he can talk his palaver. But if they come to see him, then they have to shake his hand. It is often called, "telling one how to do."

After the chiefs had shaken hands, made their little

presents, and talked cheerily, it came to my turn to shake the Tecongo chiefs' hands, which I did with ten bars ($4,80) of handkerchiefs, spoons, hooks, &c., which were joyfully accepted, with many thanks.

### MY SPEECH AND PRESENT.

After the preliminaries were gone through, I addressed the meeting through Bunyan. "I have heard much about this war, and begged God plenty for it. War no good," &c. Talked some time about the wickedness of war, the blessings of peace, the great importance of schools, &c. "You are brothers, of one Father, country, and language, and should love one another. I come to shake your hand, to 'stand between you,' and to beg you to stop fighting, and be friends together. And I lay down this four ton of goods ($76,80. A 'ton' is forty 'bars,' or £4, or $19,20,) to beg you to make peace, and fight no more, and that I may hold your hands strong, so that you cannot fight again. I wish to stand between you, and if any one wishes to fight, let him strike me first." I asked, "Are you done with the war, and now make peace, true, true, not for a year or two, but for good?" Both sides answered, we are done fighting, for good, and are now for peace, true, true. We can't fight any more." "Are you willing that God shall record these words, and punish the first man who shall break this?" "We are."

They accepted my present (half to each side), and had considerable talk back and forth, in a good humor, and I thought the work was all done at once, and that I had only to return. But I soon found that I had plenty of work before me.

Though both parties had so fully promised me they were done with the war, and were now willing for peace (which was true of all the chiefs on my side), yet the Tecongoes were unwilling to make peace with the Boompehs at that meeting. They only wished to make peace with those chiefs who were hired by the Boompehs. But with Braw, the head of all the Boompehs, they were unwilling to make peace.

Kawtooboo talked much of the Boompehs. He said, "We cannot trust them—I am afraid of them—I am afraid of Braw. The Boompehs have a deep heart for war. Look out for Braw. We can't trust Braw. You are my brother; I no hate you. Your name no bitter; but you knew of that war when the Boompehs came and took our children, and you did not show it to us. The Boompehs are your family; why don't you stop their fighting?"

Braw promised to answer on the morrow.

If the Boompehs are to be excluded in the peace, it will only be half a peace, and that of no account, for they will soon draw the country into war again. The Lord give me wisdom.

### SECOND MENDI PEACE MEETING.

19th. In the morning I read my Bible till meeting time. We met again in the same place, and they talked nearly four hours. Braw had said, "Whatever *I* say, the Boompehs say. If I say peace, they are for peace." But Kawtoohoo was unwilling to trust the Boompehs on the strength of this word. He said, "Let Braw send a man, and I will send one also, to see how the Boompehs talk, and bring a report to the meeting, and thus we will see if Braw talks a true word, and if the Boompehs are willing for peace.

Braw talked at length, rehearsing matters relative to the peace "toward the sea," and gave two men to go to Boompeh. I also promised to go myself, and see how matters stood, and called on the Tecongoes to give a man to accompany us.

They were afraid, but finally appointed a man, who, after talking, and getting their promise to fight for him, if he should be betrayed or killed by the Boompehs, consented to go with us. They instructed him to go and hear, see the truth of the matter, and report. If the Boompehs were willing for peace, true, true, they would consent to make peace with them.

### BUNYAN LEAVES ME.

As I was now to be absent some time, and there would be no more meetings till I returned from Boompeh, I agreed

with Bunyan that he should go to Tissana, make his farm, and return to the Mission, with the boy, and some others who were with us. I had previously sent for one of my men to come and be my interpreter, while going to Boompeh and back. But, by a misunderstanding, he did not arrive as I expected, and I was obliged to keep another man who did not understand English good, to interpret a little for me, till my other interpreter should arrive.

## CHAPTER XV.

### PEACE MISSION AND LABORS CONTINUED

#### JOURNEY TO BOOMPEH.

April 20, 1850. Early in the morning we breakfasted and prepared to start. Bunyan and his company for Tissana, and I and mine for Boompeh. At Bow-mah we had to wait some time for our Tecongo messenger to settle a "woman palaver." Then with the three ambassadors and my man, I started.

The road, or path, for a mile or so, was through old farms, to Boompeh river, which we crossed on three logs pinned together (a country boat), going over five times for seven of us.

We followed the river northward, with a good path, to Maw-ti, a walled town belonging to the Tecongo side. We called a short time, to let the people view me, and passed on. Many followed some distance, and among them, a daughter of Mahommedoo-te-congo. She was married, and came to shake my hand, saying. "I was afraid to go to the river to see you, because the war was not done, and father said I must look out and not go too far from the town."

We continued following the course of the river, through bush and old farms, to Fah-ne-coon-dah, another walled Tecongo town. They manifested great joy at seeing me, and the object of my visit to Boompeh—clapped their hands, thanked me, gave me a fowl and mat, and a man to show us the road, which had become so overgrown since the war, that it was very difficult to follow it. For though they lived within five miles of the next town, (a Boompeh town,) they were afraid to see each other, and had no more intercourse than antipodes. They thanked me much for "coming to hold the war," and seemed very anxious for peace. Many followed us, saying, "We mean to go to Boompeh to-day,

for now the white man is going, the war is done." But only two of them followed us through.

The road was mostly through very fine prairies, and short pieces of bush, and seemed like a "cow path," it was so trodden up by wild cows, ("bush cows.") We still kept our northward course to Yan-da-hoo, a walled town of the Boompeh side.

I desired to go on at once to the capital (Boompeh), but the chief, Kam-bah-wah, said, "You must stop here awhile, for it is necessary for me to send a messenger to inform the head men of your arrival here, and to know their will before you can pass." I told him I could not walk on Sunday, and if I could not go on that night, I must stop till Monday, to which he joyfully assented.

There was great joy at our arrival, and they soon met up in the *Barre*, where the chief spoke warmly for peace. He was tired of the war, and was ready and glad for peace.

I "shook his hand" with four bars of cloth, and said, "I come for peace. War no good. God make you—the same God make *Mo-mo* (the short way of speaking Mahommedoo,) you are brothers. God says you must love one another. I come to get you to leave war and love one another."

He assented, and received my words in a manner which pleased me much. He said, "You have taken the country —all this Kusso (Mendi) country is yours, for making this war done. You have opened the road between this and Tecongo country, and now I can send men to that side."

By my coming from Tecongo side, and bringing Boompehs through the Tecongo country, and a Tecongo man to Boompeh country, they look upon the matter as settled, and peace secured. On this account, there was great joy, when they saw me and learned my object.

The common people, generally, were thoroughly sick of the war, and longed for the return of peace and plenty.

### A MEETING—JEALOUS OF EACH OTHER—ALARM.

Towards night they met in the Barre again, and the chief said before the messengers, "War no live here any more for

Mo-mo—war all done here—no war here, but we are afraid of Mo-mo—he can't leave the Boompehs—now he is making war for this place."

The Tecongo messenger answered, "No more war live in Tecongo for the Boompehs. Mo-mo is done, and wills for peace, but he is afraid of the Boompehs, that they can't leave war with him." Thus they are both jealous and afraid of each other, while both profess to desire peace, and each doubts the other's sincerity. May the Lord still the elements.

This evening news came here from Sah, that war will be to this town to-night, from Yerimah. I think it will not come.

The chief gave us a fowl and plenty of rice, and said to his people, "Any one who wishes to give the white man anything, must do it to-night, for to-morrow is Sunday, and he can't do any business."

### SABBATH—POOR INTERPRETERS.

21st. Last night I was much disturbed in my sleep by the noise in the town. The people all night watching for fear of the war, but no war came.

This morning people came from Fah-ne-coon-dah to trade, but I told them I could buy nothing to-day.

This shows that the road is "open," so that they begin to pass back and forth without fear, where, for eight years before, they were strangers, though near neighbors!

At 11 o'clock, I tried to preach, but my interpreter knew so little of English, it was hard work, being obliged to think two ways what to say to the people, and to get words broken and simple enough for my interpreter to understand me. But as I had used all practicable means to have a better one, and had been frustrated, I acknowledged the hand of God, and prayed that he would glorify Himself through our weakness. A Mahomedan was present, who tried to interpret some, but neither of them could understand religious ideas very well. On common business we could understand each other. However, I charged my man not to "turn" any word, till he was sure he understood me,

and he would frequently say "I did not hear good," and ask again, so that I think they mostly understood my ideas.

The king said, "We have heard what you say—you can talk God palaver every day, and I will hear you." They asked, "What shall we do about what you have told us?" I answered, "Do it. Love God—love your brethren—leave every bad way—seek for the will of God—pray and try to please Him, and make Him your friend."

They asked questions about the Sabbath—if it was right to do thus and so, talk palaver, &c. I said "No." The king asked, "Suppose my two piccaninnies fight, will it be right for me to settle their palaver on Sunday?" "Yes, for making peace is God palaver."

### THE DEPUTATION—REFUSED ADMITTANCE.

Just as my meeting began, the deputation from Boompeh, from head quarters, arrived. They heard me preach, and after meeting the king sent to me to know if it would be right to talk the peace palaver to them. I said, "Making peace is God palaver," and they met in the Barre without me. My interpreter reported to me.

At the capital, they had heard that I had brought many Tecongo men with me, and the deputation were instructed to say that we could not go into the Big Town—that we must talk our word here, and they would report the same to their head men. They could not have so many of their enemies come into their stronghold.

Braw's messenger answered, "No, we cannot do that. Braw sent me to the Big Town, and if I stop here and make my "conany" (tell one's business,) he will curse me. We must go into the Big Town, or go back and report.

Being thus refused admission into Boompeh, made me fear that there was war indeed in their hearts. It looked dark and suspicious. If they were willing for peace, why be afraid to let a Tecongo man come among them?

The deputation were rightly informed of our numbers, and object in coming, and returned to their head men to state the matter, and come again to-morrow. Kam-bah-wah talks most excellently for the peace.

To-day, one of Braw's generals, who had been far away, fighting, came to see me. I asked, "Are you willing for peace?" He replied, "Braw sends me to fight, and if he says stop the war, I am willing." I said, "Braw is for peace, and has sent two men here to have the Boompehs leave war entirely." The man has been shot in the hand, which is very sore yet, one of the balls being still in it; so he knows a little of the sweetness of war. War news again.

### A PLEASING SPEECH.

22d. Morning. Waiting to hear again from Boompeh whether we can enter or not. Kambahwah feels warm about the word they brought yesterday from Boompeh. He said to me, "You come to this country to make it good —you trouble much to make the war done, and have peace. And now when the Boompehs no will to let you into their big town, they do you bad. I have been fighting five years, and am tired of the war. I am for peace, true, true. The war trouble me so much I have no good house, no good clothes to wear, no plenty of rice. If the people go to work farm, a part have to watch with guns, while the others work. If the Boompehs do not will for peace, I will leave the country, and go where I can go to meeting. I like you, and want to learn English."

### A PLEASING SCENE.

This morning we met in the Barre to hear the report of the deputation again. They brought word that we could enter Boompeh!

In the Barre were Boompeh chiefs, my Tecongo messenger, and a company of Tecongoes from Fah-ne-coon-dah, led by one of their head men, all met together in peace! The latter came to "beg a road" to Yerimah, that he might dissuade them from war, and try for the peace. This was good, for all the reports of war are from Yerimah. (Yerimah is a strong Tecongo town.)

Kambahwah let him pass, and exhorted him to talk for

the peace, true, true. My Tecongo messenger addressed him to the same purport, and I gave one bar of spoons that he might carry Proo-moie's name and sanction to the people of Yerimah.

I said to all, "I am glad to see the different parties here together, to-day. You have had a fence between you too long. You are brothers, and I want you to hold one another's hands strong."

Others came from Fah-ne-coon-dah, to trade, which shows that the road is open true; and I rejoice to see them mingling again.

### BOOMPEH—THE CAPITAL!

About three o'clock we started, and arrived here a little before sunset. The road is gravelly, which made my poor bare feet crimple sadly, and the town is on a pebbly inclination, so that my feet cry for shoes piteously, but none are to be had, nor could I wear them if I had them, and I must bear it.

The country is most beautiful—rolling—some high hills. It is a splendid farming country.

The town is very large—the largest in all this country, and the only one of importance that has *never* been taken by war. It has been besieged many times, and at one time, for about a year, but the enemy could never get in. It is well fortified, in the country way, with a wall, ditch and fence, outside—sharpened sticks covering the top of the wall, pointing downwards—a row of sharp stakes inside—and holes through the wall for shooting.

The enclosure is filled to a perfect jam with houses, and the people are like a swarm of bees.

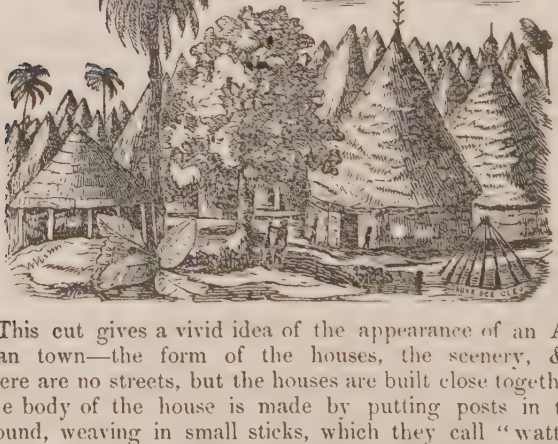
As I took my seat in front of a house, such a "press" of people, old and young, gathered round to see me, as I have not before witnessed. They refused to be satisfied with gazing on me—and when I went to the river to bathe, the crowd would have followed, but the gate was closed against them. Hard rain. Shook the chiefs' hands with four bars, spoons and hooks.

Returning from the river, tried to keep dry, under my

umbrella, and my guide's cloth—did pretty well till I got inside the town—then had to dodge along under the eaves of the houses, from which the water was pouring in torrents, and had a fine drenching. To avoid it was impossible. Braw's old mother was very glad to see me.

The town is high, and the river runs close under the wall. The banks here are perhaps forty or fifty feet high.

AN AFRICAN TOWN.



This cut gives a vivid idea of the appearance of an African town—the form of the houses, the scenery, &c. There are no streets, but the houses are built close together. The body of the house is made by putting posts in the ground, weaving in small sticks, which they call "wattleing," then rubbing on two or three coats of mud with the hands. The roof is thatched of grass, or bamboo leaf; their floor, the ground. A hole is left for a window, and another for a door. They vary in size from ten to twenty feet in diameter; and in a house, a family lives, cooking and sleeping on the ground. An African house costs from five to twelve dollars.

Above, in the foreground, is seen an orange tree, and a palm tree, at the left of which is their "Barre," or court house, so often mentioned in this book. Under the orange

tree is seen a person beating rice, in their wooden mortar, to hull it.

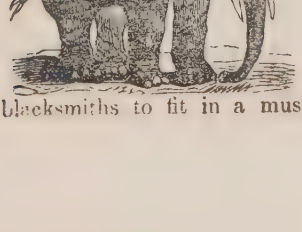
In the hills, they dig iron ore, which they melt with charcoal, and make iron, which is said to be equal to our steel. Of this, they manufacture hoes, axes, knives, cutlasses, spears, needles, fish-hooks, chains, keys, nails, hinges, &c. I obtained some of the ore and iron as a curiosity. The dagger which I brought home, made by themselves, of their own iron, is said by blacksmiths here to be superior to any iron we have in our country. They only melt the ore once, and it is ready for working. In other parts of Africa, the ore is so pure that it is worked without melting.

### A "GAZING STOCK."

23d. Early this morning, the crowd gathered again, and remained till noon I never saw people so insatiate to view me. If I eat, the multitude watch every motion—if I read or write, they stand and gaze, and call me a "Murry man." If I walk in the town, they run before and follow after. Truly I am a "gazing stock," and a "show"—but they rather expect pay for seeing me, than anything for the sight.

Once, I requested them to leave the house, a little while, that I might read some. They said, "white man make every thing we have—sword, gun, powder, and we wish to look at him plenty—you must no go vex for that." I do try to have patience with them, for they never saw a white man before—let them look.

### THE ELEPHANT.



Elephants are numerous here, and are often killed by the natives, and eaten. One was killed last week, and I tasted of its flesh, but it was too rank and tough. I bought a quantity for my men. The skin is about 1½ inches thick. They are shot with a sharp iron spear, made by their blacksmiths to fit in a musket, and shot into the belly.

The foot of the one I saw was about as large as a half bushel measure. From the bottom of the foot the natives make wristlets, which are much valued as ornaments. Young elephants, domesticated, would make a valuable team for a plow, or carrying burdens, or traveling. And as the cattle of Africa are so small, we intend to obtain elephants, and turn their mighty strength to effect in subduing the forests and jungles of this exceedingly rich and delightful country. Immense quantities of their tusks are obtained, and shipped to England and America, of sizes ranging from two to ten feet long. The natives make large wristlets from them, and sometimes persons are seen having from one to four of them on their arms at a time. The people, generally, eat the elephant, but no Mahomedan can be induced to touch it, or to eat anything cooked with it. They say, "my Book no allow me to eat elephant."

### THIRD MENDI PEACE MEETING (AT BOOMPEH.)

April 23d. About noon, my expected interpreter came; he had been delayed by a misreckoning of time; he arrived just as we were ready to "meet up" in the Barre—a happy occurrence, for I know not how I could have done my work without him. It would have been utterly impossible for me either to have expressed myself to them, or to have understood what they said, with any correctness, without his assistance; thus "no good thing will He withhold from them who trust Him."

We had a crowded Barre, and a thrilling meeting. Braw's messenger delivered his message, and begged for the peace, in Braw's name, with one piece of cloth, ($2,00.) They answered kindly, and accepted his present, but wished to hear what the white man had to say. They said, "We have been long fighting, but did not know how to make peace, unless some one should come to walk between us: and we all felt that a white man must come, to make the war done—and lo! just as we had so decided, GOD sent a white man to hold the war, and WE ARE GLAD OF IT."

I talked to them, at some length, to apparent acceptance.

"If two brothers fight, and one steps between them, and begs them to stop, is it not good? "Yes." "I heard of this war in America, and at the Mission, and now come to stand between you and Tecongo, to beg you, with these five pieces of cloth, ($11,50,) to leave the war, and make peace." I showed the evils of war; how it makes the fighters wicked—renders families miserable, and ruins any country—all which they heartily confessed.

"How long has this war been?" They counted up, and said, "Eight years." I answered, "You and Tecongo are all one; you live here close together, speak one language, and have one color; one God make the Boompehs and Tecongoes—you are one family. Now, are not nine years long enough for brothers to be seeking each other's destruction? God is angry with those who fight, but pleased with those who make peace."

I applied the "Golden Rule" to their case, and they confessed the correctness of the principle with an emphatic and united acclamation of assent. "Do you like to have Tecongo come and take your towns, wives, and children?" "No," long and loud. "Well, neither do they love to have you take theirs." "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Do you like for any one to injure you?" "No," long and loud. "Then don't injure any one else. This is God's rule, for you to tell if any course towards your brother, is right." I applied it in many particulars, and they confessed its justness.

I spoke of the general desire for peace, among the people, and the beginnings of it; if any one should oppose, God would fight against that man. "Both sides have done wrong, and you must mutually forgive each other, and drop the matter; and when peace is made, then we can give you schools, and teach your children, and send Missionaries to teach you about God." I spoke of my country; that there were no walled towns there—all were free to go anywhere; and so it might be here, if peace was secured, true, true. 'Lawn-dah,' (I am done.)

They seemed much pleased, and thanked me abundantly—accepted my present, and my words, and were willing for peace.

The king's speaker, or mouth-piece, said, "We thank you much for coming, and for what you have done. We have all felt that none but a white man could hold the war, (knowing that the peace, near the coast, was secured by the interposition of white men;) and lo! God has sent you for this purpose. ☞ It would have been enough if you had only come yourself, and said there must be peace—the war must done. WE WOULD HAVE GRANTED IT, without any present. We are glad to see you, and yield to your word, without anything, let alone all this you have done for us."

*Kam-bah-wah* made a rousing speech in favor of peace, in which he said, "Don't you know that this man is a *God?* Look at him. We don't know where he came from, whether he came on foot, or down from the clouds. What he says, we must do." What an evidence of the degradation of man, when they can call such a worm a God!

They thanked me, beyond measure—thanked Braw's messenger, and thanked the Tecongo man, in warm terms. Some one suggested the idea of going back, and talking of all that began the war, to ascertain who was in the fault; it was answered—"No, the peacemaker has come, and says peace, and we must drop everything, stop the war at once, and make peace. Let the past go, and now have peace."

They promised me there should be peace, but wished to call other chiefs, who are not here, and give answer to-morrow, promising it should be an answer that would please me. It was a joyful meeting. Adjourned till to-morrow.

24th. Last night, much drumming, dancing, singing, and noise, for joy, at the prospect of peace. More chiefs came in from the towns around, and this forenoon, the warriors, young men, and women, and even the children, marched round the town with their musical instruments, singing and dancing for joy. Let them rejoice, for surely there is cause for rejoicing.

FOURTH MENDI PEACE MEETING (AT BOOMPEH).

About one o'clock, we met in the Barre again—more crowded than ever. And more interesting, enthusiastic, spirited, good natured peace meetings, I never attended anywhere.

The king's "mouth" made a long speech, and thanked me very much—could not thank me enough. Spoke again of the feeling among them that no *colored* man could stop the war; that unless a *white* man should come to hold it, it could not be stopped—"but God has sent a white man, and we cannot deny your word. When you came, GOD came: what you say, GOD says. You did not come by yourself—(*i. e.*, without an influence apart from yourself). God sent you, and we don't know how to express our joy and thankfulness at your coming."

They gave me one bushel of clean rice, and a mat; one bushel of rice to the other messengers, and a large sheep* to us all—to thank me, Braw, Kaw-too-boo, Mo-mo, and all the chiefs, for sending to know the truth about the Boompehs, if war was here or not. "There is no war in Boompeh, any more. We only give you 'eat' now, but when we bid you good bye, to-morrow, we will give you answer about the war, which will make you laugh all the way back. We are still waiting for all the chiefs to come, that we may have but one unanimous word, and that the others cannot say, 'White man came here to make peace, but we did not see him.' We want all our people to see you."

The Tecongo man made a speech which pleased them much, testifying to the excellent treatment he had received from every one, in Boompeh; that he saw no sign of war here—he believed they were for peace, true, true. He said that they had no war in Tecongo, either.

I said, "You say you don't know how to thank me enough for coming here; the best way you can thank and

* Sheep, in Africa, have *no wool*. Their covering is *hair*, the same as a dog, or horse. In other respects, they are the same as American sheep.

please me, is, to live in love and friendship with all around you"—at the same time rising and hugging my interpreter, expressive of brotherly love. It pleased them much.

My interpreter made a speech, much to their delight, risibility, and, I trust, profit, too. They called him "white man," because he talked so much wiser than they. "See how this people sabby (understand) sense; how they pass us (excell)—we are nothing in comparison."

He spoke of God's laws, and they confessed. "You tell us the truth; it is the fact—yes, yes."

They listened to him with fixed attention, and manifested great interest. His speeches greatly impressed their minds with the idea of the superiority of book men over the ignorant, and may do more good than mine, inasmuch as they showed them the influence and power of the white man's ways on men of their own country. One said, "We have long been crying for a white man to hold the war, and now God has sent one, we cannot deny his word. Whatever he says, we must do. Look! We don't know where he came from, but he came from far, only to hold the war! What love to us is this! See the money he freely laid down before us; we did not work for it, or do anything to get it; he gave it to us in love, and we should leave the war for this kindness."

When they spoke of giving a good answer, and one said he hoped it would be so; the old man answered, "Never fear, my son, don't fear." And when Braw's man, at the close of a speech, knelt down before him, he put his hand on him, in token that he and his words were accepted. Such is a custom of showing acceptance of a request, or person, by the king.

This evening, killed the sheep, and divided it out.

### WAR NEWS—A MASS MEETING.

Just at dark, a man arrived from *Yerimah*, saying that *Si-si-woo-roo* was all ready to bring war to Boompeh, and the Boompehs must not be careless. An immense meeting was convened, in the open air, and many speeches were made by chiefs, and head war men. One General said,

"We shall not sit down, and bear quietly, if our enemies come. If the kings say the war must done, we are willing. If the white man comes to stop us from fighting, he must look to our enemies, and stop them from coming. If we obey his word, he must be responsible." So it seems I am incurring great responsibilities. May the Lord help me.

The old king, *Kari-shu-ah*, a very old man, shaking with the palsy, said, "We cannot trust Mahommedoo-te-congo. I do not believe he is for peace, true, true. He will say peace, and then come on us suddenly for war." The Te-congo messenger answered, "If Mo-mo says the war is done, it is so, true, true. If war should come, it would not be Mo-mo, but some '*rogue war*,' by people distant from him, without his knowledge or consent. I have been well treated here; no one has cursed me, or spoken one bad word to me. I have had enough to eat and drink, and can go into any house, and talk and laugh, as much as I please. I see that there is no war in Boompeh. We meet now as friends."

I said, "I do not believe war will come. There have been reports of war ever since I came to the meeting, but no war has come, nor do I believe that God will let the enemy frustrate our efforts for peace."

April 25th. Early, the crowd was again in our room, and continued till I walked outside to get a little respite. Saw their blacksmith's shop, where they have also a smelting place to make native iron. The ore is said to be abundant in the hills. They get it, and break it up fine, fill a hole in the ground with layers of charcoal, and the ore, and blow with their bellows* till it all melts into a mass together. It is taken from this state, and immediately worked into hoes, axes, knives, &c., without going through any further process.

I desired to start back this morning, but we were put off. They want all the Boompehs to have a chance to see me.

* The bellows are made of two goat skins, sewed up—one end attached to a piece of gun-barrel, which goes into the fire, and in the other end is left a hole to let in the air. This end is raised up, one in each hand, with the hole open, then *closing* the hand, and *bearing down*, they force the air through the tube.

Have become somewhat accustomed to the noise, so that I can sleep much better than formerly. Many bring me fruits —oranges, pine apples, plantains, eggs, and rice, to beg a few fish-hooks, or needles. They are eager to obtain any kind of English goods, as their own arts are few and rude —yet much more advanced than is generally supposed.

### FIFTH MENDI PEACE MEETING (AT BOOMPEH).

*Answer of Peace. The white cloth.*

More chiefs came in, and about noon we met again in the Barre. I, and my company, were requested to retire, while they consulted as to the answer they should give us. At two o'clock, we were called for, and the king's "mouth" made a long speech, going back over many matters. He said "they had never gone out to fight their enemies—[doubted,] had always been aggressed on—[doubted,] but they were willing, and glad for the peace—and we answer you with a *white country cloth*, to show that our hearts are clean from war."

He appealed to the Tecongo man, who answered respecting his good treatment, and that he saw no appearance of war in Boompeh. He came to see, and was satisfied—he believed Mo-mo had no war, and thought if we should send to Yerimah, from whence reports of war are continually coming, we should find no war there—he could jump for joy, on account of what he had seen.

The old king, Kari-shu-ah, said a little. "We believe that the Tecongo man is sent, true, true, only because he is with the white man. We are afraid of Mo-mo—he has deceived us too often, but since he has sent to see the truth of the case, with us in Boompeh, we are willing to answer, 'There is no war here.'"

I thanked them much for their answer, and for their cloth, (which I value highly, as a memento, and token of the power and efficacy of the peace principle, over even savage minds and hearts.) "It pays me plenty for all my trouble and sickness. If you only clean your hearts from war, trust in, and cry to God, you need not fear Yerimah, or any

other place, for God will fight for you." I told them of Sennacherib's destruction, and promised to do all I could with Mo-mo, begging them to hold on to the peace forever, and God would be their friend.

### GREAT MEETING—PREACHING.

Expecting to leave in the morning, I had the people called together this evening, in the open air, to preach to them, and explain more fully the Gospel plan of salvation. The crier went through the town, and an immense crowd assembled. As far as I could see, in every direction, it was only a perfect press of people—the largest congregation I have seen or addressed in Africa. It was an interesting sight, and threw life and vigor through my feeble frame. We had a long meeting, but excellent. The interest continued without abatement to the end, with thanks, confessions, clapping of hands, and questions.

I gave them a compendium of the plan of salvation—explaining our state as sinners, and the way of mercy through Christ—giving His birth, life, and death—the necessity of repentance, faith, love, obedience, prayer, seeking God, and His will—doing right in every thing, and shunning every wicked way.

### A KING'S SPEECH, (IN THE MIDST OF MY SERMON.)

As I was talking, one king (To-lu-ah), arose and came forward to the ring, and made a short speech, with feeling and zeal. The following are the principal ideas:

"All you Boompeh people, it is now nine years since we began this war—we felt that no colored man could stop the war, but only a white man. Since the white man come, we don't know where he came from. Look the man! We thought an Englishman must come, but he is not an Englishman, or Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Portuguese, but an American! He came to stop us from war—he take his money and give this way and that, and now since he is ready to go away to-morrow, he takes *this word* and lays upon the top of it. Who come to hear it, and is going to

do the same wicked things again, he may go out. Who have a child cry, it may no make noise here—carry it out, and give it suck. If we can't believe anything else, let us believe this word. It is not the word of man—no for make fun, or make noise. It is the word of God, and let us receive it."

I prayed, and my interpreter turned my prayer into Mendi —after which, he talked himself, much to their interest. They asked questions, which I answered. Late we separated, my soul greatly rejoicing in the privilege of making known Christ to many hungry, famishing souls. Blessed season. The Lord bless the truth.

April 26th. Yandahoo returning to Sa-bwe-mah. This morning, got ready to start early, but had to wait for their messenger, (who was deputed to go back to the meeting with us, and talk for those in Boompeh,) till nearly nine o'clock. He was afraid to go, (as we had to pass through Tecongo towns.) They talked much to him, and charged him to go willingly, fearlessly, and to talk boldly. I told him, "Fear not, I will take you safe." At a quarter to nine, we bid "Moo-gen-dah-ha" (all you good bye) to Boompeh. Road wet, and slippery, but arrived here safely, and had to wait three hours for the messenger and Kam-bah-wah to come up. The chiefs at Boompeh gave one man, and Kambah-wah is to give another, to go back with us.

I said to him, "You must give your messenger quick, and let us pass on." He answered: "I will not force you to stop, but I wish you would stay here to-night, and pray, and talk the same word to my people, that I heard last night." What could I say? A heathen king, pleading that his people might hear the word of God! I could not say nay. Though anxious to go on, I consented to stop, and sent on two men to tell the chiefs I was coming, and to get them together, for another general meeting.

Before meeting, the Boompeh messenger (Bo-bah,) came to my hut, and conversed. He was very fearful, and said: "I would not consent to go on this business, on any condition, if I did not go with the white man. I put all my trust in him—he is my only hope of safety." Poor man!

he knew nothing about trusting in God, to whom I directed him, as his hope for safety.

### PREACHING—ALARM OF WAR.

I was quite unwell, but in the evening the people assembled—(all that could be spared from watching the gates, and guarding the town)—and I preached to them. There was good attention by all. The king sat close by me, with his gun by his side, while others were watching the town. Another report of war from Yerimah had come, and they were afraid, and on the look-out. It was something like preaching in a war camp—however, they seemed interested, and asked questions. After prayer, the interpreter talked to them, and after meeting, the king gave his people an account of what had been done at Boompeh, which gave much joy to all.

April 27th. In addition to Bo-bah, another man was given at Yandahoo, named Doo-lah-voo-le. I started on early, not waiting for them, calculating they would overtake me before reaching the next town. The grass and bushes gave me a thorough wetting. Not having carriers, I was obliged to carry a part of the luggage myself—very wearisome.

At Fah-ne-coon-dah, halted to cook breakfast, and await the rest of the company. The people were very glad to see me again, and when I told them about the peace news, there were many thanks, and much clapping of hands. I said, "The road is now open—you can go to Boompeh; and if they come here, treat them kindly, and live like friends." They again thanked me, and said, "God sent the white man—what he says is God's word, and we should receive it."

While they were cooking, the people were assembled, and I preached to them of the great Salvation. They received the word with very many thanks. While preaching, one man made some noise, and the head man at once reproved him very sharply, saying, "This is God's word, and it is not right to make any noise here. If you don't wish to hear it, go away."

The messengers came up, and were received with great joy, by those who would a few days before have killed them,

if they could. Many of the Tecongoes embraced the Boompehs (their enemies,) with much feeling and joy. Some knew them, and all were rejoiced to see such a prospect of peace, and I was glad too.

We passed Maw-ti without calling. At Boompeh river we met many, who could hardly believe that we had brought Boompehs with us, but when they were assured of the fact, they rejoiced and clapped their hands.

### ARRIVAL AT SA-BWE-MAH.

We arrived in the afternoon, and all were overjoyed to see us. We had been detained so long, many had fears for us, but a thrill of joy swelled every bosom, when it was known we had all come back safely, with an addition to our company. Old Karmokoo was very glad, and embraced me heartily, and many repeated their "bisia, bisia, bisia," (thank you.) Many were astonished to see Boompeh men venture to come, and all were greatly rejoiced.

The chiefs embraced me with much emotion, and many thanks—and the women crowded to grasp and thank me. They seemed truly thankful for what I had done, and some manifested a very great desire to do every thing in their power to make me comfortable. Their warm sympathy was affecting. When they looked and saw my sore feet well again, they were much gratified and pleased. Nothing was too much for them to do for my comfort.

I was absent nearly eight days, and feel to bless the Lord, beyond the power of utterance, for sending me to Boompeh. I believe great good will result. The people, everywhere, looked upon me as a "God-send," truly, and my presence and word seemed to have sovereign influence. They will long remember "PROO-MOIE."

Boompeh is an exceedingly important place for a good Mission. Shall they have it?

### YAH-MAN-NAH.

Just at night, Yahmannah, a chief, came to my booth to converse, and I gave him an account of my journey. He

was much pleased, and said, "you are doing good all the time, but this you have done now passes [exceeds] all. You never did anything like this, in your own country."

I have led Tecongo men through Boompeh country, and back again—and Boompeh men through Tecongo country, and back again, safely, to the great joy of both sides—and got the unanimous voice of the Boompehs for peace; of whom many have said, "the Boompehs never can leave war." "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" No. Lord, Thou canst subdue and turn the hardest heart. O! let Thy power be seen.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

I sometimes almost fear that I am getting so high up, and such a weight of responsibility resting on me, that I shall become dizzy, and fall, and not be able to complete what is so gloriously begun. My only hope is in God, who delights to use feeble, unworthy instruments, yea nothingness itself, to magnify His own power and grace. So do, Lord. Leave me not. Give me all needed wisdom and understanding. Surely it cannot be me, that thus sways this people as trees are moved by the wind—that leads them by a look of the eye, a motion of the finger or a word from my lips. No, no—all is from GOD, and He shall have the glory—"not unto us—not unto us, O! Lord, but to Thy name be glory, forever and ever."—Amen.

Again in my little booth, in the woods. Rain this evening.

April 28th. Sabbath. Last night unwell, and restless—caused, I suppose, by walking in the wet grass, yesterday. Bathed, and felt better. Reading, till one o'clock, then preached to the chiefs and people, from "God is love." Much interest manifested. As my interpreter was praying in Mendi, they were begging God, all around the Barre, saying, "O God, help us, we broke Thy laws. O God, help us, we no sabby Thy ways. I done do and cover up, (this and that, mentioning various sins,) I steal, (this and that, mentioning things)—O! God, help me." After prayer, they came and shook my hand warmly, saying, "*bisia, bisia, bisia.*" A very interesting meeting.

29th. A rolling, restless night—felt sick all day. Many to my booth, from various places, to thank me for my last week's work. Lying down most of the time.

### BRAW BLAMED.

The Tecongo chiefs and the others, are ready for a meeting to hear our report from Boompeh, but Braw is again absent, and no business can be done till he comes. On both sides they are vexed with him, and they have cause, for, 1st. He had no business to leave; 2d. I sent him word by some of his people from Boompeh, to be at the meeting without delay. No excuse for him, unless it is a desire to appear important, by making all wait for him, before anything can be done.

### WALK TO KAHSAMMAH.

Not wishing to lie still, doing nothing, about two o'clock I started for this place, to preach and stay all night. Heavy rain on the way, from which, and the wet bushes, and by wading creeks, I got nicely wet, to help on my sickness. I was weak, and became much fatigued.

Crossed the river at Woo-te-bee, a walled town, shook their hands, and came on. This is a large walled town. The king, CIN-DE-WAH, is an old man, and was very glad to see me. He said, "If white man come to this country, we must all leave all our bad. We don't know where he come from, and if he come to stand top of this war, we cannot refuse it—all will accept it, and be for peace."

Being unwell, I begged a hammock, and lay down. Soon I had a chill, but drank pepper tea, and drove it off. Had the people assembled in the Barre, where I lay in my hammock, and preached to them. Good attention, and many inquiries made and answered. My interpreter exhorted after me, and prayed in Mendi. They thanked us for coming to teach them.

April 30th. Sa-bwe-mah. Last night, slept well, and feel much better. In the morning I talked with king Cin de-wah. He wishes a school at his place, and promised me one

or two of his boys for my school. After receiving his presents, we left. Called at Woo-te-bee, and saw Kaw-too-boo for one hour. He was very glad to see me, and saluted me much with "Seno! *Seno!* Seno!" (I am glad to see you. This is used when a person has been absent some time, and returns.) Crossed the river there, and arrived safely, before noon.

This morning a great Mandingo arrived, who has considerable knowledge of things, but teaches much that is false and foolish. I was enabled to deny some of his false statements, by which he deceives the people, and makes them think he is very wise. He would eat no elephant, or anything on which the broth had been poured. He said, "My book forbids me to eat it."

Many messengers have been sent for Braw, but he has not come. Kaw-too-boo is getting out of patience, and declared he would leave, but the chiefs here besought him not to go, for if he went, the meeting would be broken up, and he consented to wait awhile longer. It requires patience to get along with African chiefs.

May 1st. Last night, sick, restless, and tossing. To-day, chilly, weak, feverish and sick all day; ate a little soup. Considerable discussion with Mahomedans, as I lay on my bed. Received letters from the Mission, from brother Brooks, which were very comforting. Towards night, vomited, had a good sweat, and felt better.

2d. Last night, slept a little, but restless much of the night. Felt better this morning.

### A NOTE FOR TOBACCO MINISTERS

While talking with a Mahomedan, he said, "I cannot trust a white trader, for they drink rum and use tobacco, but a minister I can trust. They are God's Piccaninnies; they drink no rum, and use no tobacco, and they will give a poor man anything for the sake of God."

Alas! how little does he know of the corruption of the ministry! May the Lord purge it from all filthiness and abomination, that they may be in all things, examples.

### BRAW ARRIVED.

He came and thanked me plenty for my trouble in going o Boompeh. I said, "It is easy to thank with the mouth, ut your life does not thank me—you do me and all the chiefs bad—you well nigh broke up this meeting—you no care much for this peace." He said, "Sick catch me, the reason I could not come." "You had no business to go away at all." He confessed wrong, gave me right in all my charges, and promised to do me wrong no more. He gave me a fowl "to make my heart cold," (to please me.) I said, "If you give me the world, it will not make my heart cold, only let me see you sorry, true, true, and my heart will be cold; I want no money." He felt much afraid of losing my favor.

### BRAW AND POLYGAMY.

This evening I had a good talk with him, and one of his wives, about Polygamy, showing the disadvantages of the same, and the law of God, respecting marriage. He confessed, "You are right, and I could very easily put away all my wives but one, except for one thing, viz: For every wife I have, I had to pay money for her head. Must I lose all this money?" I explained the necessity of obeying God, and He would reward us for it—that all money is in His hands. My interpreter enforced the duty with great closeness and pungency, and I trust good will result. Nothing but the Spirit of God can open their blind eyes.

To-day, I tried to get a meeting, but some one else was absent, and they could not meet. O! the need of patience. "By long forbearance is a prince persuaded," and truly it needs long forbearance to get along with these princes.

Some rumors of war, but I fear not.

May 3d. A restless, tossing night, and all day very weak, scarce able to walk. My system is in such a state that it seems impossible for me to sleep, by day or night.

## KAW-TOO-BOO'S PALAVER, &C.

This morning, the chiefs met at my booth to hear my report from Boompeh, which lasted till noon. I urged a general meeting, and they said they were ready, but Mahommedoo-te-congo had made palaver with Kaw-too-boo (the king against the country's lawyer and judge), for sending a messenger to Boompeh (the one who went with me), without consulting him, and they were only waiting for that to be settled.

In this thing, Mo-mo acted very foolishly, but being a very proud, and self-important man, his dignity was touched, because he was not first consulted, before anything was done.

He is reported to have said, "Kaw-too-boo takes me for nothing—a mere little boy, not to be regarded, and he shall forfeit." He fined ("forfeited") him a large amount—some say "thirty slaves, and to wear no cloths, except a small piece about the loins, and no shoes," to humble and shame him before all the people.

O! the fruits of proud, unrestrained tyranny!

Again, it is said, and with more probability of truth, that Kaw-too-boo "eat" (used for himself), the ten bars I gave to 'shake the chiefs' hands' with, when he should have sent the things to Mo-mo, to be divided out among all the chiefs—and for this he was fined. If Kaw-too-boo did do this, he was justly fined, for he thus disregarded the claims and rights of all others. According to their customs, the money (goods) I gave, should have been sent to chiefs at a distance, who were not there, saying, "See what the white man gave to shake our hands"—and so of the other money, "The white man come to hold this war—see what he give to make the war done. Let all leave the war and fight no more."

I could not learn with positive certainty what the offense of Kaw-too-boo was, but, for some cause, I know Mo-mo was much vexed with him, and ordered him to appear before him. Kaw-too-boo refused to go, and for these causes, we were prevented from meeting for a number of days, and

the matter was not settled when I left. Another man was sent to settle the peace matters, of whom mention will soon be made.

4th. Last night obtained a good hammock, and slept in it considerably. Feel some better.

To-day, Braw, talking of Mo-mo, said, "Mo-mo can't walk (travel). If he only walks out of his house into the yard, two men have to go before him, with brooms, and sweep every step of the way (for fear of poison in the path). Mo-mo can't walk."

Truly, a tyrant has no peace. He knows people have reason to hate him, and he lives in constant fear of his life.

May 5th. Sabbath. Last night slept in short respites, but I have no appetite for any food I can get here, and feel very hungry and faint. Could not get food last night. To-day one of the boys went and obtained some cassada, but we talked to him about getting things on Sunday, and he carried it back.

At 11 o'clock, collected the people, and preached from being "born again." Many questions asked and answered. A very interesting meeting.

But little noise is now heard here on Sundays. The Sabbath is better kept, here in this interior of Africa, among heathen, than in many villages, cities, or country places, in my own country!

### A THUNDER STORM, AND REFLECTIONS.

6th. Morning. Last night a heavy storm, with thunder and lightning. One flash struck very near us in the bush. It was so sudden, and awful, that I was considerably shocked, and seemed involuntarily and irresistibly drawn together almost double. I drew my head down, as never before, and my heart beat strongly. Then I reflected, "This is only my Father's voice. He sendeth forth His voice, and that a mighty voice." "God thundereth marvelously with His voice." "This lightning is but the flashing of His eye, and this torrent of rain, but the fountain of tears He is pouring on this guilty world. Truly, there is

no cause for fear when a tender Father is weeping over a penitent, loving, obedient child. Only the stubborn have cause to fear."

Bullisarki (head king on the south side of Big Boom), wished me to make him a thing, by which he can tell when Sunday comes. So I made him a stick with seven holes in it, and a pin to be moved down one every morning—the last is Sunday. He seems interested in the truth.

### WOO-TE-BEE—PREACHING—GODS.

Evening. This afternoon, walked here to preach this evening. While waiting for the people to come in from their farms, I gathered a company of chiefs and others around me, and told them about my country—its cities, railroads, telegraphs, cold, ice, snow, houses, churches, farming, barns, &c., which interested and amused them very much.

After dark, a fine company assembled in the Barre, and I preached to them "the words of this life"—"the way of salvation." They asked, "How shall we leave our sins? and how shall we beg God?—we no sabby book." I tried to show them, and my interpreter also talked and prayed.

After preaching, I am frequently asked how they shall do so and so. I suppose this idea of the great difficulty of prayer has come from the Mahomedans, who teach that none can pray, unless they sabby (understand) book, and can say the Mahomedan prayers; so that when I urge the common people to pray, and pray now, they are astonished. May the Lord speedily bring the delusion to an end.

At this place they have a large rock, near the town, which is worshiped as a God! By it sits a plate, a bowl, three bottles, and a country pot, for its use in cooking, eating and drinking! At Gon-gom-mah, also, they worship, and sacrifice to a large rock. They seem to have no idea of carving out images, but put their trust in anything on which it happens to fall—as a stone, bug-a-bug hill, bird, snake, alligator, and other animals—gregrees, charms, and many material objects.

They acknowledge God the maker of them and all things,

and their dependence on Him, but know nothing of His character, will, and worship (which can only be learned from the Bible), and they have wicked hearts, like other wicked men, and love not to serve, obey, and worship their Creator, the "unseen God." O! for the blessed gospel to shine upon them, that they may know God, and Jesus Christ, who died for them.

### NEW BOOTH.

May 8th. Yesterday and to-day, the young men built me a new booth, in the end of the Barre, as it had become very damp in the bush, where I had been staying. The rains were frequent, and the ground could not dry; it was quite injurious to me. My new one is more comfortable, but not tight. Frequently, in the night, I had to hold my umbrella over me, to break off the thickest of the rain.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### PEACE MISSION AND LABORS, CONTINUED.

#### SIXTH MENDI PEACE MEETING.

May 8th. In the afternoon, we met together again, in the old place in the bush. Kaw-too-boo was not present, yet they went forward.

Yah-man-nah addressed the Tecongoes, and said, "We meet here for peace, but you said the Boompehs had war, and you were afraid of them, and would not make peace, till we sent to see. We sent men to see how it was, and have waited for their answer. It has come. The Boompehs have no war, and to prove it, here are forty sacks of salt, with which they shake your hand." (A "sack" of salt contains, perhaps, three or four quarts; forty sacks are called "one slave money," the price of a slave. Salt is bought at the Rapids, by the bar or bushel, and is put up in these small cane, or bamboo sacks, to send into the interior. It is thus convenient to carry, or keep a long time. It is dearer according to the distance from the sea coast, and is a very ready article of traffic, everywhere in the country.)

The other side answered, "Our warriors live far off, and we shall have to send all this to them (the chiefs and head war men at a distance), to shake their hand, and show them that the Boompehs have no war: so you must pay another slave salt, for us here. We thank you for this, but we want the other."

#### THE DIFFICULTY.

In this answer before, as also in more hereafter, is seen the grand impediment in the way of the peace—the only thing which prevented the peace being effected the first day we met together. By the long war, Tecongo was completely cut off from all the trade at the Rapids—from all inter-

course with traders, so that they were destitute of all salt, tobacco, English cloth, and all the little articles obtained from the traders.

They had suffered much on this account, and therefore, in making the peace, they unitedly resolved to make the Boompehs pay plenty of money before they would consent to peace. They wanted peace bad enough, for the country was well nigh impoverished, and all were groaning under the war, and sighing for peace; and the great mass of the people would have jumped at the peace, without pay—but the head ones determined to have some satisfaction for their past deprivations, and thus kept putting off the consummation of the peace by demanding pay for this, and pay for that—such a one must pay for doing so and so, and another for something else, and so on.

The Boompehs and their allies were ready for peace at the first, without any pay: but the Tecongoes, while they were as anxious for the peace, wished to make it a money-making scheme. More of this hereafter.

VIEW OF A PEACE MEETING.

In this cut, the reader will have an idea of the appearance of my peace meetings in the Mendi country. The

chairman of the meeting is seen in the back ground, with his robe and cap on. A chief, say Bullisarki, is speaking. Proomoie is lying on his mat, and his interpreter sits behind him. Our meetings were, mostly, in a cleared place, in the bush. In those meetings, great native eloquence was displayed. I felt it good to be there, and witness the workings of truth.

### BULLI-SAR-KI'S REPLY—(SEE CUT.)

*A Magnanimous Speech! Noble Sentiment!*

They were answered most eloquently and grandly, in a long speech, by Bulli-sar-ki, in substance as follows:

"We are not trading. We came far, and shook your hand (by a present); we did not come to beg—we are not afraid of you. Boompeh has not conquered Tecongo; nor Tecongo, Boompeh. We came and wished to have this bad war done; we have no war to send to you—we want it done. You have given *us* nothing; you have not shaken our hand, nor given us a fowl, a hamper* of cassada, or anything, and it is not right for you to be demanding money so. You should thank us for what we have given, and let both leave the war. We have done with war. We have no war to carry to you. If any can't leave the war, they can fight. If any come to us, we can open the gates, and say, 'Do not kill us, for we have no war here'—we can't fight them any more. Those who leave the war, true, true, God will fight for them. We can't fight against our enemies any more. We are done, and look only to God!" And he appealed to all the chiefs associated with him, if it was not even so—and they answered with united acclamation, long and loud, "YES, IT IS SO."

This is noble—glorious! Behold the power of truth on unsophisticated minds! (These are the doctrines I had preached to them, and which they readily perceived as reasonable, and embraced;) and let shame be on those ministers and statesmen in Christian lands, who say, "God will not

* A "hamper" is a kind of temporary basket, made of green palm leaves, of sizes from half a bushel to a bushel and a half.

protect us unless we fight to defend ourselves!" "Trust God, and keep your powder dry!" How will these heathen rise up in the judgment, to condemn them! Would that all our theologians, and law-makers, and teachers of youth, and leaders of the public mind, had as good theology, in this respect, and decided integrity of principle, and firm trust in God, as this *heathen* king. Better for our country, and the world.

### ADDRESS TO JE-BAW, A TECONGO KING.

At the close of the meeting, I spoke to Je-baw, a chief king among the Tecongoes, in the presence of a company, and gave my sanction to Bullisarki's speech, adding, "This way you do, does not please me: it is not the way to make peace, for one side to demand of the other, money, for this and that. Suppose the Boompehs should say you must pay one ton for this, and one ton for that, would you be willing?" "No." "Then you should not ask it of them. If you had conquered the Boompehs, then you might say, 'pay so and so;' but neither side has conquered—both have done wrong. Do not ask money, but both sides stop fighting, get peace, let the country become good, then the money will come. Now we want peace, and let us do nothing that will prevent it." But I fear that his covetous, blinded mind, could not feel the force of such logic.

May 9th. Last night, ate a late hearty supper, having gone without from breakfast; this morning, sour stomach, bloated, and quite unwell. Vomited my supper, just as I ate it, after lying in my stomach twelve hours, and felt sick. Quite weak and faint all day.

### IGNORANCE OF NUMBERS.

Last evening, I talked with the people about counting, and ascertained that the common people knew few, or no numbers above twenty, or beyond their fingers and toes! They talk one hundred, but when questioned, they only made it out *two men and a half*, or fifty! When I took five men and ranged them in a row, and counted their fingers

and toes, and said, "That is one hundred," they were astonished! And so was I.

I called some chiefs who had mingled with slave traders and others—had seen slaves counted out. They readily answered that one hundred was five men—"Noo-moo-law-loo-boi-un-go." Right.

They said that the people, even here, across the river, know not how much a "bar" is, or a "ton." These terms are imported, and understood only among those who associate with traders.

All about here, a gun is called two bars (one dollar); a double-barrel might be four bars. My interpreter had a double-barrel gun, and a chief said to him, "I will give you a goat for it."—(four bars.)

The more intelligent Mahomedans and others, can count regularly to thousands; but the majority of the people cannot to hundreds. In preaching, once, I had occasion to use the term four thousand, and my interpreter could not express it, by any term he knew of, and was obliged to let it go, by saying, "a great many." But such is the construction of the language, that any number can be expressed systematically, when it shall be reduced to writing and system.

On account of my being alone, with so much to do, and think of, and being sick so much of the time, I have not learned much of the language—only a few common words. The following examples will show something of the structure of the language.

SPECIMEN OF MENDI NUMBERS AND WORDS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 A-tah. | 11 Poo-mah-hoo-ya-lah. |
| 2 Fil-le. | 12 Poo-mah-hoo-fil-le. |
| 3 Sow-wah. | 13 Poo-mah-hoo-sow-wah. |
| 4 Nan-e. | 14 Poo-mah-hoo-nan-e. |
| 5 Law-loo. | 15 Poo-mah-hoo-law-loo. |
| 6 Wa-tah. | 16 Poo-mah-hoo-wa-tah. |
| 7 Wo-fil-lah. | 17 Poo-mah-hoo-wo-fil-lah. |
| 8 Wy-ac-bah. | 18 Poo-mah-hoo-wy-ac-bah. |
| 9 Tah-oo. | 19 Poo-mah-hoo-tah-oo. |
| 10 Poo. | 20 Noo-moo-boi-un go. |
| | 21 Noo-moo-boi-un-go-mah-hoo-ya-lah. |
| | 100 Noo-moo-law-loo-boi-un-go. |

*Proo-moie*, white man.
*Oo-wah*, good morning.
*Seno*, I am glad to see you.
*Bah*, *sag-o*, or *sak-o*, thank you.
*Bisia* (sing.) *woo-sia* (plu.) thank you.
*Yandingo*, good.
*Tone-yah*, true word.
*Ndow*, *ben-dow*, *ab-en-dow*, hold, stop, wait for me.
*Lawn-dah*, I am done.
*Njah*, water.
*Ga-waw*, God. *Ga-waw-waw*, Great God.
*Bow-mwie*, Savior.
*Moo-gen-dah-ha*, All you good bye.

When two friends meet, one says "*Bisia*," and the other "*Bah*," often repeating the words back and forth *many* times. When a person is speaking, if another wishes to explain or speak, he cries out, "*Ndow*, *Abendow*." And when a speaker is done, he bows gracefully, and says, "*Lawndah*."

In listening to exciting speeches, they are quite Methodistical, in assenting to or sanctioning, or expressing joy, exclaiming, "Toneyah, or Yandingo, or Feara Gawaw."

### SEVENTH MENDI PEACE MEETING.

Met again, in our accustomed place. Began at noon, and continued till five o'clock; did not make much headway—most of the time spent in going over again. Kaw-too-boo was present, and wished to hear for himself Bullisarki's speech, and he went over it again, with some additions.

Then the messenger Braw sent to Boompeh with me, made his report of our visit and success. Next the Tecongo messenger gave his opinion of what he saw in Boompeh, and spoke well for the Boompehs. Kaw-too-boo had begun to answer, when another *great* personage made his appearance, in dashing colors—haughty, stern, and as self-important as could be. His name is—

### CHAB-BAH.

He owns the town of Tecongo, and Mo-mo is his "stranger," but has the power of the country in his hands; and that whole country is spoken of as belonging to Mo-mo, or subject to him—though he generally tries to have one word with Chah-bah.

This Chah-bah made a great bluster and parade, and said he had come to settle all this palaver. He caused much laughter on both sides, and expressed much joy at seeing

so many together as friends, who had been fighting so long. Many went to shake hands with him, but with the Boompehs he refused to shake hands, and drew back with a surly scowl, saying, "wait."

He wished to know what had been done, and they went back again, and gave him an account of all that had been done at the meetings. This occupied all the time till late, so that I could get no chance to talk. Just as the meeting was closing, I threw out

"A WORD TO THINK OF."

"This is a peace meeting. We come here from far to make peace in the country. How? With only one, and keep on fighting with others? It should be peace with *every body* who has war with us. But Kaw-too-boo has talked much against Braw and the Boompehs making peace at *this* meeting. (They wished to divide the Boompehs and their allies, and make peace in two places, so as to get more money out of them, and therefore made objections to the Boompehs, that they had war in Boompeh, for Tecongo—and again the Boompehs did not come the *short road* to the meeting. Boompeh and Tecongo were not far apart, let the Boompehs meet them there half way, and make peace. He says they came a *round about* road. What difference as to the way, so that they get here, and wish for peace? Peace is what we want, no matter what way they come. How could the Boompehs come the short road? Does not Tecongo war lie between them and this place? If I had not gone there, none could have come. No matter if they go to Tissana, or the sea, to get here, if they get here, and say, "We want the war done, and have peace;" receive them and make peace, and no say, 'You did not come the right road.' If you have enemies far off, and they drop down into your midst, and you can see no way they came, and they want peace, make peace with them. Is not this the way? Let us have peace any how."

Shook hands with Chah-bah, and returned weak and faint, to my booth, with a mountain of anxious solicitude on my soul, as to the end of the matter.

### BRAW'S FRIENDS.

May 10th. This morning, three of Braw's relatives came from far in the interior. I am told it is three weeks' walk to their place. They have been living "behind this war," (i.e., beyond it,) and could not get to him, till this peace movement made it safe for people to travel. I would much like to visit that part of the country. It is represented as being very interesting.

### "PROO-MOIE" WEAVING.

While waiting for the hour of meeting, I thought I would try my hand at weaving, on their looms. The "harness" and "reed" are hung on three moveable standards. When the thread is through the apparatus, ready for weaving, one end is fastened to stakes, and the ball of yarn fastened by a stone, or some weight, some thirty yards distant. They then weave, and move along their fixings till they weave up to the ball, then wind up the cloth, and let out another thirty yards of yarn, and so on. I succeeded pretty well, and many praises and thanks were lavished on me. They were much pleased to see Proomoie weave. I frequently tried it, to please them.

O! the importance of introducing good looms among them. While they are weaving one yard, six inches wide, a good hand-loom would weave three or four yards, one yard wide. They have need of, and exercise great patience, in spinning and weaving, and many other things.

Who will not try to introduce among them our arts and improvements? They are willing to learn.

### EIGHTH MENDI PEACE MEETING.

We went over the river about noon, but the Tecongo chiefs were in council, and we had to wait till two o'clock, before commencing business. Their counseling, it seems, had been to make the peace a money making scheme. They wished Bulli-sar-ki to pay another slave salt, and to divide

the Boompehs from him, so that they should have to pay by themselves.

Kawtooboo asked, "Bullisarki, who is with you in this peace? Do you come yourself, or do you bring all these others? Who are these?" He answered, "We are all one word. I bring them all. What has been given to shake your hand, has been for us all. I do not pick and choose. I deny no one of them. We have but one word —Braw, Boompeh, and all. We are one. If you make peace with me, you make peace with all. I cannot separate from them." (So I had instructed him to answer, for we saw that they were determined to separate him from Boompeh, and it was deemed important to have peace with all, at this meeting.)

Kaw-too boo answered—"We are willing to make peace with you, Bullisarki, and this side chiefs: but with Braw and the Boompehs, we cannot make peace here. We want you to give us another slave salt, and then we can answer you good."

Bullisarki replied—"I have shaken your hands good, and shall not give you the salt. I give you this three fathoms of cloth, and this is the last I shall give."

Chah-bah tried to praise, and "sweeten" him very much, to make him willing to give the money.

The messenger (Bo-bah) from Boompeh, spoke about affairs in Boompeh, with much power. It seemed to please both sides much, and to soften down considerably the prejudice of the Tecongoes against the Boompehs, and encouraged me.

At first, he was so fearful and abashed, he could not look at them at all, but he gained confidence, and spoke with energy and point.

### MY SPEECH TO THE TECONGOES.

It was difficult to get the floor, all were so eager to speak their own minds. Towards night, I began. After some preliminaries, I said—"You gave messengers to go to Boompeh—we went and saw, and found Boompeh with one word for peace—no war there—all ready and anxious for

peace. You heard what your messenger said—you hear what the Boompeh messenger says—you see how largely they have shaken your hand, and now do you not believe they are done with war, and want peace ?"

I dwelt on the evils of war and blessings of peace, and then, "You are brothers. God commands you to love, and do each other good. You have been fighting eight years. God did not make men to fight. Leopards, dogs, and cats can fight, but God made us to be friends, and live in peace. Boompeh wants peace, true, true—she reaches her hand to you for peace—now mark this! If you refuse to make peace with them, God will hold you accountable—you will be guilty of any war or outbreak that may hereafter follow. Think of that."

I showed the cause of their wars. "You have lived close, but did not see each other—only heard reports, reports all the time, from evil men, who were running back and forth, and delighted to create difficulties, palavers, foments, and wars, among their neighbors.

You have had too much jealousy, suspicion, and fear of each other, in your hearts. You should not think men are your enemies till you see proof of it. Just look each other in the face, visit, trade, mingle together, shake hands as friends, open your roads, and there can be war no more. Here, now, just look at one another—see, you are brothers—now can you ever have a heart to fight one another again ? I told the Boompehs, that I came to stand between you, that you may fight no more. So I say to you. I put myself between you, to part you, and stop your fighting each other, that there may be peace. If you wish to strike any one, strike me. If you wish to fight with any body, fight me. When you wish to fight Boompeh, remember, I stand between you, to turn you back. No fear for Boompeh. I will give you my word that Boompeh will not trouble you. I stand before Boompeh. I have hold of Boompeh's hand, strong, so that she can't carry war on you."

Chah-bah interrupted: "You should not praise the Boompehs so, till you hear and see what Tecongo will do."

"I do not praise them. You sent to see if war lived there, and I am telling you what I saw there."

Kaw-too-boo asked, "Have you heard us say we were not willing to make peace with Boompeh?" "You just said you could not make peace with Braw, and have often said it; but, however, I talk my word, that you may think of it before you answer."

Chah-bah asked, "Do you say the war must done?" "I have laid down here eight slave money—four on one side, and four on the other—to have this war done. I can't force you—I beg you to make peace."

I had got about half through, when Chah-bah wished to say a word, (he felt uneasy under my pinching,) and they kept on talking, back and forth, so that I got no chance to finish. I wanted matters done up too quick for them.

Chah-bah said he could not shake the Boompehs' hands here, but if Braw would go round to Boompeh, have the road cleared between there and Tecongo, and come that way (a cunning, roguish device,) with the Boompehs, Tecongo would meet, and shake hands with them, and the palaver would be done. About this, they talked some time. I saw that Tecongo was fixed on that point, and feeling such an ardent desire for peace, I felt willing to yield the point, on one condition, viz.: "Chahbah, will you give me your word, true, true, here before the Boompeh messenger, that Tecongo has no war for Boompeh—that you are willing for peace with Boompeh?—that I may send word to Boompeh, quiet their fears of Tecongo, and have them ready to cut the road, to meet, and shake your hand? I want an answer now. I want this palaver done to-night, so that I can send word to Boompeh, and go myself to Tecongo, and have this matter settled."

He said, "We are willing for peace in that way. We do not hate Boompeh. I, Braw, and Bo-bah, (the Boompeh messenger,) were playmates together when children, and knew each other well;" and he showed how their fathers' farms were situated adjoining each other, and where they were wont to gambol, in youth. O! how war separates very friends!

It was late, and Braw could not answer whether he was willing to go round by Boompeh, to make peace, (for he,

and all our chiefs were suspicious that there was some trick and mischief, behind the plan,) and so we adjourned, till the next week.

A FEW INTERESTING INCIDENTS, DURING THE MEETING.

1. I used notes, in blind pencil mark. They are all very superstitious about books, and many are afraid of them. They looked and stared at my notes, and when I looked at my paper, Chah-bah would say, "There it comes again, out of the book. That man is a god. See! he looks in his book, and sees things, *where we can see nothing*, and if we can't make peace for ourselves, on our own account *we may for him, and for his sake, or God will punish us.*"

2. Braw said to *Chah-bah*, "Whatever you talk to the white man, you better speak *true*, and *do* what you say, for *everything is put in the book*—(he saw me, every day, writing in my journal.) Last night, I told him your *name*, and he put it in the *book*." Chah-bah was angry and much frightened, and exclaimed, "What do you mean? O! dear, what did you tell him to put my name in the book for, *so that I shall now* DIE? Don't you know that he has power to kill me, and that he knows how long I shall live?" And he refused to be quieted, till Braw assured him that it would not hurt him, for his own name was also in the book.

3. At the close of the meeting, *Bulli-sar-ki* said, (then Friday night)—"We cannot answer to-morrow, and the next day is Sunday, and then *we can't do any business*—you must wait till Monday." Some disputed the correctness of his reckoning, but he was sure, for he had kept his count, (on my stick which I had given him,) and was looking *forward* to the Sabbath, to be *prepared* for it, and he confidently affirmed that he was correct. They appealed to me, and I said, "Yes, it is so."

Surely this is remarkable for a heathen king. This was "remembering" the Sabbath, as many professing Christians and ministers remember it not. "*No business on that day!*" Let those who are looking over account books, or talking about their business affairs, or running cars, or steamboats, or mills, or furnaces, or burning brick-kilns, coal-pits, getting

in hay, or grain, or traveling, or visiting, on the *Sabbath*—let them think of this *heathen king*, and his declaration, and remember that unless they cease their desecrations of God's holy day, this heathen will rise up in the Judgment to shame and condemn them.

Broke up late, tired and hungry.

### FEAR OF TREACHERY.

May 11th. The chiefs here, are all afraid of the plan of having the Boompehs clear road, and meet the Tecongoes, as proposed. They think it is a trick to get the Boompehs out of their town, that they may suddenly fall upon, and kill them. All agree in saying that Tecongo hates Boompeh, not for any *bad* Boompeh ever did them, but from *envy*. In all their wars, Boompeh has never been taken, while all other towns have; and they seem resolved not to rest till Boompeh has been leveled to the ground! May God disappoint the crafty devices, subdue the wicked hearts, and bring peace to all the country.

May 12th. *Sabbath*. Searching for the cause.

This morning, before rising, my mind was full of the *peace*, pondering *why* God would not hear our prayers, and bless our efforts with complete success.

Perhaps I, or these chiefs, have not sufficiently humbled ourselves before God—or were we resting on our own strength, or was there some lurking sin, which kept the Lord from helping us?

I therefore resolved to make this a special object to-day, to fast, humble myself, and pray for the others, and beseech the Lord to work Himself, and grant peace in such a way that all should confess "It is the Lord."

I made known my feelings to my interpreter, and invited him to join me. I called the chiefs together, and talked over the matter to them—how long we had labored, and how little accomplished—why? "Have you humbled yourselves? Have you put away all your sins? Have you begged God for this peace? Let us spend this day humbling ourselves, and praying for our enemies, that God will turn their hearts to peace."

They said, "We have only one mind for peace." I said, "Yes, I believe it, but we ought to beg God for those on the other side." Felt deeply pressed on this subject. May the Lord work.

### PREACHING—THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

At noon, they assembled again, and I preached an hour and a half from the ten commandments, explaining, applying, and exhorting. There was excellent attention to the last. I went through them, first, in order, expounding the meaning—then went over them again, one by one, and asked, "Is not that good, and just what we need? Could we do without it?" And their own hearts witnessed to the fitness and excellency of every one—also to their importance. I prayed, and my interpreter turned the prayer into Mendi. As I arose from my knees, I observed some, and Braw in particular, still bowed with their faces to the earth, crying, "O! *Gawaw* (God), help me—O! teach me. Have mercy on me."

After meeting, Braw came and sat down by me, to thank me for my preaching, and said, "Before you came, we were in the dark, and knew none of these things. No one ever told us these things before, and we are glad to learn them." I feel it good, to "preach Christ where he has not been named," and build on a "sure foundation."

To see kings, and princes coming, and submitting themselves to Him, as their King, is rejoicing, and enough to pay me for all my sickness, sufferings, and toils.

My congregation here is very interesting. They seem willling to meet, listen with attention, observe the Sabbath, turn from war, acknowledge the truth of God, and appear very thankful for instruction.

### WAITING—TIRED—NEED CHANGE.

13th. Have not met to-day—waiting for He-ge-mah, king, to get forty sacks of salt, which he is fined by Tecongo, for leaving them, in the war, and joining Boompeh. I am tired of living in this way. I need change of life and

food—only ate once to-day. Sit under umbrella, in the house, to shelter me from the rain!

May 14th. Reading, when able. Last night and to-day, quite unwell. A chief made me some pudding, which I relished well. Obtained *bush yams* (wild), which are very similar to the cultivated ones. They grow abundantly, all about, in the bush and farms—also wild *coco*, and other things, so that any one can live without much work. Blessings are scattered with a lavish hand.

### A WIFE FLOGGED!

To-day, as I was lying in my hammock, I heard a loud screaming, inquired the cause, and was told it was a man beating his wife. I stopped it at once, and told the chiefs if another such thing occurred, I would leave them—I would not stay with a people who would allow such things. They spoke to the man, and he soon came to me to explain. I gave him a sharp lecture, and said, "You are not fit to have a wife. You should be so ashamed, that you could not look at any one. Why did you flog her?" "I told her she must not eat *monkey*, because I don't think they are fit to eat, but she *would* eat monkey!" I spoke of our duty to our wives. He said, "You are right—and though the white man's way is not like ours, since you instruct us thus, I accept it." Think good will result. This case, as well as many others, shows clearly the need of Christian example, and gospel instruction among them, that they may understand their relations and duties to each other.

The monkey tribe are very numerous in all the forests of Western Africa—of all sizes, from that of a rat to a little boy—and the natives generally eat them, when they can kill them. (Mahomedans, and some others, do not, as was the case with the husband above.) They are very troublesome, and mischievous creatures, more destructive in a corn field, or a cassada farm, than racoons, and squirrels, in America. Where they have not been shot at, they are very tame; but after they have been shot at a few times, it is exceedingly difficult to come up to them. In the night they retire early to rest, by going to the top of the highest

tree, and huddling together in bunches, throwing their arms around each other's necks, and sleep in this condition. They are of different colors—gray, fox, brown, striped, dark, and jet black.

MONKEY AND CHIMPANZEE.

The *Chimpanzee* (the large one in the cut), is said to be the nearest approximation to the human, that there is among the brute creation. They are plentiful in these regions of Africa.

The Ourang Outang is south of the equator.

BROTHER CARTER'S COAT.

This afternoon, a man came here with one of the frock coats on, which brother Carter wore to Africa. I had sold it to one of my workmen, and he sold, or gave it to one of his friends, far in the country, and it has been preserved well, and looks bright, and whole, after more than two years. The man seemed very proud of it and walked quite *large.*

WATCH BROKE.

Last night, my watch chain broke, as it was lying in my hat, as usual. Henceforth, all my *time* points will be *guess* work. It is a great loss, to be thus deprived of a time-piece.

### PEACE MOVEMENTS INTERIOR.

This morning, heard that the warring parties far in the interior, are "meeting up" for peace. They send to me to come to them, and help them—all want to see me. The peace movement seems to be a general one in every direc tion. The Lord is evidently moving among the people, and quieting the troubled elements into peace. May He extend "peace like a river," through all this desolated land. I feel that God is preparing the way for some great work of redemption and salvation, for this suffering people.

### VISIT TO OLD KAR-MO-KOO.

This afternoon, not wishing to be idle, I came over to Bow-mah to see and talk with Kar-mo-koo; finding him absent, we followed his track to this place (Shem-ba-hoo), about three miles. It is a barricaded town, and was all destroyed by the war, but they have it nearly built again.

I looked round, and talked with the king about the peace. He said, "I am anxious for the peace. I have sent a man to Mo-mo, to see what he says; but you must not fear, for if *I* say the war must *done*, *Mo-mo* must will for it too, because I stand before them all."

As I was ready to start back, a shower came up, and I had the people collected, and preached to them, during the rain. They thanked me much for coming. Some asked my man, "How did the white man come to this country? Did he drop down from the clouds—or how?" I am a great wonder to them. May I be a blessing to them all.

After meeting, I wished to return, but they begged me to stay all night, that they might hear the word of God again! I said, "I am sick, and wish to get back to my place." The king said, "Very well, you have been sick over the other side, and may be God sent you here to *stretch your legs*, to make you better." The request coming from an old heathen king, almost in the grave, and from his people, I could not refuse, and consented to stay.

This evening, when all were in from their farms, the

people were called together, and I preached to them. They asked many questions, which evinced an interest, and thanked me abundantly for the word I had spoken. May it be blessed of God; He certainly sent me, for I had no intention of coming when I started, nor did I know there was such a town in the country.

### AN AFFECTING CASE.

This evening, a wife and mother, of this place, who had been taken in the war, and been kept a slave, returned to embrace her children and husband, with deep feelings, many tears, and great joy. She sat on the ground, and drew her little ones to her, in her arms, with all the tender solicitude and anxious love of a mother, and as she looked upon them, she wept aloud, excessively, (perhaps at the thought of being obliged to leave them again, as she was still a slave, and only allowed to come and see them.) The whole town, almost, seemed to join in the "cry," and every new one who came in would revive it anew, so that it continued a long time. It was truly an affecting scene, to see the little darlings cling to their mother, and she embracing them, frequently bursting forth, in violent and boisterous expressions of mingled grief and joy.

### ATTEMPT TO GO TO TECONGO—STOPPED.

17th. This morning, I arose, packed up my things, and determined I would go to Tecongo, and see Mo-mo, myself, and try if the palaver could not be settled at once. I felt, and still feel, that if I could only see Mo-mo, face to face, the business could all have been done in a trice, that he would accede to peace without delay. And, no doubt, the Tecongo chiefs here feel so too, and therefore they opposed my going, lest the matter should be settled without their getting the money, for which they are extending the palaver so long. This is the whole secret of their opposition to my going to Tecongo.

The chiefs with me gave their consent to my going, and we started. The water had risen so that the low places were all full, and traveling was very difficult.

At Woo-te-bee, we called to "shake the hand" of Je-baw, and Kaw-too-boo, (for a traveler may not pass a chief, without calling, and "shaking his hand," with some present.) I told them, as they questioned me, where I was going, and they objected, saying, "You *must not* go to Tecongo now. We have sent a messenger to Mo-mo, to report our proceedings here, and you must wait till he returns. If he does not bring an answer to please you, then you can go and see Mo-mo for yourself."

I confess that my feelings of liberty were stirred, but I refrained myself, and replied, "I am in your country, and cannot go where you say I must not, but if you were in my country you could go where you pleased, without asking any body." It was a great disappointment to me, but I felt that all would come out right, in the end, and this comforted me.

### COME IN THE NAME OF GOD.

They said, "Tecongo chiefs cannot do you plenty of good (make me presents), because you come to this place in the name of Braw, or the other side chiefs," (their enemies.) If so, to give to me would be considered the same as giving to Braw, which idea they could not brook. I answered, "I did not come to this meeting in Braw's name, or in the name of the other side—I came to you in the name of God, to stop this war. If you will not hear my words, you reject the words of God. I come to you, as I came to the other side. I gave both sides alike; I shook your hands with twice as much as I did theirs," &c. It made them uneasy, and they turned the subject.

### THE "LIVING MAN" IN MY POCKET!

They said, "It has gone *far up country* that you have a *living man* (as my watch is called), which you carry, and we wish to see it." "It is broken, and put away, or you could see it." My watch was a great wonder, and many wished to see it. At Boompeh, they called it "a living man," and the report spread far around. When my inter-

preter told them it was to "measure the sun with," they could not comprehend the idea. Many times I had to open it, and let them gaze at it.

### CASE OF ADULTERY—PUNISHMENT.

At Wo-te-bee, a man was caught in adultery with his neighbor's wife. They did not treat him as such characters are too often treated in America—let him go at large to do the same again; no! Africans have more sense, and a greater detestation of the crime. The man was put in the stocks (as is often the case), and will, in all probability, be sold as a slave. In some cases, the culprit has to pay large money—in others, he is flogged, and in others, put to death.

Though there is much adultery in Africa, as is to be expected, yet, as a general thing, it meets with punishment, when found out—and it should be punished. The women generally go unpunished.

We returned to Sa-bwe-mah, and had breakfast about noon. Kaw-too-boo and Je-baw, fearing the chiefs with us might feel hard about my being sent back, soon dispatched a chief, close after us, to explain and apologize.

### ARRIVAL FROM THE MISSION.

Towards night, a man whom I had sent to the Mission, some time before, arrived, after tarrying more than a week at Tissana, with sore feet. He brought very reviving letters from brother Brooks, directed, "Geo. Thompson, *Land of Strife*"—some goods, which I much needed, as my stock was quite low—and some dried strawberries, which were the greatest relish, in my sick state, I ever had.

I could scarcely get any thing I could eat, and became much exhausted. I was somewhat cast down, in my lonely, sickly condition, and the letters of sympathy and love, from my beloved, bereaved associate, who was also pressed down with sickness, care, trials, and many labors, were a cheering, invigorating cordial to my drooping spirits, and fainting body. Ah! the condition of a lone, wandering Missionary, in Africa's wilds, who can realize?

A native who went to the Mission with my man, had much to say about that "white man" at the Mission—meaning the old American sailor, because he dressed and acted like white men.*

May 18th. No meeting, though Kaw-too-boo promised we should meet to-day. Last night sick, sour stomach—sick all day. "He knoweth our frame—He remembereth we are dust." Constant rain all day, without much intermission.

19th. Sabbath. This morning relished a little fried plantains and onions—felt some better.

### ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM TECONGO.

20th. This forenoon, I said to the chiefs, "If I can hear nothing to-day, about 'meeting up,' I shall leave; send and see when we shall meet."

They sent Yah-man-nah, who saw the man who had been to Tecongo, and said to him, "The white man is ready

* In Africa, when a native adopts the customs or ways of whites, they say, "He has turned white man"—and so if a white man falls in with the customs of the Africans, they say, "He has turned black man."

There have been some remarkable cases of "turning black man" among English and Americans. People in Christendom wonder and are amazed at the *stupidity* and *senselessness* of a people who can trust in *charms*, worship *stone gods*, and be duped by so many foolish superstitions as are common among the Heathen.

Let all such readers cease to wonder at the conduct of the benighted Pagans, who were never taught any better, when they read the testimony of the great JOHN NEWTON, who lived long and suffered much in Africa, and well nigh became a "black man," himself!

He says, "I have known several, who, settling in Africa, after the age of thirty or forty, have, at that time of life, been gradually assimilated to the tempers, customs, and ceremonies of the natives, so far as to prefer that country to England; they have become dupes to all the pretended charms, necromancies, amulets and divinations of the blinded negroes, and put more trust in such things, than the wiser sort among the natives! A part of this infatuation was growing upon me; in time, perhaps, I might have yielded to the whole!" Truly, we may not wonder that ignorant simple Africans, in all their darkness and degradation, should be so captivated by Satan, when such giant minds, such intellectual, cultivated, enlightened spirits as John Newton and others, have been affected by such foolish things O, the infinite need of the Gospel, to dispel the darkness and midnight gloom.

to go away, being tired of waiting so long." The man answered, "I am sent by all the head chiefs at Tecongo, to give answer here. Mo-mo said, 'the white man must *not leave*—he done make all the war, peace; Tecongo has no more war for Boombeh; he has sent a messenger to Yerimah, telling them they must have no war there—the white man done give his money, plenty, and no Tecongo man must go out for war, any more.' What has made this peace so hard is, the palaver between Mo-mo and Kawtoo-boo; but to-morrow we shall meet, and I will give answer, which will make all glad."

### MY INTERPRETER VEXED.

On account of some misunderstanding, my interpreter and the chiefs had some hard words together, so that he was much vexed, and declared he would leave in the morning, any how. I did not countermand him, but reasoned with him about his temper and improper conduct—his bad example, his loud and fast talk, and his duty to be kind and softly, when another is vexed with him. He cooled down, and was soon laughing again with them, and went on with the talk.

### SIX REASONS FOR PATIENCE UNDER MY DETENTION.

My circumstances are all ordered by infinite Wisdom, and I should be quiet and satisfied with the ways of Providence. For 1. I am constantly learning African character and ways, which is very important. 2. I am learning how to make peace between African parties, if ever called on to act thus again. When I began this work, I knew but little about it. 3. The influence of my presence and words, advice and reproofs, have been, and are, salutary. 4. I have had opportunity to preach the gospel, in all the country round, and have instructed these chiefs more fully in the Christian doctrines. 5. I have been, and am viewing the field—the country, people, and openings for the gospel. I have seen the wide, rich, and perishing harvest, which awaits faithful laborers, who should be sent speedily to

gather it in. 6. I am becoming better qualified to plead for Africa.

### A NEST OF GRAVEN IMAGES.

May 21st. This evening I found a nest of old, broken graven images—the first I have seen in Africa.

There were five of them, lying at the foot of a small tree, where a town once stood, which was destroyed by war; and in the confusion of escaping and destroying the town, I suppose these idols were broken. They are made of stone, intended as imitation of something, perhaps of human beings—if so, very comical. Four of them are so broken that it can scarcely be decided of what shape they were; the other has a piece broken out from the side of the head, and another from the legs. It is about as large as a cat. They had evidently "been through the wars," and "come off the worse of it." They could neither deliver themselves, nor those who trusted in them, but all together "went into captivity." I made a *captive* of the best one, to act as preacher, to plead for Africa.

### THE STONE GOD.

It is about as large as a cat, and is made of soft soap stone. It is of very ancient date, and has been prayed to, perhaps, for ages. Who can look upon it without resolving, "I will no longer sleep, or live for myself; but I will henceforth do *all I can*, in every way, to send the blessed light of the *gospel* to this benighted people, to turn them from dumb idols, to the living God?" Reader, do you prize the gospel? What will you do for them?

I asked the chiefs where these stone gods came from. "We don't know; but suppose they *grew*

so—nobody among us *now* can make such things; they used to *pray* to them, and trust in them!"

O! what an evidence of the depravity of man! When will all the idols be "cast to the moles and the bats," before the bright shining of the blessed gospel?

### THE QUARREL OF A CHIEF.

May 22d. Last evening, Kari-vung, the king of He-ge-mah, became very hotly vexed, and made palaver with two well-behaved, orderly, quiet young men, for nothing. He was abusing them, and one spoke a mild word in reply. The king felt his dignity insulted, and talked very loud and hard. "Were it not for the white man, I would knock and do you bad, [they had done him nothing,] at any rate you shall not sleep in the Barre, [a public place,] or I am not a man"—and he took his seat in front of the Barre to watch them.

I felt sorry for the boys, and took a small present in my hand, and went to him and said, "we come to this meeting for peace, not for war. It is not suitable for a great man to make palaver with little boys—he should not mind what they say. I come to beg you to drop this palaver—leave it—let it be done—say no more about it—they are boys and meant no harm, and you should not notice it."

He thanked me, and said, "It is done. I will say no more about it." "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger," is a true proverb.

### NINTH MENDI PEACE MEETING.

About noon, we met together once more. Tecongo, at once, asked for the 40 sacks of salt which the He-ge-mah king was to pay. After some waiting, ten were brought and the rest promised. Much talk over them.

### GRANG-GA-LOO'S REPORT FROM TECONGO.

The messenger who had been sent to Tecongo, to see Mo-mo, made his report of what Mo-mo said.

Many thanks from Mo-mo to all at the meeting. He had heard of all I had done—the war had been long, and they all felt that no colored man could stop it—all had been crying for a white man to come between, and lo! I came, not with empty hand, but gave money here and there. When *I* came, *God* came; what *I* said, *God* said, [indeed, he called me God,] and he wanted to see me—all the country were hungry to see me, and ready to leave war. They could not refuse my word. Since he had heard my report about the Boompehs, he was willing for peace, true, true, with them—he had no war for Boompeh—he was done, and had sent messengers to Yerimah, that if any were there ready to fight, they must leave it—none must carry war anywhere—everywhere in his dominion every one must leave war, or leave him! He had sent and would send messengers to all places—he had sent word to his commander-in-chief, that if he carried war anywhere, he must not come back again to *his land*—he was done with war, true, true, for *my* sake—he dared not to refuse—[for he considered me a God-send, truly,] he wanted me to come and stand between Boompeh and Tecongo, while they shook hands—thanked me very much, and did not know what good he could do for me. Boompeh and Tecongo were brothers, close together, and he wanted to be brothers.

It was very good, and made us all rejoice greatly, except two points, not noticed above.

### EXCEPTIONABLE POINTS.

1st. During the war, four chiefs, or head war men, left Tecongo, and joined Boompeh—and now those same chiefs, who are more interior, wish to make peace with Mo-mo, but he refuses unless they will come to this meeting, (very far for them,) and swear, after the country fashion, though he says he has no war for them. 2d. He did not wish to shake Boompeh's hands, at this meeting—let them clean road, come the short way, and he was ready to shake their hand—he had no war for them.

The inconsistency will be readily noticed. The (1) first

who live far off, and want peace, must come to this meeting—the (2) second, who are already here, and want peace, must go some other way! How easy for a man to find excuses, who does not wish to do right!

### MY REMARKS IN REPLY.

I thanked them for the word, that there was no war in Tecongo, but said, "we have all lived long in this meeting—if you are done with war, true, true, you can shake hands with the Boompehs at this meeting—friends can shake hands anywhere. If you do *not* shake the Boompeh's hands *here*, I shall not be satisfied. It is an easy thing. What will Boompeh think when she hears that you will not shake hands with those here? They will fear some roguery, and it does look roguish."

Considerable discussion took place, back and forth on these points—Chah-bah still persisting in refusing to shake the Boompeh's hands, and the meeting was closing, when I had resort to the following:

### "COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."

Chah-bah and Kaw-too-boo were sitting outside the Barre, when I called Braw and others to them, and said, "I ask a very easy thing of you, and if you have no war in your heart, you can shake hands with all at this meeting. In the name of God, I ask, will you do it, now, before you leave? I want an answer now. I cannot go to Boompeh till I see this. Will you do it?"

While he hesitated, I called out, "Braw, come here," and taking hold of their hands, led them together, and they shook hands! Chah-bah asked, "Is that all?" "Yes, I want to see you friends." "Well, I was not willing to do it when I came here, but I am now." "Are you willing to shake hands with all the Boompehs of this meeting?" "Yes!" "Now my heart is cold—now I can go to Boompeh," and he went round and shook hands with the other Boompehs.

Thus, the two points I have stood for so long, are gained!

1st. A pledge that Tecongo had no war for Boompeh. 2d. That they would make friends, and shake hands at this meeting. The Lord be praised.

Chah-bah seemed to feel much better after it. He said his heart felt lighter, and happier. And the Boompehs felt much gratified, and pleased. Things began to wear a different aspect, and the prospect brightened for peace, at that place. I felt fresh confidence that the work would yet be accomplished before the rains caused me to return.

The river rising amazingly fast, and filling all sloughs, and ravines, and low places.

### TENTH MENDI PEACE MEETING—PEACE MADE!

May 23, 1850. As has been noted, all along in the meetings, Tecongo has refused to make peace with Boompeh at this place. Yesterday, I "broke the ice," and got them to shake hands, literally, as a pledge of *friendship*, but the "country shake hand" must be accompanied with some present.

As has been before stated, all that Tecongo wished to *part* Bulli-sar-ki from the Boompehs for, was to get more money out of Boompeh, by making them come *alone*, so that they would have to *pay plenty* to shake Tecongo's hand—but since Chah-bah has shaken their hands here, and after what I said to him last night, the chiefs, with me, thought that if the Boompehs would only lay down "good money" here, at the meeting, to shake Tecongo's hand (after the country fashion), they would accept it, and the palaver would be done—so that there would be no more "shaking hand" when the road is cleared—and then they could clear the road when they chose, without any one to stand between them—and thus the business could all be done at this meeting.

This plan struck me favorably, although I am so opposed to paying—yet, for the sake of peace, and in the hope of cutting the matter short, I proposed to give Braw one "slave money" of cloth, to shake the hand of Tecongo. All agreed to it, and I gave Braw twenty bars of print and blue sheeting, over which they talked and consulted till noon.

After noon we met again, and after their formal routine of saying "good morning," and saluting each other, in much good humor, Braw made a short, pithy speech, right to the point, and very forcible.

### BRAW'S SPEECH.

"I stand for all the Boompehs. I am not willing to part here, and make peace somewhere else. I want the work done here, for how can we clear the road between Boompeh and Tecongo till peace is made? [a very weighty argument.] I lay down these five pieces of cloth to beg you will not part us at this meeting, but accept this as the Boompeh's 'shake hand,' and have the matter done."

They answered, "We will accept it, to make up for the thirty sacks of salt left unpaid." This was very insulting, and incensed me much. Bulli-sar-ki again promised that the salt should be paid before the meeting broke up, but told them the cloth was for Boompeh. Again they answered, "This is not enough for all Boompeh to shake our hand. We will accept it, but Braw must add to it ten bars of tobacco, three bars of iron pots, and a gun." Braw promised to do so, and when done, I hope the long palaver will be ended.

### CHAH-BAH AFRAID OF ME.

In the meeting, Chah-bah said (speaking of me), "I am afraid of him plenty. What he says is law, and must be done. When he took hold of my hand, last night, and made me shake Braw's hand, I was not willing before to have Boompeh shake our hands here—but after he did that, I was, and am now willing, or I should not have shaken the Boompeh's hand last night."

This gave much joy to all the Boompehs, and to me. In their talking, they said much about me, what I had done, and suffered—and that they could not have done any thing without me.

There was much talk, back and forth, so that I could get no chance to say any thing, without crowding out some one

who must and should answer, till near night. The Tecongoes are evidently afraid to have me talk, because I pinch them so close, make short work, want answers at once, without paying money, and speak in the name of God—so they try to crowd me out, and to carry it their own way, to get much money (goods).

### MY PRAYER IN THE BARRE.

It was almost dark when I got a chance to speak, and I saw I could not have time to say what I wished, so I just kneeled down and prayed (my prayer being turned into Mendi), to bring them into the presence of God, and to make them feel they were dealing with Him. (Chah-bah had never heard a prayer before.) I went on to tell God how wickedly Tecongo had acted in not been willing for peace, unless they got plenty of money—that it was wrong, unjust, and wicked, for them to be demanding money all the time—they had no right to do it—all the money they got would do no good—*it would eat their souls as fire*—the money I had given them, and which they had 'eaten' (used), was God's money—when they accepted it, they promised before God to make peace with Braw and all—they had broken their promises—said the war was done, they had no war, and still demanded money, before they were willing for peace. I besought God to show them their sins, and to turn all their hearts to peace and love towards all their enemies.

Chah-bah sat some time with his eyes closed, (for my interpreter, without my knowledge, had told all to shut their eyes, while I prayed, but became frightened, and ran away, vexed with me, saying, "He has sworn me to God! He made me shut my eyes, and then gave me into the hands of God." I was glad he felt that he was in the hands of God. I did, and do leave him there, and good shall result. Old Kaw-too-boo sat still during the whole prayer (for he could not run good), and every little while, as I mentioned some more of his sins before God, he exclaimed, "halloo! halloo!" in perfect astonishment.

It produced quite a "stir" among them. The Tecongoes felt "cut to the heart," and if they were not so afraid of

me, as being a "God-man," I know not but they would have "gnashed upon me with their teeth." All this side chiefs (the Boompehs and their allies,) were pleased (they were used to hearing me pray,) and stood up for me. They told Chah-bah, "That is his way—he is a God man, and when he attempts to do or say any thing, he begs God to help him." He answered, "I do not know that way."

This evening, I have given the whole of them "into the hands of God," to deal with them as He sees best, to subdue and humble them, and complete this peace, for His glory.

*Braw* says "*the* peace is now made. You need have no fears about that. I will pay what is required, we will swear after the country custom, and the matter will all be done. I am anxious for *you*, for the water is taking all the country, in low places, and I think you had better go back to-morrow."

### VOICE OF PROVIDENCE.

My heart has been much set on going to Tecongo, and seeing *Mo-mo*, face to face—to let multitudes of others see me, who are anxious so to do—to see the country farther, and the openings for Missionaries—to lend my influence in favor of the peace far in the interior—to preach the gospel to other thousands, who never heard the joyful news of a Savior, and explore the field, for the establishment of many schools and other stations. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, and if He, by His Providence says, "No," I will say, "Amen."

It seems as if He did thus speak. The river is rising amazingly fast, and for me to go to Tecongo, or Boompeh, is next to impossible, and would expose my health and life very much—for there is much water to cross in going to either place; and then while going there, the water would so take the country that I might be shut up here, the whole season, unable to get back to my canoe.

If my work is done, I rejoice to go back, though I have not seen places and people I desired to see.

I had in my mind to see the road cleaned between Tecongo and Boompeh, be there and cook for them in the

middle, and have all sit down, and eat together; but if peace is made, no matter, they can clean their road, and eat and drink together, though I am not there. The Lord work in His own way, and glorify His name.

### JOY AND REJOICING.

I rejoice at what I have seen; the opposite parties meet as friends, shake hands and laugh together—the two countries already mingling and trading with each other, without fear—the general rejoicing among all classes, in view of the promised blessings of peace—and the universal eagerness, everywhere, to hear the word of God, and have missionaries come and live among them. All seem to feel sure that the war is done. God grant it may be so, and He shall have the praise forever.

I feel that my labor has not been in vain—that great good has been accomplished in various ways; but if anything has been done for good, God has done it, whatever has been the instrument, and His shall be all the glory in time and eternity.

Though the people have frequently said that I was king of the country, (in virtue of making peace)—that nothing could have been done, if I had not come—have said I might give them what laws I pleased, and they would accept and obey them—called me a god, feared and reverenced me, and all this and that, it is nothing to me—it all arises from their ignorance and superstition—and what cause for glorying? Lord, take to Thyself the glory.

### MY WORK FINISHED.

May 24th, 1850. Arose this morning, feeling that God calls me to return. I consulted with the chiefs about it, and they were willing, in view of the rising water, and the risk of health and life to which I should be exposed, by waiting longer. They will stay a few days, to pay what they have promised—to have all swear together, after their country fashion—to "drive their stake," on each side, and give laws for each other, and for the country in future—and

then return to their towns, rejoicing in the peace of the country.

(The custom of driving the stake, is singular, and about as follows:—It is the completion, or sealing of the peace. Two parties—Boompeh and Tecongo, for instance —who have been at war, have made peace. After conditions of peace are agreed to, and they have sworn to each other, one party crosses the dividing line between them, drives a stake, in a prominent place, as "a witness between them," and gives laws to that people—they must not do thus and so, on penalty of some forfeit, or fine.)

They then cross to the other side, and the other party drives a stake for them, (their opponents,) and gives laws for their regulation. If the parties mutually agree to the laws laid down to them, the peace is consummated.)

I left a message to be sent to *Ma-hom-me-doo-te-congo*, stating that such was the condition of the country from the rising waters, I could not come to him, as I had desired, and intended—but hoped to see him some future day. Begged him to hold the peace strong.

The messenger from Boompeh (Bo-bah) returned home, with a light heart; by him I sent a message to Boompeh, and a small present, encouraging them to hold the peace good, open their roads, and live in true friendship with all around them.

In the night, the flood took away the canoe in which we crossed the river, so that I could not go over to see Chah-bah again, as I desired. I sent my interpreter, to go around by Woo-te-be, to see and bid him good by, with a present of five bars, ($2,40,) saying I would like to go to Tecongo with him, but the water prevented—thanked him for the words he had spoken about the war being done—hoped to come to Tecongo some day, and see him again.

In parting with the chiefs and their families, there was much sighing, and manifest affection. I had their hearts, and left them amid many "O! yohs," (O, dear,) and "Moo-gen-dah-has," (good bye.)

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RETURN TO TISSANA AND THE MISSION.

#### DIFFICULTY IN TRAVELLING.

May 24th, 1850. *Gerrahoo.* Evening. We started from Sa-bwe-mah about two o'clock, and arrived here at sunset. But, O! the road! I now know something about African travelling, on foot, in the rainy season.

A few rods from Sa-bwe-mah, the first gully was so full of water, backed up from the river, that I had to swim—and in swimming with one hand, and trying to hold my clothes up out of the water with the other, I did not succeed well—my bundle *would come down into the water* and all my clothes were nicely wet to begin with. Knowing I had much water to cross, I had packed my coat, vest, and pants in the bundle for the carriers, and wore only a shirt, and country cloth, so as to be ready for frequent streams.

I wrung out my clothes, as dry as I could, and came ahead, in wet attire, till night. The ravines, full of water, were very numerous, from Sabwemah to Hegemah, some fordable, and some not—some we crossed on floating logs, and others on logs *beneath* the water, to our arm pits—and others we forded, and swam.

A part of the way, the rain fell in torrents, and I never had such a rain pelting before—so we were soaked from above and beneath, until my hands and feet became chilled, white, and numb, and I had to run, jump, and rub myself continually, to keep the blood in circulation. I was very much chilled.

We passed directly *through* He-ge-mah without stopping, in order to reach this place before dark. From H. to this place, no large streams to cross, only small, fordable creeks—but the road was hilly and *pebbly*, which, with my soaked feet, made it exceedingly difficult for me to get along—it was torture.

Here we find plenty of *poverty*. Seeing that we were not likely to get anything to eat, I called the chief, and asked, "can you not afford to give us something to eat, after my trouble to make your country good?" He called his people and begged them to bring anything they had, but we only got *one quart* of rice—rather a scant allowance for six hungry persons. We traveled very fast and I became very faint from want of food. Bathed and put on dry clothes. Made a good fire, and dried our wet garments.

### A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

25th. On account of the high water, we did not follow the river road any farther than *Gerrahoo*, but struck off into the country, which was high and hilly all the way, with numerous small, fordable creeks in the valleys.

We started in the rain, about sunrise. The country was beautiful—rolling, and gravelly—soil everywhere fertile—good water privileges—land mostly cleared up, and under cultivation—in short, it would be difficult to find a more delightful, healthy, profitable farming country anywhere.

The whole region from Gerrahoo to Tissana, has been once under cultivation—now, portions of it are overgrown with young bush. They only cultivate the same place two or three years at a time—then leave it for five or six years, till grown over again with bush, then clear off and plant again. Thus they are cutting off new farms every two or three years. The reason of this course is, that an old farm always produces abundance of grass, while the new does not. The pebbly hills were distressing to my feet. I could scarcely endure the penance.

### FABANNA, AND KING YANG-BE-WOO-ROO.

We called a short time at Fabanna, a large walled town—very fine—good, neat houses, and plenty of people. The king's house was finished off in a better manner than any I have seen. I gave a small present to shake his hand, but he gave it back, and manifested the best spirit I have met

with in any African chief. He seemed to feel some gratitude for what I had done.

### YANG-BE-WOO-ROO'S SPEECH.

"This man does not belong to our family, but see how he troubles for the country—how he has given his money, walked and suffered, to make the war done, and do us good! And now when he calls to see me, can I take anything from him after all this? No. I should give to him. I now can only give one fowl and some rice, but I do not call this doing him any good, as he is merely passing—but when I come to the wharf, with my people, and bring him plenty to present him, then I shall try to do him good.

"Which of us, who own the country, would even take two country cloths, and give them to stop the war? No one. Not because we have them not, but we want to keep them for ourselves. But look at this man, what he has done, all in love to us! He has made the war done. We have all been crying for a *white* man to come and stop the war—he has done it. He has suffered, and given his money here and there, and now who, of all my people, can ever beg from him a needle, a hook, or anything, after all this? We should try to help him in any way we can." Much more of the same kind was said, which pleased me much, as I had met with nothing of the kind before.

I told him, "I have not heard such a word from any king. All are ready to take anything I will give, even if it is the last article I have, and then beg for something else. I shall remember you for this." The people crowded to see me, and sent me word that they wished I would come out with my hat off, that they might see my hair—which I did, much to their satisfaction.

### SAMMAH.

We called at Sammah, and cooked dinner. It is a large, walled, neat, beautiful town. It had the finest houses I have seen in any town, and the best Barre, which is about sixty feet long, and raised three feet from the level, with clay.

My feet had become unendurable, and I obtained an old cloth, and sowed around them, so that I came on comfortably to the river, at Moh-bun-go.

At Sammah, a father gave me his little son, a very smart lad, to place in the school. The little fellow wept aloud, when his father turned to leave him, but made no attempt to go back. He cried awhile, but soon became much interested in going to his new home.

SPECIMENS OF AFRICANS' DRESS.

This cut gives a correct representation of the female dress of Africa, their mode of carrying their children on their backs, their water on their head, and the appearance of children up to eight or ten years of age. Also, specimens of the dress of males. The one with his spear, has a "Mandingo shirt;" the one with the ivory tusk, is quite a common form of dress. For other forms of dress, see other cuts. The "Mandingo shirts"* are often made extrava-

* In the "Mandingo shirt," (middle figure in the cut), see the *origin* of the foolish, ridiculous fashion of "the *flowing sleeve*." They are common in Africa, among Mahomedans and others.

gantly dashy, with all manner of embroidery—costing from ten to twenty dollars.

### ARRIVAL AT TISSANA.

At Moh-bun-go, I met Bea-bun-go, who is mentioned in some of the previous pages, and who will be spoken of again. He was very glad to see me, and gave me a country cloth.

Crossed the river to Tissana, which is much improved in appearance, since I left it two months before. The people were all very glad to see me again. They ran, jumped, clapped their hands, and thanked me very much for what I had done.

How has God protected, and preserved me in all my meanderings, exposures, toils and sufferings! He has fed, and sustained a poor worm through what would have killed many others! My system has been in a very bad state. What a wonder that, connected with all my getting wet, and other exposures, it did not throw me into fever. It is the Lord, and His shall be the praise.

It seems good to get a quiet place again, where languid nature can rest, secure from wild beasts, sheltered from the beating storms, and surrounded with warm and sympathizing hearts, eager to minister to my comfort.

Many Sierra Leone traders have come here since I left, and have brought tobacco and rum—their influence is very pernicious. More anon.

May 26th. Sabbath. Languid and tired. It is cheering and refreshing to get back again to my books and lamp, and other conveniences.

I collected the people, and traders—and numbers came from over the river, to whom I preached from, "Choose ye this day," &c.

### BEA-BUN GO

Came over to meeting, and said to me, "*I done* WILL *to serve God.* My heart lives only on him. I pray every morning and night. This morning I told all my people,

'No wash clothes, or break wood, or work farm, or do anything to-day, it is the Sabbath.' I came over here to beg God (pray), and wherever I hear of a meeting for God-palaver, I will go. *I done receive God's words.* I love them, and wish to hear them." I was rejoiced to hear these words from an influential chief, and think he will do much good. After meeting, I called in some of the Sierra Leone men who can read, and had a Bible class.

In the afternoon, I went over and preached in Moh-bun-go, to a fine congregation, from, "There is one Mediator," &c. Showed the palaver between God and man, and how Christ goes between us. All the wrong is on one side—God accepted the Mediator, would we? I illustrated the subject by my going between the war parties, and showed how they could have *peace with God.* They were much interested, and gave excellent attention.

### BEA-BUN-GO AND BRAW.

After meeting I went into Bea-bun-go's house, and talked with him more fully, about his soul. He said he had given himself to God, and wished to learn and do His will—was anxious for teachers to lead him in the way of truth—felt his mind *dark,* but daily begged God to teach him, &c. He dated his first serious impressions back to his hearing preaching at the Mission, months ago. I talked with Braw also, and urged them both to teach their people what they already knew, and God would teach them more.

### BEA-BUN-GO'S PRAYER.

I prayed, and he followed, at some length. "O God, I have given my heart to thee, and beg thee to teach me. I have left all my wickedness to serve Thee. I want Thee to show me how my heart stands now. I no sabby pray; O! teach me. Teach me Thy will. I no got power to do God-work by myself, O! help me, for Jesus' sake." These and many other things, were uttered with great fervency in the Mendi.

### BRAW'S PRAYER.

"O God, I don't know how to pray, I don't know how to pray. Do Thou teach me. I never thought I could hear God-word, but Thou hast made me to hear it. I want to receive and obey it, and do Thy will. O! teach me. I never war any more. I believe Thou hast given—I don't know how to pronounce the name [Jesus Christ] good—but, *the one who went between God and man*—to die for us."

God only knows the heart, but certainly it was one of the most interesting moments of my life, while I knelt with these two heathen kings, to hear them thus beg God. Such a sight is well worth coming to Africa for; and I do bless God for being permitted to behold that which prophets foretold, and ancient worthies longed to view—"Kings shall see and arise—princes also shall worship." "Kings shall be Thy nursing fathers." O! Lord, hasten the time when "*All* kings shall fall down before Him, and *all* nations serve Him."

It does seem as if this field ought not to be left for a length of time—there is such a "thirsting for the waters of life." Some one should be here, speedily, and continually, to dispense the "bread of life" to the famishing—but I cannot now stay. O! Lord, do "thrust forth laborers" to gather in this golden harvest.

In the evening, preached again at Tissana, from "Every one shall give account of himself to God."

May 27th. Unwell, weak, and languid all day. Reading, writing, and talking with various persons.

### RUM TRADERS AND MISSIONARIES!

To-day, a Sierra Leone trader came, with various kinds of goods, and a drunken set of hands, who have kept up a great noise and confusion till this evening—acting infinitely worse, more foolish, beastly, and devilish than the darkest heathen! O! I blush for my species—for Sierra Leone and its traders, and for Christian countries that are continually pouring such a flood of evil example, dissipation, beast-

liness, and death, upon the simple, unsophisticated minds of the heathen. O! the awful guilt and account of *somebody!*

What trial so galling, shaming, and confounding to the lonely, toiling, sinking Missionary, as this? When he is laboring to recommend the Gospel to the heathen, as that which will elevate, purify, sanctify, happify, and glorify them—then to see his *own nation*, or those *born*, or *taught under the Gospel*, reeling among them, noisy, crazy, filthy, turbulent, profane, abominable, worse than beastly, creating disturbance, fighting, and acting like madmen, or demons. Oh! what must the heathen think of the influence of the Gospel, and its effects! It has been said—"The Missionary can go nowhere, but the rum trader has been *before him!*" Shame!

It is hard to make them appreciate the difference between such and true Christians—they are all put down as Christians.

And even this night, as I was remonstrating with Braw about suffering such things in his town, he said, "What can I do? I have talked and talked, but no use. They are *your* family! he (the leader of the gang) is *your* piccaninny—they come from Sierra Leone!"

O! how cutting! How humbling! I am sick, ashamed, incensed, and almost discouraged, by such exhibitions; but no! I must not be cast down. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Nay verily. O! my Lord, truly Satan has come among us, just when we would direct the minds of the people to Thee! but oh! let the "Spirit of the Lord lift up a standard against him," now that he "comes in like a flood." "Arise, plead Thine own cause."

### "YOU WILL HEAR OF THIS."

As the drunken leader was going on like a crazy man, I walked to him with pencil and paper in hand, and asked, "friend, what is your name?" "I cannot tell you, sir." To another, "what is his name?" "William Coker." The man spoke up quick as asked, "don't you tell him my name." I wrote it down, and pointing to him, said, "you will hear of this another day," and left him. He quickly

stopped his noise, and began quarrelling with the man for telling me his name. That evening the traders collected, and gave him a good beating, and sobered him down.

### BEA-BUN-GO, ZEALOUS.

In the afternoon, Bea-bun-go came over and talked much on the subject of religion. He was very anxious for Braw and the people of Tissana, lest they should reject the word of God, and wished to exhort them, and pray with them. He said, "I, myself, have given all my heart and body, all myself to God, and I cannot go home till we have begged God." I prayed, and he followed long, and very interesting, in Mendi. He talked much to Braw. I preached a short sermon to them on the occasion, and spoke of the danger of drinking rum, and their duty not to allow it in their towns. Again he wished to pray, but was called away.

28th. Talking with Braw, Bea-bun-go, and others, about the new Mission rules and regulations. All walked out together, and we measured and staked off a place for a teacher's house and a chapel, which they agreed to build.

Packed up all my things, got the canoe ready, and prepared for starting on the morrow for the Mission. Received goats as presents, country cloths, &c. Have stirred round considerably, but my system is very much out of order.

### THE MISSION AND RUM.

This evening, called Braw, and talked much about rum, pointing out its dreadful effects, and what it would do to him and his people, if allowed here. I told him that rum and the Mission could not live together—one must be given up—they were enemies, as much as a leopard and a goat. I procured a little, and made it burn, to let him see what liquid fire people drank, and spoke of people's breath catching fire, and consuming them. He confessed, "you speak true, I will have it all taken away, [it came in his absence,] and no more shall come. You may give me what law you please, and I will do it."

Then he wished to know what objection I had to tobacco, that I would not use it in trade, when the people, every where, were so eager for it. So I gave him a lecture on the deadly effects of tobacco on animals—cows, dogs, cats —and spoke of its uselessness.

Then he asked why I could not bring guns and powder, for them to kill leopards, birds, &c., with. But I told him, though it might do well enough in time of peace, yet if war should break out again, and it was known that the Mission furnished weapons for the war, we should be charged with being "scandal for the war," and the Mission would be destroyed.

Muskets are scattered thus all over the country, supplied by traders from Sierra Leone, and slave traders; and he could not understand why I could not furnish them too.

### THE AFRICAN CROW.

Crows are numerous, wherever I have been. In size, voice, and disposition, they are exactly like the American crow. The body is all jet black, except the breast and neck, which are a beautiful snow white. Crows and hawks are very troublesome in the farms, and among the fowls. Hawks, oftentimes, will pounce down right among a company of children, or people, who are eating, for a share! The natives eat, when they can get them, crows, hawks, eagles, vultures, and every other kind of bird or beast.

### DEPARTURE FROM TISSANA.

May 29, 1850. Sabby—near night—stopped to cook supper, and then go on all night.

This morning I called Braw and Bea-bun-go, and talked to them about their duties to their people, and prayed with

them. There was much sorrow at seeing me leave, and many sighed, repeatedly, "O! yoh, O! yoh," but duty called, and I bid "Moo-gen-dah-ha" to a starving people. My heart is with them, and it is with lingering desires, and ardent love towards them, that I leave. May the "Great Shepherd" feed them, enlighten, and teach. O! that the truth they have heard, may be as "good seed" which shall take root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

### LAH-VAN-NAH.

We called at Lahvannah, and shook Bah-se-wah's hand with one bar. He gave me a country cloth, and many thanks for what I had done—a very pleasant man.

### KAW-MENDI.

Called at Kaw-mendi, and shook Fabannah's hand—he gave me a fowl, and large mat, and promised me his little son, to educate in white man's ways. Fabannah is one of Braw's head generals, and has been a great warrior—very pleasant, loquacious, and large, free hearted.

### GERRAHOO.

Called at Gerrahoo, and shook Baw-baw's hand, and received many empty thanks, and some promises. Baw-baw is a desperate warrior, and the terror of the country among all his enemies—very haughty, insolent and cruel. He once took Tecongo, plundered, and destroyed it—and they have ever since borne a mortal grudge towards him. He is one of the four who deserted Tecongo, and joined Boompeh. Passed many other towns without calling.

30th. M bwap. Came all night. The mighty rush of the current, aided by four large paddles, in strong hands, brings us down very swiftly. Called here, about seven o'clock this morning, to cook breakfast, and rest awhile with David Tucker, the chief. I walked over to the other town, about one half-mile distant, and saw his brother, William E. Tucker, another chief, who gave me some new rice. He reads and writes English well.

Another of the Tuckers, near here, lately lost a daughter, a young lady grown, by the bite of a snake. She lived but a short time after the occurrence.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

The above animal abounds in Western Africa, as also many other kinds of serpents. Some of them are very poisonous, so that persons bitten have died in an hour. Natives, generally, are very much afraid of all snakes. It is said of the Boa Constrictor, that when he has killed his game, he will not eat it, till he has taken a circuit of three or four miles around, to see if there are any "drivers" about! He is taught by nature, that should a troop of these small, yet numerous enemies, come upon him while in his state of surfeit, there would be no hope for him. They would soon kill him. It is a wonderful instance of instinct. The Boa is easily taken, just after eating. Sometimes they are taken in other ways.

Called at another Tucker town, for a boy they promised me when I went up the river, but he was not ready, and we came on. Soon we met Bunyan, in his canoe, with a company of the school-boys to paddle, going to Tissana to look for me, and oversee the erection of the necessary build-

ings at that place, and preach. I had expected him before I left Tissana. We talked together some time, and proceeded on our journeys. I felt very stupid from loss of sleep, and other causes.

31st. About midnight, we came to Bendoo. I was very unwell, and tried to sleep a little in the canoe, but the sea was so rough, and the canoe tossed so dreadfully, I could not stay in it, and I got out and walked on the sand beach. The men lay down on the ground and slept some. Towards morning, Thomas Caulker came out, and I gave him an account of my journey and labors in the Mendi country.

### THE MISSION AGAIN!

About break of day, we started with the tide, had a pleasant journey, and arrived safely at the Mission in the afternoon. "Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

There was great rejoicing to see me once more, and I had to shake hands till I was tired. But to see so many happy, smiling faces again—especially to meet brother Brooks, was very cheering to my heart, though I felt quite exhausted, and "worn out."

My journey of 2½ months, with all my labors, trials, exposures, inconveniences, and sufferings, has well-nigh proved fatal to me. My system is all unstrung—no energy, and but little vitality left. But I regret not the journey.

Should it prove my death, I have nothing but to "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory," in all the way the Lord has led me. True, I have suffered, but good has been accomplished, and to God be eternal praise.

I found many palavers at the Mission, which brother Brooks had reserved for my return, before hearing or judging them. Some of them very trying—to be mentioned in their place.

### REVIEW AND APPEAL.

In closing the account of my journey and labors in the interior, I wish to recall and note more particularly a few of

the prominent, important facts, and add a word of appeal to all who love Jesus, and sympathize with Him, in the great work of saving a lost and sin-ruined world.

1. It has been seen that a station has been commenced at the falls of Big Boom river, at Tissana, Mendi country—that the field is "ripe for the harvest," and that laborers are imperiously called for—the people are eager for the Gospel, but who shall give it to them? We have begun a school and preaching, but who will sustain them?

Such was the manifest call of Providence, we dared not delay longer, but went forward, believing the churches would furnish men and means—shall we be disappointed? A good teacher is needed there, and a devoted minister, who can "endure hardness as a good soldier," walk from place to place, and feed the famishing people.

2. Tissana, Moh-bungo, Soom-bwea, Gongommah, Sammah, Fabanna, &c., are large towns, and ready for the Gospel. They are close together, and all should have schools in them, and a teacher who can exhort or preach. A strong religious influence should be kept up at these places, as they are at the head of navigation, on Big Boom, where multitudes of traders resort, whose influence is very bad.

3. At Boompeh is an open, inviting field, which should be occupied by a good white man and his wife, as a minister, with an efficient teacher, and farmer, and mechanic.

4. At Tecongo another strong influence should be placed, at least two men and their wives, and other helpers. The teachers and ministers at this place, should be men of education and science, and acquainted with the Arabic, as it is a strong hold of Mahomedanism.

These two towns are the largest in the country, and the fountain of influence and power—and at least two men and their wives should be stationed at each place, without delay—so that if one falls, the work need not all stop. "*Two and two.*"

5. Around, and connected with these large towns, are many important places where schools are called for, and preaching desired.

6. All along Big Boom, from the sea, as high as I went,

the field is open to as many laborers as can be prevailed on to come.

7. We hope that the war—that dreadfully harassing and destructive war—is done; but unless the Gospel is introduced, it will not stay done If left to themselves, and the free sway of the devil, war will be sure to deluge the country again. Now there is a state of quiet and peace—of inquiring and looking after some new course of life. They welcome the Gospel as the "glad news," and as the thing they need. The call for schools, preaching, arts, improvements, &c., which will divert and interest, and occupy their minds usefully. Shall they have them, or shall they again be left to the devil?

8. A good, well-manned Mission station at Tissana, Boompeh, and Tecongo, would, no doubt, secure permanent peace and union in all that country—nor do we believe anything else can. *Shall these posts be occupied now?*"

9. The impression in favor of white men's coming among them is strong and general. A great "vantage" has been gained, and American Missionaries would be received with open arms, and shouts of joy.

10. There is an undoubted call of God to plant the Gospel in this country. Shall it be heeded? Until lately the doors have been closed against us—we could not get into the interior without great risk; now, suddenly, the mighty interior of Africa is thrown wide open to us, and the call from every quarter is, "Come over and help us;" and there seems nothing to prevent rolling the Gospel like a mighty flood, over all that rich and interesting country, but the want of means and laborers. Who will respond, "Here am I, send me?" God, from heaven is calling, in language not to be mistaken, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" "Ethiopia" is "stretching out her hands unto God," and to the churches of Christendom, crying, "Who will show us any good?" "It is a continental call."

Christians of America! who shall go? Young men and women, what say you? Young ministers, doctors, mechanics, what do you answer? Do you wish a bright crown? Come and save the perishing. Come not to make money,

get a name, or see the world, but to do good—to teach, and to exemplify the Gospel.

We need ministers, teachers, doctors, carpenters, weavers, cotton growers, sugar makers, &c., who will do all these things only for God and souls. I close. Dear brother, or sister, the case is before you. Africa pleads for help, and God commands you. What will you do?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LAST MONTH AT THE MISSION.

Ever since my return from the country, I have been very unwell—all out of order, and all means to get righted seemed unavailing—weak and languid—no appetite—sour stomach almost continually, and an excessively bad state of the bowels, bordering on dysentery, most of the time.

June 1st, 1850. Early this morning, brother Brooks and myself went, in our canoe, to Barmah, to tell Kalifah about my trip and labors, to please him.

Heard and settled palavers the rest of the day.

#### A SINGULAR CUSTOM—"SANDY."

At Barmah, and in many places in Africa, there is a custom which is common among Mahomedans, and through their influence, among many others, called "doing sandy." It consists, I am told, in circumcising females. There are old women whose professional business it is to superintend this work, and who receive pay from every one they circumcise. At the appointed time, those who are resolved on "doing sandy," resort to a place prepared in the bush, and remain there for a number of days, till all the performances have been gone through with. Much parade and ceremony are practiced on such occasions, and days of "sandy," are times of general excitement for a number of days.

The exact object, or design, or supposed efficacy of the ordinance, I do not understand; but this much I know, that those who have been through the operation feel themselves above the common people, or all who have not "done sandy." They seem to feel themselves better than other people, and will not bear a saucy, insulting word, or even contradiction, from an "unsandied" woman. They must be regarded and treated with peculiar respect! It is ridiculous to see the self-importance of some of these sandied women. O! the delusions of Satan!

### TEACHER DISCHARGED.

The teacher I employed in December last, had become proud, and insolent to brother Brooks—had threatened to "flog" Sarah, went contrary to our orders, and had once turned his wife out of doors—which made us feel that we had better dispense with his services, and trust God for other help in the school, and accordingly, we gave him his "walking papers." He confessed, and begged to be continued in our employ; but we felt that he was not the person to fill that station, and told him we could not. I promised to get him back to Freetown.*

2d. Sabbath. Exceedingly languid all day. Brother Brooks tried to preach, but could not go through on account of sickness—was taken with faintness and vomiting; he went to bed, and I talked a little. At five o'clock, he preached at the little town, near. In the evening, I tried to talk.

### THE CHAMELEON.

These animals are plenty. They are generally of a greenish color—though they change color, according as they

* I brought him to Freetown with me, when I came home. He of course wished to get into employ, and while I was waiting there, came to me to get a "Book," or recommendation from me, as his last employer. I was troubled to know what to do. I could not, of course, recommend him, for I had discharged him—so I wrote that I considered him calculated for a clerk in a store, and as such, recommended him, He had a great business turn, and would very probably give satisfaction to some of the mercantile establishments.

feed on different things. The body is about seven or eight inches long, and the tail as much longer. They are slow in their movements, and poisonous. Reptiles of the lizard kind are every where abundant. Many of them are perfectly harmless, and very beautiful.

4th. Much care and business—weak and languid—married two couple of country people, who are working for us. They are becoming more favorable to the Gospel law of marriage.

When the bell rang for the men to stop work, one of them, a new hand, jumped about with joy, and threw his arm around a school girl's neck, who happened to be out doors. We called, and discharged him at once, feeling the need of prompt and decisive action in such cases, to serve as a warning to others, in future.

5th. Languid. Brother Brooks sick all day, and all last night, with the headache. We seem to be two poor, useless sticks. Sarah complains that all the care of the school is too much for her—and it is. Lord, sent help, in Thy good time.

7th. John (brother Brooks) very poorly indeed. Letter from Bunyan. He was eight days getting to Tissana.

9th. Sabbath. Kept my bed. John was helped of God, preached twice, and felt very happy all day. In the evening, neither of us could go out, and we appointed three of the brethren to lead the meeting.

10th. This morning, a crush of care, business, and perplexity, in fitting off a canoe, sending a man to Tissana, and writing. It was too much, and I had to go to bed.

11th. Bowels worse than ever—can do nothing—very weak, and fast becoming weaker.

12th. John in school all day, after having no school for two days for want of a teacher—Sarah being unwell.

14th. Heard and settled a very unpleasant palaver respecting a *wife's unfaithfulness*. O! what trials for a poor Missionary!

### BEA-BUNGO STEDFAST.

An arrival from Tissana—good news from there. The Lord is evidently in that region, through Bunyan. He

writes—"Last Sunday, Bea-bungo helped me much to talk to the people. When in the service, he saw Braw take snuff, and speak to his wives. When meeting was over he talked to Braw, saying, 'This way you do, not good. You come in God's house, you must not mind snuff palaver (a good lesson for many in our own churches), and no talk to your wives; or by and by, when you die, God will say, 'You come My house, you no mind me—only you mind your wives, and your snuff palaver, that's all,'—and then you will go into the fire for that.' Braw only answered—'*Teach me.*' Bea-bungo said, if the Mission came to his country, he would learn to read. He wants a mission on his side of the river, as it is too much trouble to cross over every day; yet he says he will come over every day to hear God-palaver. He will help us much.

16th. I preached at ten o'clock, and in the evening—meetings interesting. John could not go out this evening.

17th. John had an excellent time, in class, with the boys.

20th. Quite unwell all the time—John sick again. I tried my hand at setting type, for the first. We need a printer very much. John can set type slowly, but he has and will have enough to do, without setting type; but he can teach a boy.

24th. Unwell myself—John sick all night and to-day, and Sarah is considerably unwell.

### CONCLUSION TO LEAVE FOR AMERICA.

25th. In view of the state of my health, as exhibited in this chapter, and fearing I should get no better, but only "grow worse," without a change, John and myself have come to the conclusion that I should return home, as speedily as possible—though at the fearful risk of his being crushed beneath the mountain weight of care, labor, and responsibility, which would inevitably roll upon him in his loneliness—and thus of having the Mission again left without any Missionary! Yet, in another view, we feared if I should stay, I would certainly die, and then he would be left alone, after all; in hope, therefore, that one of us might be saved, he

felt perfectly willing to meet the risk, and bid me adieu. And it was only from a firm conviction that I needed a change—a sea voyage—rest for a season, in order to be fit for any future service, that I could bring my mind to consent to leave the interesting field, under such circumstances, and at such a critical time. Hope also that I might induce many others to hasten to the field, made me more willing to leave. John's feelings are described in the following:

LETTER FROM JOHN S. BROOKS.

"Brother George Thompson has come to the conclusion to start for America in a few days, God willing. I most fully approve of his going now, for several reasons. 1. He is in a very bad state of health, and I do not think he would live long without a change. 2. We must have more help, but despair of getting it without one more human sacrifice. To write, seems almost useless. The fact that we are *dying of overwork* arouses no one. It seems absolutely necessary, therefore, to try the power of one's personal efforts—of one who is, as it were, *from the dead*—while the life of *another* may be offered through his absence from the Mission. But if the sacrifice of *my life* will arouse delinquents to duty, I am on the altar, and willingly 'bare my breast to the knife.' Let it drink from the cells of my heart until drunk with blood, or staid by the Angel voice, 'Here, Lord, am I, send me to fulfill Thy command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"

Spent the day, packing up my things, till my strength failed. Ate palm cabbage, which was excellent.

26th. Packing things—arranging business so that John can understand it, and giving him such hints as seemed needful. Had an exceedingly interesting conversation with him, which did my soul a great deal of good, and gave me comfort.

Sent a man to Tissana, to inform Bunyan of my arrangements. Also to Kalifah, and others, that they may not think I ran away from them secretly.

27th. Kalifah came over, and brought his large, ornament-

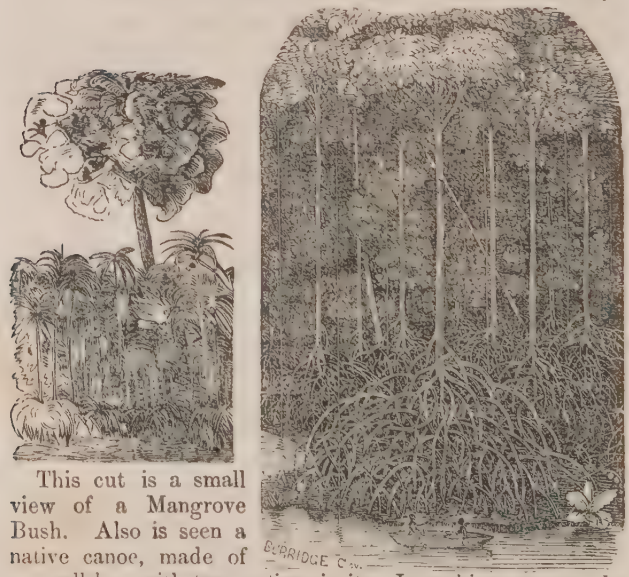
ed chief's gown, which I bought for $10, to take home as a curiosity, and a specimen of their ingenuity.

28th. Writing hints, and instructions to John—and gave him a paper, constituting him *head, and sole manager of the Mission*, in my absence, to prevent any difficulty, on the part of country people.

29th. Late, Bunyan came, having nearly killed himself to get here. *Bea-bungo* appears well, and exhorts his people.

30th. Preached a farewell sermon, from Heb. iii. 12, 13, then went to bed, till four o'clock, at which time I administered the Sacrament to the infant church once more, on the eve of departure. This evening, a good meeting. I talked, Bunyan followed, and a number prayed. God was evidently among us.

THE PALM PINE AND MANGROVE BUSH.




This cut is a small view of a Mangrove Bush. Also is seen a native canoe, made of a small log, with two natives in it. In making canoes, the Africans are very expert. They make them of all sizes, from

one large enough to carry one man, to those which will carry fifty.

The Mangrove tree is very singular, useful, and abundant on the low lands of western Africa. It is supported by innumerable bowing roots, above ground, so that the body of the tree is formed from six to twelve feet from the ground. To cut down the tree, the person generally stands on the top of these roots. The roots are so thick and close that a cat can scarcely go between them. From the ends of the limbs, small long hangers, like ropes, proceed, growing downwards till they reach the ground, where they take root, and serve as braces, (as ropes of a ship brace a mast.) The timber is very hard, and durable, and is much used for building purposes. They are not found on the high lands. "Mangrove swamps" are proverbial for their unhealthiness. Between the Mission and York Island, it is mostly of this kind. And by every tide, much of the country is overflown. All such situations must necessarily be unhealthy.

Adjoining the Mangrove, on the left, is a view of a Palm Pine Bush, with a large tree in the back ground full of monkeys, enjoying their gambols. The Palm Pine is used for nothing that I know of. They grow on low lands, very thick. The body will not generally be more than three to six inches in diameter—from two to eighteen feet high. They abound all along the river, around the mission, and above it. They are so thick oftentimes that no object can be seen six feet in them. Their name arises from the leaf resembling the Pine-apple leaf, and the body the appearance of the Palm tree.

### DEPARTURE FROM THE MISSION.

July 1st, 1850. *York Island.* I was up early this morning, thinking, and writing directions for John's assistance. At nine o'clock we met in the chapel, where I gave my parting advice, and had parting prayers.

Loaded the canoe, very full—sixteen human beings, our luggage, fowls, parrots, wild cat and monkeys.

Our parting was a solemn one to us all. Many, as I took them by the hand, sighed, in pitiful accents, "*O! Yoh!*" They were dear to me, and they loved me.

My severest trial was to shake hands with John—poor, sickly, feeble, lonely JOHN—and say to him, "FAREWELL JOHN." My heart swelled, and I could say no more.

We left about eleven o'clock. Our men pulled well, and we reached this place about five. It rained much, so that we were nicely wet by it, and the dashing waves.

### ADIEU!

Thus I have left my *adopted home*, after a residence of two years, to wander again, whither, I know not. *Memorable two years!*—suffering, laborious, trying, joyous, glorious. God be praised for all.

I love my adopted home. I love the people, though they have caused me many trials. I love my children, "begotten in Christ Jesus, through the gospel." I love the country people, over whom my soul has yearned and travailed. I love my work. I love the *climate*. I do—O! I DO—yes I DO LOVE AFRICA!

Yes, despised land, of my longed for, and hearty adoption, I love thee most ardently—and though I leave thee for a while, my *heart* is with thee—and my *tongue* and *pen* shall plead for thee, and my daily prayer ascend in thy behalf.

Loved Mission! farewell for a season. Heaven be gracious to thee, and all in the circle of thy influence. GOD be thy keeper, and the HOLY SPIRIT be ever with thee.

I find it more trying to leave the dear ones—the associations—my manner of life, my work, my sufferings—*more painful* than it was to leave my native country. My *heart* was not there—*I leave it here*. The hope of returning comforts me, and the expectation of getting *assistance*, cheers me. Amen. "The will of the Lord be done."

### JOURNEY TO, AND STAY IN FREETOWN.

2d. After running to different places, in our canoe, to find a passage to town, we finally found a canoe going to Mawsam river, not more than one-third of the way, but seeing

no other chance, I took passage, in an old leaky canoe, from Keilah, on Sherbro Island.*

That night we sailed with fair wind, very finely, having some narrow escapes from the rocks. Our canoe leaked dreadfully, and we had to keep bailing most of the time. I was up all the time, wet and cold. We were so crowded there was no place to lie, or scarcely to sit, and it was very tedious.

In the morning, as some boys were in swimming, a crocodile was seen making for them, and they just escaped.

At Mawsam, we could get no other canoe, and I engaged the same leaky thing, to convey us to town. We had much head wind, and rough sea, and made slow progress. Frequent showers, which kept me wet most of the time. And having no place to lie, I got no sleep, till we reached York, on the 4th, late in the evening, very wet and chilly. We aroused brother George Decker, who furnished dry clothing, and a place to rest my weary head.

### THE PAW-PAW TREE.

While sitting in brother Decker's house just two years before this, I sketched a *paw-paw* tree, of which the above cut is a likeness. The tree grows abundantly in Africa, and can be easily cultivated to any extent. It is of rapid growth, and has a trunk very similar in its structure to the stalk of the common sun-flower—not hard and strong, like common trees, but rather *pithy*, porous, and soft. It varies in height from ten to twenty feet—three to ten inches in diameter. The fruit is seen hanging in the top of

* Sherbro Island is considerably large—all low, level, and mostly covered with thick bush. (Turtle Islands are adjoining, and north of it, taking their name from the abundance of turtles found there.) There are a number of towns on it, and some small streams of fresh water rise from the interior. It was the place first selected for the colony of Liberia; but so many died there, it was soon left, for the place now possessed. JOHN NEWTON resided considerably on Sherbro Island. There are a number of Sierra Leone trading establishments there, where much business is done. Pine apples are very abundant on it, oranges abound, and fine oysters are easily procured in its small creeks.

the tree, like bushels of muskmelons, which fruit it very much resembles, in appearance and taste. The paw-paw melon varies in size from a goose egg, to that of a good sized musk-melon — the larger ones being at the bottom, and decreasing in size towards the top. The fruit is very rich and healthy—when ripe, yellow. It is also very good when green, to boil as a squash. I became excessively fond of them. The leaves and stems are green. The stems of the leaves are from two to six feet long. The leaves are from ten inches to three feet across. In the cut, two leaves are given, showing the exact form —the small one ten inches across, the large one three feet.

It bears yearly, for a long time. The paw-paw is only *one* of the many luxuries of tropical climates.

July 5th. *Freetown.* This forenoon was very stormy. About noon we started, and came very well till we rounded the cape, then the wind was against us, and beat us back again to sea, when we had almost gained our port. Night came on, the storm beat furiously, the breakers dashed frightfully, and the women screamed terribly, supposing all was gone; but I lifted my heart to Jesus, who maketh "the storm a calm," and in Him I reposed quietly, till a sudden deliverance was wrought for us, and, late in the night, we came safely into the quiet bay.

During the trip, I slept little or none, there being no place to lie down, or even to sit comfortably. I did lie down and doze a little one night, *on the oars;* but most of the time I had to be up to see that the canoe was kept

bailed out. The men would neglect it, and I had to do it myself. Having hard rains, I was wet much of the way, and became very much chilled, before getting in.

Our journey was a dreadfully tedious, trying, suffering, dangerous one. "Then are they glad, because they be quiet—so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh! that men would praise the Lord, for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

7th. Sabbath. Preached for brother James Beale.

9th. Found brig Clara, expecting to sail to Philadelphia in two or three weeks, and engaged a passage.

10th and 11th. Waiting and getting printed two temperance cards, for circulation. Thomas Raston refused to print them, and I had to pay very high at the Government office. They were entitled, "*Bible against Wine*," and "*That one Road*." They were distributed, and the common people were eager to receive them. The favor of some of the Missionaries, I lost in consequence.

I am very much troubled with *cramps* in my legs, in the night—obliged to get up three or four times in a night. Quite unwell most of the time.

21st. Preached twice for brother Beale.

At this time, he was quite unwell, and could not preach, so that my being able to supply his pulpit, was very acceptable, though I was more fitting myself to be in my bed, than to be preaching.

26th. My cramps trouble me much. Bowels bad, and very unwell.

### A VESSEL FROM NEW YORK.

30th. This morning the brig Lowder, Captain Brown, came in—having goods for the Mission. Letters from wife and others, which stated that my *wife* was expecting to come to me, early in the fall! What shall I do? Go, and *miss* her on the ocean. I am not at all in a fit state to remain. After consulting with Capt. B., and receiving the assurance that no vessel would sail from New York before I could get home, I concluded to go, trusting in the Lord.

August 1st, 1850. Got the Mission goods ashore, and

stored them in the custom house, till there shall be opportunity to send them. O! how much we need an *agent here*, with a vessel under his care.*

7th to 11th. On board the brig Clara, lame with rheumatism.

Have formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Ford, who came in the Lowder, going to the Gaboon Mission.

12th. My birth day! Am thirty-three-years old. What another year will bring, the Lord only knows. May He guide and order all things concerning me as will be for His glory, and my soul shall say Amen.

### TEMPERATURE OF AFRICA.

In all the western portions of Africa, even on the equator, it is *never* so excessively hot as is frequently the case in the United States—in New York, or in New England, or any other portion. It is the testimony of settlers, merchants, travelers, physicians, and missionaries in Sierra Leone, Mendi Mission, Liberia Gaboon river, (on the equator), &c., that the thermometor never rises to 90 degrees—ranging from 60 to 88 the year round. In the

* A good Agent in Freetown, with a small *steamboat* under his care, might do much toward supporting the Mission, by the *coast trade*. He should be a man, who would do the business on Gospel principles, and for God, and the conversion of Africa. He would receive suitable goods from America or England, and send into the country—for which he would get rice, palm oil, ivory, pea-nuts, ginger, pepper, hides, gold, &c., which could be exchanged again, profitably, for suitable goods for the African trade. He would also receive letters and goods from America, and forward to the Missionaries, as well as receive theirs, and forward to America. Again, he would furnish a *home* for new Missionaries, till a conveyance could be obtained, to their stations, and a place of resort for sick Missionaries who shall need change, &c. A person of this kind is imperiously needed, in Freetown. Who will go, and fill the place? Christian merchants, *who?* ☞ And who will contribute $1000—or $500, or $100, or $50, towards furnishing a good *steamboat* for the Mission use, to plow the rivers of Africa, and spread light, civilisation and salvation through all that dark land? *Who?* Any so disposed, please forward their names and the amount to 48 Beekman-street, New York, to Lewis Tappan. And may the Lord open wide your heart, dear reader, for a perishing continent.

night, it sometimes falls to 60—in the day time from 72 to 88. It is an exceedingly delightful, charming climate. I love it dearly. No frost—no excessive heat—mild and verdant all the year—who could help being delighted with such a climate?

THE ADJUTANT, OR CROWNED CRANE.

These birds are found in Western Africa. Some of them are seen walking with slow measured steps (from which they take the name of adjutant) about the streets of Freetown. They are very easily domesticated, and become very tame. They grow to the height of four feet—are remarkable for their elegant proportions, and graceful walk. The forehead is covered with a thick tuft of velvety feathers, and a beautiful crest on the top. The naked cheeks and temples are of a delicate rose color. The general color of the bird is blackish, with a tinge of lead color. It makes a sharp shrill noise, which can be heard far off.

LATEST ACCOUNTS.

While waiting here, I received letters from John, giving

accounts of things at the Mission, up to July 26th. Below is a brief sketch:

"*Mendi Mission*, July 1st.—Dear George, language is too weak to express my feelings, in view of the responsibilities of this Mission, Tissana Station, &c., and in view of my unfitness and inexperience. You tell me to forget them. How can I? When I consider the interests of this mission, the salvation of souls, the good of this whole country, the spread of the Redeemer's cause, may I not use the language of the Apostle, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Pray that deep piety of heart, and love to God and souls may prompt me to do all to the glory of God, and the good of man—that life may be protracted, my health preserved, and my faith and wisdom equal to my day.

"When I look about the Mission premises, and realize that you are absent, I feel solitary and alone. But no, I have gone too far. One ray of hope remains—that faith, prayer, and constant occupation, may make me forget myself, and fill my heart with peace, joy and confidence. Pray that this may be so. I am glad that you know just how to pray for me. You have been tried in all points as I shall be.

"July 4th. Last night I did not close my eyes in sleep, such were my feelings in view of the care and responsibility, that press so heavily upon me.

"8th. The boys do well. O! pray for them. Dear George, pray for me. I feel that we are one in heart, and that we jointly bear the responsibilities of this Mission. Do not forget this when you are in America. [No, dear John.]

"10th. A difficulty between two of our workmen. I called them into my room, talked to one of them, and showed him his fault. He saw it, confessed, and asked forgiveness. Thus strife was ended in friendship. God be praised. It looks like the work of God, to see a man infuriated with rage, melt down under a sense of his sin, and become like a child.

"11th. Bunyan says he knows of a number of stone gods, similar to the one you brought from the Mendi country, and that he will try to secure them for you. I try to

be idle, as I think it will be almost a virtue in Africa. [The great danger all the time is, that a person will do too much—over-do.—G. T.]

"12th. Sarah has an arduous time in the school. We need another teacher soon. In the children lies our hope for this country. They have the greatest claim to our labors. We cannot, we must not neglect them. But while we do all we can for them, we must not neglect those who are nearer eternity.

"13th. Our evening meetings are quite interesting. Some of the workmen attend every evening, and take part in the exercises. The girls and boys also take a part. O! that the blessing of God may attend us. Pray much for the church. We need one to attend wholly to its interests.

"14th. Preached as usual at ten o'clock. The congregation was attentive, and appeared interested. At the little town, we had a large meeting. In the evening, preached again. This has been a pleasant Sabbath—but three meetings, besides attending the Sabbath-school, is too much for one poor mortal. That the Lord will be my help, is a fact that fills my soul with joy and confidence. Hope abounds. I rise above the waters and dismiss all fears. We expect a refreshing from on high—an awaking up of the church. Why may I not expect a blessing, since God is willing to do for his people more than they can think? There appears to be more interest in our church than heretofore.

"22d. Yesterday, preached to a full meeting. There was a good meeting also, at the little town. In the evening, feeling too much exhausted to preach, we had a prayer-meeting.

"24th. Tissana people attend meeting well. Bea-bungo is steadfast.

"25th. Not well, but able to sit up and write some. Dear George, we remember you always. O! pray for us. I feel the need of the prayers of Christians."

Aug. 14, 1850. Brig Clara. About two o'clock, we came aboard, and are now nearly out of sight of land, for America.

Dear land of my adoption, for the present, *adieu*. May heaven's best blessings rest upon you, and, in due time, re-

turn me to labor again for thy salvation, and redemption from darkness, sin, and woe. Farewell.

### HOME!

After a passage of forty-two days, I arrived at Philadelphia. It was mostly a pleasant voyage—but little, very rough weather—some storms, many squalls, and a few days of calm.

On board, I preached, as I had opportunity, talked with the hands, and provided them with tracts.

The passage and change has very much improved my health, so that I can now labor again. My heart swells with grateful emotions to the God of sea and land, for all the kind and faithful care over me, till I am again permitted to see and tread the shores of my native land. My desire is to spend a season here for the benefit of my health, to awaken a Missionary spirit in the churches, to persuade many laborers to go to the perishing harvest, and with them to return to my chosen country, the land of my delight, to point the sinking millions to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Who will go with me to this interesting field? Who, that cannot go, will deny self, and give to send the news of pardon to the guilty and perishing?

### CONCLUSION.

I was much rejoiced, on reaching home, to find a company ready to start for the ripe field, which I left with such reluctance, because the "laborers are few." With great delight, I assisted to get them ready, and on the 10th of December, 1850, they sailed for the longed-for field. There were eight of them—J. C. Tefft and wife, F. L. Arnold, and wife, Joanna Alden, Hannah More, William C. Brown, and Samuel Gray, (colored). They left in cheerful spirits, and arrived at their station, safely. Miss Alden died in the course of two or three months. Mrs. Tefft and Mrs. Arnold have also lately fallen. They died, rejoicing in their Savior. Sister Tefft said, in her last moments, "Tell the friends in

America, I die happy in the Lord. I can trust the Savior at this hour. I feel that I am going to Jesus' arms. *I am not sorry that I came to Africa.*"

Mrs. Arnold "felt *thankful* for the privilege of coming to Africa to labor for this degraded people," and often said, "I have *already* been RICHLY PAID *for coming to Africa.*" Blessed testimony!

News has been received from these brethren of an interesting character, and the call for laborers reiterated. One says, "It is a *Continental* call." Ethiopia is emphatically stretching out her hands to God.

Probably in all the Missionary world, there is not a more ripe, extensive, and encouraging field, and one promising a more abundant and speedy harvest, than Africa. "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

Reader, can you go to preach, teach, or help those who do? Have you children you can train and send? Have you influence to stir up others to go? But "how shall they preach except they be sent?" If you cannot go, will you help to send those who can, and are willing to go?

O! the blessed privilege of being "laborers together with God"—co-workers with Jesus Christ. Who can be contented to be deprived of the privilege, the happiness, the honor and reward of so doing—of living, not to please self, but to do good—not to indulge the flesh, but to glorify God—not to gain earthly, corruptible, fleeting vanities, but to "lay up treasure in heaven"—to be like God, and to bring the world into a conformity with His blessed and holy will? Who?

Reader, can you disregard all this honor and glory? What we do must be done quickly, for our day will soon be past, and the poor, benighted Africans are fast passing off the stage, beyond the reach of the offers of eternal life.

Our children cannot offer the cup of salvation to the present generation of heathen, for they, with us, will pass away. What is done for the present generation of heathen, we, dear reader, of this generation must do, or it will never be done, and they will die in their darkness, and be lost, but where will their blood be found? Will our skirts be clear, if we refuse, or neglect to do all in our power to save them?

Do we not "know our Lord's will?" We have his command to us to sound His Gospel in the ears of "every creature."

Have we done what we could? Are we doing what we can? Will we do what is in our power to bring all men acquainted with Christ, our dear Redeemer, who bought us and them with His own blood! O! let us live for eternity. Soon we shall bid adieu to all that earth can boast, and what then will be wordly fame, or riches, or pleasures?

In view, then, of our own eternal happiness, and the everlasting welfare of 600,000,000 precious souls—(the happiness or misery of whom may depend upon the conduct of the present generation of Christians and of us)—in view of our great commission, our covenant vows, and the honor and glory of Him who is "the desire of all nations," the light, and glory, and bliss of Heaven—"Emmanuel," our Savior and our God, O! let us present ourselves, and all we have and are, a free, full, unreserved, living, everlasting sacrifice on the altar, and live, henceforth, for the one great object of the *conversion of the world*, not forgetting poor bleeding AFRICA!

Remember, that while we tarry, and slumber, and forget her suffering condition, her sons and daughters are dying at the rate of about 5,000,000 a year! O! how many more shall die without hearing from us, of a Savior provided for them? "HERE AM I, SEND ME."

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX.

## SKETCH OF THE RISE OF MENDI MISSION.

In the year 1839, a vessel, called the *Amistad*, was wafted to the shores of New England, having on board some forty or more native Africans, who were claimed by two Spaniards as their *property*. Friends disputed their claim, and the case went through the Courts of the United States, until in the Supreme Court it was decided that they were *free men*, and should be sent back to Africa. These Africans had been stolen from their native country, and taken to Cuba and sold—while being conveyed from one port to another on that island, the slaves arose, led by a master spirit named CINQUE, murdered the captain, and took the vessel, making the two Spaniards captives. They then made every effort to get back to Africa, but, in the Providence of God were wafted to our shores, as stated above. Great effort was made by many in this country to have them given up to the Spaniards, but God plead their cause, and they were delivered from the enemy's grasp.

While here, some of them learned to write, and many to read. They expressed a desire that Missionaries should return with them to their country: and Wm. Raymond and James Steele were selected for this purpose. They sailed for Africa in the fall of 1841. On reaching Sierra Leone, it was found that war, and other obstacles, made it impossible to proceed to the interior, to the Mendi country (from which most of the Africans came), and they were stationed for a season in York, Sierra Leone.

Brother Steele was taken sick, and soon returned to America. Brother Raymond and wife remained in York some ten months, laboring with success in preaching, &c. While here, many of the Amistads went home to their friends; others remained and worked in Sierra Leone.

Mrs. Raymond's health failing, and help being needed for the Mission, brother R. and wife returned home, for a few months, to recruit their health, and obtain more laborers, and funds for the work.

In 1843 (I think), they returned to Africa, with the addition to their number of a Miss Harnden. The Lord opened their way, and they soon succeeded in beginning the Mendi Mission, about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Sierra Leone, some forty miles from the coast—renting a piece of land, for a yearly stipulated sum.

War and the slave trade were all about him, but he erected the standard of the Cross, in the midst of the enemy, and God worked with him. His influence was felt far and near, as opposed to all their abominations. The slave traders said, "If you don't drive that man from the country, we shall have to leave;" and they did leave, and their establishments were all broken up.

A school was begun, houses built, and the Gospel preached. The school soon numbered upwards of one hundred, from all classes. In the wars, brother Raymond *redeemed* numbers from their enemies, to save them from slavery and death. The Mission was a "city of refuge" to the surrounding inhabitants, when fleeing from their burning towns and deadly pursuers. And while all the towns, for many miles around, were destroyed, the Mission stood alone, in the midst of the desolation, a monument of God's favor, and goodness, and power.

In the course of a few months, Miss Harnden died. Mrs. Raymond's health was very poor, so that she was deranged much of the time, and she returned to this country in 1846 (I think), bringing with her *Maryru*, one of the Amistad girls, to be educated here.

In 1847, Thomas Garnick, of the Mission Institute, Ill., was sent to join brother Raymond. He lived and labored joyfully only six months, and died in July, 1847. Brother Raymond toiled on alone, beneath a mountain weight of care and responsibility, till November of the same year, when he visited Sierra Leone, on business, and took the yellow fever, which was then raging there terrifically, and died, rejoicing in his Savior.

The Mission remained under the charge of his native teacher, Thomas Bunyan, for about eight months. During this time, some of the parents took their children home, and the rest suffered unaccountably from hunger, occasioned by the famine, which resulted from the wars.

But the Lord provided and defended, until the arrival of brother Carter and myself—and the remaining history is delineated in the preceding pages. Who cannot see a special Providence of God in the establishment of the Mendi Mission?

## SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE GOING TO AFRICA.*

(1.) Be sure that God calls you to this field, and then go resolutely, boldly, joyfully; not looking back, trembling, shrinking, dreading—better stay at home; but rejoicing in the happiness, the privilege, the honor. (2.) Go, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," to exemplify the gospel before them. (3.) Provide yourselves with suitable clothes—light flannels, plain shirts, summer and fall pants, cotton and woollen socks, handkerchiefs, bathing towels, cool and warm coats, and a water-proof suit. The ladies, thin flannels, loose dresses, warm shawls, sun-bonnets, warm stockings, substantial shoes, and a light water-proof suit; also, what needles, buttons, thread, pins, books and stationery may be needed. (4.) On arriving in Africa, *be careful*—you can't be too careful. Sooner or later you will have the acclimating fever, but with proper care, there is, as a general thing, not much to be feared. The danger is in *imprudence*. Avoid rains and dews, keep out of the hot sun, do not exercise to weariness, either mentally or physically, let the mind be *quiet*, easy, calm, be sparing of fruits and nuts at first, avoid all wines or spirits, strong medicines, tea, coffee and tobacco, drink pure water, bathe daily, and frequently. When un-

* We want no *Sectarians* or *party* Christians in Africa. We want the various evangelical denominations who can go and labor to lead *souls to Christ*, IN UNION WITH EACH OTHER. Thus we have, in the Mendi Mission, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, &c., and invite all *true Christians* to join us in lifting Africa from her degradation.

well a little, *stop*, fast, be quiet. If sick, *diet* and use the various applications of water.

Remember—forget not for a day even—"Lo, I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE."

THE

# CHRISTIAN'S BUSINESS;

OR

## AN APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS RESPECTING THE GREAT BUSINESS OF LIFE.

### INTRODUCTION.

To all who sympathize with the Savior in the work of redeeming this world from sin to holiness, from Satan to God, are the following thoughts commended.

Beloved, suffer a few words from a distant brother, respecting your business in this world.

We are commanded to "exhort one another daily;" to "provoke unto love and good works" all those who love the Lord; to present our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service;" to eat and drink and do whatsoever we do, to the glory of God—"*whatsoever* we do, in word or deed, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus;" and to be "workers together with God" in the scheme of redemption.

The mass of mankind are in darkness, and know not the joyful sound of a Savior's love.

A majority of those in Christian lands are living for themselves and for this world; seeking only its riches, pleasures, honors, and vanities, regardless of their future state or the commands of their Maker. And it is to be feared that very many of those in the Church live only to gratify "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life;" loving "this present evil world," and seeking "the praise of men more than the praise of God." The

work of saving souls, and living to do good, seems to find no vibrating chord in their breasts. The commands of God fall powerless on their ears, and the perishing condition of 600,000,000 heathen awakens no emotions of pity, and zeal to save, in their bosoms.

To feed the "lusts of the flesh"—pride, avarice, ambition, covetousness, idolatry, extravagance, emulation, &c.—would seem to be the highest aim of their endeavors; "For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Alas! too many in the Church are worldly, selfish, proud, full of the spirit of war, oppression, and worldly honor, and governed by carnal principles. To pursue the vanities of the world, eat, drink, and be clothed in costly array, to obtain shining dust and secure the applause of vain mortals, appear to be the great objects of life. Will such ever lead the world to Christ? How manifest that there must be great turnings and overturnings in Zion before "salvation can come out of her!" It is "high time to awake out of sleep," to "arise and shine," and let God "work in us to will and to do," for His own glory.

But, says one, "You are uncharitable; you judge men's hearts." I answer, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Search your own heart and life, by the infallible standard, the Bible, and see that you are not among the number. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

I rejoice to know that there are noble exceptions to the above picture, but how few! Here and there an individual is exerting his powers to co-operate with Christ; and, once in a great distance, the majority of a church are partly awake; but still the Lord is compelled to call from heaven to the churches, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Only a small number are found to respond, "Here am I; send me." The number of laborers, when compared with the vastness and ripeness of the heathen field, is but as the "drop to the bucket"—the efforts put forth to gather in the perishing harvest, are comparatively futile.

The ministers and churches have yet to learn the great lesson that, to be Christians, we must be "workers together with God;" we must co-operate with Christ, in bringing this world to himself; we must be perfectly joined to Him, in

interests, plans, desires, efforts; all our energies and faculties must be employed in accomplishing the same objects for which He bled, died, and rose again, and for which the Holy Spirit is now sent into the world. We must deny ourselves, crucify the flesh, be dead to the world's vanities, and devote our whole being, ourselves, children, property, time, learning, influence, every thing, to Christ and His cause. Else how are we different from the world? What is Christ's evidence of discipleship? "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, *he* it is that loveth me." "If ye love Me, keep my commandments." Obedience, then, is the evidence of love to God, and not our professions. Not to mention a multitude of evidences growing out of this—not to enumerate the many commands of the Savior—suffer me to dwell a little on the evidence of obedience, in connection with one command; and by it let each one test himself or herself, whether they are truly the Lord's.

When our world was filled with wickedness and violence, and "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people," all being "dead in trespasses and sins," our Heavenly Father pitied our miserable condition. His Son, our Savior, came and suffered, bled, and died, to provide a way of salvation to all people; and when about to leave our world, He committed the work of subduing it to Himself to His children, in these remarkable farewell words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Here is the work and business of all His followers, to the end of time. This, and nothing but this. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness." "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "My meat and my drink is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." "Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Be ye followers of God." "Follow Me." "Ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's. "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." From all which, (and many other passages,) we

see clearly that it is expected of every Christian to spend all his energies, improve all his opportunities, talents and privileges, for *one, and only one* object—the salvation of souls, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world, and the glory of God.

Reader, consider seriously your work. Nowhere has He commanded His children to make money for the sake of money; to seek worldly honor or fame; to spend their time, and waste their energies and substance on themselves. But He *has* said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself." "Whosoever he be that forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be My disciple." "Crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts." "Mortify the deeds of the body;" and "Whatever ye do, in word or deed, do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Are these commands regarded and obeyed? Do professing Christians thus deny and mortify self, that they may obey their Master's last command, and send the Gospel to every creature? This is our business, and nothing should divert us from it. It is the business of each alike, and no one is more bound to seek it than another. Whether we farm, or buy, or sell,—in the shop, stage, boat, rail-car,—in the family, in public, in every condition, we are to labor for this one object—by going to the heathen, by giving, by praying, by stirring up others, that all may combine to send "the Gospel to every creature," and save the world. For this we were born—for this the Savior redeemed us—for this we have the Holy Spirit—for this we live, and for this we should labor and die. If we neglect this, and live for other objects, we forsake the Savior, and fail entirely to accomplish the end of our being; and it will be well if we fail not of everlasting life.

The command is explicit. No one can mistake its plain, simple meaning. It was not given to the Apostles alone, but to His followers in general—to each individual "to the end of the world." The obligation to obey rests alike on those of His day and of ours. The Apostles were no more bound to carry the Gospel to every creature than the Church of this day; nor was it more the duty of ancient Christians to labor for this object than of every indi-

vidual follower of Jesus, now. It was the duty of the Apostles and primitive Christians to sound the name of Jesus in the ear of every creature of their day; it was the duty of the next generation to do the same, and so on, to the present time. And now it is the solemn duty of this generation to give the Gospel to every creature of the present generation; and it will be the duty of the next to keep it preached to every creature. The command is of perpetual obligation on all Christians of every country, clime, condition, qualification, rank, age, sex or sect. It is folly to excuse ourselves, as some do, by saying that the command *has* been fulfilled, and henceforth it is not to be expected that the Gospel will again become prevalent. The commission does not run—"Go into all the world, and cease not till you have preached the Gospel to every creature; and when that is once done you need no longer press the claims of Jehovah on all, but only on those more convenient and near." No, no; there is no possibility of thus mistaking its meaning. "To every creature;" but it does not stop there: "to the end of the world"—through all coming time, till terrestrial things shall be wound up, or so long as a son or daughter of Adam can be found who never heard the "joyful sound." The question we have to deal with is, Is it now preached to every creature? If not, then our duty is plain, to rest not till it shall be, and till it shall continue to be thus preached. This generation is bound to do the work at once, and to impress on the rising generation the duty of carrying on the work—and so of each succeeding one. For the accomplishment of this great and glorious work we have a thousand times the advantage of ancient Christians; and yet they did it, while we have not done it, or hardly begun to do it! The generation in which the Savior lived cheerfully obeyed the farewell charge of their Lord, and thus evidenced to the world their love to their Master. Their own plans, desires, happiness, ease, popularity, health and life, were joyfully laid aside, and "all things counted as dross," that they might please, obey, and imitate their divine ascended Lord. The Apostles zealously obeyed the injunction, and the primitive church sounded the Savior's name through all the world.

In Acts viii. 4, we are told, "They went everywhere preaching the Word." Not only did regularly educated and ordained ministers go, but men and women, of all talents, who loved the Savior, made it their business to tell of His love. For this one thing they lived and died. They were willing to bear reproach and shame, to be counted as the "filth of the earth and the off-scouring of all things;" to wander in sheep-skins, in dens and caves, to meet imprisonment, torture and death, for the sake of thus co-operating with their glorious Leader—"choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Thus they spread the joyful news abroad. Feeling the benevolence of the Gospel in their own hearts, they earnestly desired to make all men acquainted with the same; and they labored through difficulties, trials, sufferings and death, "counting not their lives dear unto them" if they might be thus honored. In Coll. i. 6, 23, Paul declares that the "Gospel is come unto you, as it is in all the world, and bringeth forth fruit as it doth also in you," and that this Gospel was "preached to every creature which is under heaven."

More proof cannot be demanded that the followers of Christ, of that day, obeyed their Lord, and "worked together with Him" in converting the world. For this their Master died; for this they labored, suffered and died. They felt that this was their work—their only work. Everything of a worldly nature gave way and was made subservient to this great and glorious object. They lived for this. They ate, they drank, they slept, they walked, they labored, they denied themselves, all for the glory of God. They felt that they were united to Christ, and had but one interest with Him: no separate objects, plans, desires or endeavors: what He loved, they loved; what He labored and died for, was the sole object of all their energies of mind and body.

Thus they were "workers together with God,"—thus they accomplished their work as faithful stewards, and will receive the reward of "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Had they consulted sensual ease, or worldly popularity, the work would not have been accomplished. Had

they lived to gratify self, in decorating their clay tenements, tampering their appetites, building fine houses, riding in splendid carriages, indulging in pleasure, and hoarding together the fleeting treasures of earth as their successors did, and as the churches of this day are doing, the nations had remained in darkness, and gone down to eternal night;—the Gospel had never been preached to "every creature which is under heaven." But, glory to God! they were "not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds;" they were a "separate, peculiar, holy people;" they "counted all things but loss," willing to "forsake father, mother, brother, sister, wives, children, friends, country," all, that they might extend the sway of their Redeemer over all the earth.

No one condemns them; all approbate their course. None are found who suppose that they mistook the meaning of the great command, or the nature and duties of the Gospel; everybody admires their zeal, and lauds their devotion, while at the same time they refuse to imitate them.

Now, beloved, wherein are the requirements of the Gospel of this day different from those of the Apostles' days? Where are we informed that they must deny themselves, and be wholly devoted to their Master's cause, and that Christians of modern times may indulge themselves, and live for this world's vanities? When was the law repealed which requires us to forsake all for Christ? And where has the obligation to send the Gospel to every creature been removed from the Church? Where do you learn that we are not as much bound to make sacrifices, to labor, and suffer, in order to bring this world to God, as were the Apostles? Do you believe that we are? Do you believe that you, individually, are as much obligated to do all in your power to give the glad news to every creature, as were Paul and Peter, or the primitive Christians? "Believest thou this?" If so, have you acted according to it? Has it been the object of all your endeavors to do the greatest possible amount of good? Have you denied self? Have you made any great sacrifices for the sake of accomplishing more for the honor of Jesus, in the extension of His kingdom? Have you tried to devise ways and means for this

object, as much as to accomplish your own selfish gratification? Have you labored or suffered, as the Gospel requires, to save 600,000,000 perishing heathen from darkness, sin and hell? What sayest thou? I leave conscience and thy God to decide.

Again, Christians at home are ready to enjoin on the missionary supreme devotion to the cause of Christ, self-denial, deadness to the world, active, unceasing zeal to save souls, crucifixion of the flesh, exemplariness in all things worthy of being imitated, &c. They are not expected to build fine houses, fare sumptuously, indulge in pleasures, or amass wealth; and should it be known at home that missionaries were living in splendor, indulging in luxury, pride and worldly vanities, building fine houses, and spending most of their time on themselves, they would be called home immediately, or their support withheld, or a reprimand given: while those at home seem to feel justified in living in the same manner; thus setting up one standard for Christians at home, and another for those among the heathen!

Can these things be denied? Are they not lamentably true? If missionaries should engage in speculations, trade and worldly schemes, instead of devoting their entire energies to doing good,—if instead of practising self-denial, they should indulge in luxury and sensual gratification, where is the church that would not at once say, "We will not give our money to support such a missionary: we did not send him there to gratify the flesh, but to do good, to save souls, to glorify God with all his powers—to devote his entire energies to this one work; and since he has left the proper work of the missionary, he shall have no more of our money?" Would not this be the decision of every church, and every Christian in America? And I most heartily say Amen to the decision; it is just and proper in itself. The missionary who should thus live, would be wholly unworthy of any countenance or support from the churches, and highly deserving of the severest rebukes from all Christendom. He would, by such a course, prove himself recreant to all the principles of the gospel, and a traitor to Christ and His cause.

Therefore, I complain not of such a general sentiment in the churches as applied to the missionary,—it is perfectly evangelical; but why should not the same principle be applied to Christians at home? Herein lies the inconsistency and injustice of the decision, that while the missionary is so severely condemned for certain courses, the same things are practised at home, and considered perfectly right and justifiable. If those Christians who have torn themselves away from friends, country, home, and all that is dear in this world,—exiled themselves from all civilized society and Christian fellowship, to toil day and night, in sickness and health, in hunger, fatigue, suffering and death, for the sake of Christ, with no one to cheer and comfort them, or share their burdens,—if they should indulge themselves in a little pleasurable recreation which their health demands, or in the gratification of a few luxuries now and then, from which they are mostly cut off,—if they send home for an arm-chair, a good sofa, or other furniture common at home,—and when, on account of their cares and labors, they are obliged to have servants to assist them, they are by many condemned as extravagant and lazy, wishing to live at ease, and let others labor hard to support them! While Christians at home indulge themselves in all these things, and *ten thousand* other comforts, luxuries, and recreations to an extent far surpassing anything ever known by any missionary!

Ought these things so to be? Is this the "equality" Paul speaks of? From whence is authority drawn for such very different standards of Christian duty? Is it found in the Bible? Has the Savior or Apostles laid down any such rule? Has Christianity any such requirements?

Beloved, the Gospel of Jesus Christ knows no distinction. Not only the minister or the missionary, but every one, coming to Christ for mercy, is required to present body and soul, time and talents, property and children—the whole being—a full, free, everlasting sacrifice to God and His cause, to be used just as he shall choose or direct. All and each alike are required to "deny self," to "mortify the deeds of the body," to "crucify the flesh," to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," to "seek another's good," to "love God with all the heart,"

to do all we do "for the glory of God," to follow Christ: in short, to labor and pray with all the energies of our being for the salvation of mankind, the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, the reign of Immanuel over all the earth. ☞"Believest thou this?"☜

Have you not rather been setting up one standard of duty for private Christians, or poor or ignorant Christians,—another for deacons, another for ministers, and another for missionaries? Have you not felt (and acted it out) that it was not necessary for the pastor at home to be as holy, and entirely consecrated to the work of God, as the missionary? that the deacons would be adjudged by a lower standard, and the laymen by a still lower, and thus have you not excused or justified yourselves in a course of living which you condemn in the minister or missionary? ☞*Is it not so?*

Now your error consists not in placing the missionary standard too high, but in bringing yours too low. Your rule for the missionary is *right;* and to the same rule of entire, universal, unceasing consecration to the work of God, and of doing good, must you bring yourselves, and act thereon in all your ways and dealings and associations with mankind, if you will be consistent, or be useful, or honor your Savior, or be accepted of Him: for "WHOSOEVER *he be of you, that forsaketh not* ALL THAT HE HATH, *cannot be my disciple.*" The principle is plain. Are you willing to see, admit and practise the same? Or will you still hold on to these "*divers* weights and measures," rules and standards, which are an abomination to God?

Nothing more is asked of you, than you require of the missionary,—and nothing more is required of the missionary than the Gospel demands of every one of its subjects.

It is not said that everybody must literally become a missionary, by going to the heathen, but that every child of Jesus, of every kindred, tribe, and tongue, of every grade, qualification, attainment, and condition, should, as really, as purely, as constantly, as energetically, aim at, and labor for the conversion of the world to God, in all their plans, and desires, and schemes, and occupations, as should the truly humble and devoted missionary. There is but one vineyard, and all are alike commanded to "Go work to-day

in my vineyard." "The field is the world," and in whatever portion of the field our lot is cast, or duty calls us, we should, all alike, labor with the same disinterested, untiring zeal, for the same object. Those at home, and those abroad, —in Christian or in heathen lands,—are engaged for the same Master, and are laboring for the same object; nor is one required to deny himself, to labor devotedly, and to have a single eye to the glory of God, more than another. In every place, of every one, it is required, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do ALL to the glory of God."

If it is the duty of the missionary to keep his great object constantly in view, and aim at it, in everything,—if it is his duty to give his children, money, learning, honor, influence, time and talents, undividedly to this one work,—then is it the duty of every Christian to do the same in his sphere. If pride, luxury, extravagance, ease, &c., are wrong in the missionary, then are they wrong in every Christian.

If the missionary is to be willing to "forsake father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children, houses and lands, for the kingdom of God's sake," then must every one be thus willing (and ready, if called so to do, in the providence of God), truly and heartily willing in order to be accepted of God.

And the man or woman, who would be unwilling to leave all, and go to the heathen, when evidently so called of God, would show to a demonstration that they "had not the spirit of Christ, and were none of His."

The missionary spirit is the spirit of the Gospel, and we must have it,—or in other words, be ready to go any where, do any thing, or be used in any way that God shall call, choose, or direct, for His own glory, or give up all hope of being His children.

Too long have the churches acted, if they have not felt, as though a man might serve God and the Devil,—love God and the world,—live for God and themselves. It is to be hoped that the day is fast passing away, that the time has come when all will feel it a duty, and a blessed privilege to deny self, renounce the world, and seek only, in themselves, their children, their money, in everything committed to them, to be fellow workers with Jesus, in the

great enterprise of saving a lost world. May God speed on the joyous day!

Dearly beloved, since you profess to love the Lord, I ask if you will obey and serve Him with all your redeemed and blood-bought powers? "Freely ye have received, freely give." "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Now you have "freely received" the light of the Gospel, and your duty is here made plain, to give the same freely to the nations now in darkness. Will you do it? Will you so devote yourself to God, that you will cheerfully go to the heathen, if possible, and do what you can to save them? Let the question come home to your heart, "Why should I not go to the heathen? If the Judge, at the last day, should ask me why I did not go, what can I answer? Settle this question, in view of the judgment, for be assured it will then come up again. Settle it in view of the thousands and millions who might have been saved through your instrumentality. Settle it quick, and act, for soon you will be in your grave, beyond the power to save them. They are fast sinking to hell, and if you *can* and do *not* give them the Word of Life, they will rise up in the judgment to condemn you. They call for your help—they wait for instruction. *What will you do?* Can you go, and will you not? Will you disregard your Savior's command? Will you stop your ears and harden your heart against the sufferings and cries of your fellow-travelers to the bar of God?

Or, will you not rather say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Any thing, any where, Lord, only do thou direct, and I will haste to do all thy most blessed and holy will. "Here am I: do with me as seemeth thee good."

If any of you are so circumstanced that you cannot go to the heathen, will you still labor for the same object as those who go, in every possible way?

Have you property? Why has God committed it to you? It is not your own; it is still the Lord's, and merely put into your hands as His stewards, to be used for his interest and glory.

Will you, "as good stewards of the manifold grace of

God," seek, in all the expenditure of your means, not your own selfish interests, but the interests of your Master, and His cause?

See in 2d Cor. ix. 8–11, the object for which God gives you money,—that you "may abound to every good work," —"enriched in every thing, to all bountifulness."

Thus giving, with pure motives, to the cause of Christ, is called "sowing." See 2d Cor. ix. 6, 7. Do you wish an abundant harvest of souls here, and eternal blessedness hereafter? Then you must sow accordingly. God has put the seed in your hand; and you can "sow to the flesh, and reap corruption," or "sow to the spirit, and reap life everlasting." Which will you do? Please read carefully Prov. xi. 24, 25, Is. xxxii. 8; and may your soul devise liberal things for the kingdom of Christ. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Do you know any thing of this blessedness? Oh! beloved, there is a luxury in doing good, which the worldly and selfish know nothing about. I would have you experience it; angels would have you realize it, and the Savior anxiously waits to bestow the blessing upon you. Oh! will you receive it?

And that our offering may be accepted, it should be in proportion to our means. In the case of those who "cast gifts into the treasury of the Lord," the poor widow cast in more than all the rich, in the sight of God, because it was "all her living,"—she denied herself to do good,—while the others merely gave "of their abundance," their overplus, without any sacrifice or self-denial to themselves.

Remember, in determining how much you will give, that God will judge you by the above rule.

It is required of every one, "according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not,"—"according as God hath prospered him,"—in other words, "according to your ability." Nothing more is required of you than you have full ability to do, but the full exertion of all our powers *is* required, and the attempt to offer less will render us culpable in the sight of Him who "seeth not as man seeth," but who will "render to every man according to his work."

According to the above standard, (and is it not correct?) many give a cent when they should give a dollar; many

give a dollar, when they should give a hundred dollars; many give a hundred dollars, when they should give ten thousand dollars, and so on. Dear brother, or sister, your Master knows how much He has intrusted to your stewardship; a strict account is kept of every cent, as also of the manner it is expended, and the motives which govern you. May your heart be pure, your soul enlarged, and your "hand opened wide," to supply the "bread of life" to the famishing millions of earth."

If you live in a state of union with Christ, having your heart in sympathy with His, you will find little difficulty in deciding what proportion of your means to expend on self. Self will be crucified, and Christ will *be* all, and *have* all joyfully. Have you children? Why has God given them to you? Is it not to train them for usefulness? Will you consecrate them without reserve to Him and His cause, and carefully train them for His work? or will you educate them for doctors, for lawyers, for merchants, for mechanics, &c., that they may "rise and be well off in the world?"

Will you train them for missionaries? Are you unwilling to part with them, to go to the heathen for Christ's sake? Then the Savior tells you, you "are not worthy of Him." If you love them more than you love Christ and His cause; if you are unwilling to part with them when He calls, then are you idolaters.

Oh! the blessedness of training up children for God, of seeing them converted and useful! A greater honor could not be conferred on parents, than to have their sons or daughters chosen of God, for the missionary work. Said an aged mother, "If I had ten sons, I would give them all to God, and pray Him to use them in His service where He saw best." Said another, "That little boy I am willing should be a missionary, (because when he was very sick, I vowed to God, that if He would spare the child's life, I would give him to Him, to do with as He saw best;) but I am not willing the others should be." Reader, which of the mothers exhibited the Christian spirit? Which will you imitate? How do you feel in regard to your children? Have you unreservedly consecrated them to God? Will

you now do it, and pray and labor that they make work with, and live for Christ?

Dear reader, if *you* cannot go, will you stir up others to go? Will you pray, labor, exhort, entreat in your sphere, to fill the earth with the knowledge of God? Has He given you learning, talents, influence? Use all for His glory. Has He bestowed on you health, reason, sight, spirit? Let all be employed in saving a lost world. Ministers, teachers, mechanics, farmers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, students, parents, children, white, colored, rich, poor, learned, ignorant, will you now and henceforth mind your Master's business; forget yourselves; tread the world beneath your feet; and be indeed "workers together with God," in saving souls, and regenerating a world?

Here is your work; will you do it? Will you sympathize with Christ? Will you remember that he who does not thus renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and unite himself to Christ, in interest, plans, labors, sufferings and death, is not to be called a Christian; that the missionary spirit alone is the Spirit of the Gospel?

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

This language is still true. Large and ripe fields are open in every direction, calling for reapers; but where are they? Thousands of laborers are needed, this day, in the foreign field. The Church has the men and the women, but she refuses to send them! She has money in abundance, but chooses to expend it on self! Ways are now open to send the Gospel to every land, but instead of the Gospel, the enemy (while Christians are sleeping) is carrying destruction and death to every nation. The wicked are faithful in the service of their master, and their conduct should shame Christians into repentance and awaken them to "work while it is day," for their Master. Behold how the men of the world will work hard, day and night, expose themselves to the dangers of the deep, live in sickly climes, endure toil and suffering, go hungry and naked, face the cannon's mouth, give up their children, overcome every obstacle, and traverse the world, over every island, sea and

mountain, for self-interest, worldly fame, fleeting honors, unsatisfying pleasures, and bubbles that end in disappointment, care and woe! But how few of the professed followers of Jesus do we find, who are willing to meet or endure half as much for the sake of Christ, the salvation of souls, eternal honors, everlasting felicity, and never-fading wealth and pleasures, "at God's right hand!"

Oh! Christian, shall these things continue longer? Shall not "the love of Christ constrain" us to do more, suffer more, deny ourselves more, and labor with more untiring zeal and devotion, in His cause, so delightful and glorious, than the wicked so cheerfully do, and suffer, for the delusive phantoms of this world? How long shall the ungodly have occasion to say to the followers of Christ, "What do ye more than others?" Wherein are we different from them, unless we thus live?

Oh! brethren, could you once see heathenism as I see it, and as missionaries every where see it, your soul would be stirred within you to labor unremittingly to give them the blessings of salvation. But though you do not see it, we tell you of their darkness; the Bible spreads out their deplorable condition, and from them, the Macedonian cry comes up to you for help. While you are surrounded by all the sweet and inestimable privileges of the Gospel, and the blessings of civilization which it has brought to you, basking in the sun-light of divine truth, do, I implore you, remember that heathenism, with all its darkness and superstition, wickedness, degradation and wo, covers and holds in bondage more than half the world.

Nothing but the Gospel can raise them from their degradation. By its peaceful influence, are all the cruelties, oppressions, and abominations of the world to be overthrown, and brought to an end. Through this, shall the savage, tiger-like disposition of man give way to that of the mild and gentle lamb; the implements of strife and bloodshed, be converted into utensils of husbandry, and the earth become a paradise of peace, love, happiness and holiness.

This Gospel you possess. Now what will you do, to make them acquainted with it; to bring about that day, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the

Lord, as the waters cover the sea?" If you have a loaf of bread, and your neighbor has none, will you selfishly eat it all, and let your neighbor starve to death? But infinitely worse than this you are doing to the heathen, if you refuse to send them the bread of eternal life; for the want of which they die and sink to endless woe. But ah! where will rest the guilt of their destruction?

If you can go, and go not; if you can stir up others, and do it not; if you can give, and do not according to your ability; if you can educate children, and send them, and refuse; if you can pray and labor, and devise; if you can deny self, retrench, economize for Christ, and will not; if you can be co-workers with Christ, and will not; if you can save the heathen, and will not thus exert yourself in every way to do it, they "shall die in their iniquity, but their blood will God require" at *your* hand! Oh! ponder it well.

If a man is drowning, or burning to death, and you know of his condition, and have power to save him, and do not, will not the laws of God and man condemn you as guilty of his blood? Why? Because you *could and would not.* Light now dawns upon you; the condition of 600,000,000 heathen is known to you; the means of salvation are in your hands: you *can* save many of them. *Will* you do it? What you do, do quickly, while they yet linger, stretching out imploring hands.

'The heathen perish! day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away.
Oh! Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

"Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,
Yea, *life itself*, that they may live.
What hath your Savior done for you?
And what for Him will you now do?

"Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,—
Call in the South, wake up the North:
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one."

"Hark! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
'Come and help us, or we die!'"

"Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians, hear their dying cry,
And the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die."

Through weakness I must close, and leave the subject with you and with Christ, whose command rests upon you. O Lord, send forth laborers into thy harvest, and stir up all Thy people to this great work, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Beloved, "suffer the word of exhortation" from a toiling, suffering Missionary.

GEORGE THOMPSON.